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MEMORIAL

OF THE

CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION
OF THE

TOWN OF MALDEN

MASSACHUSETTS

MAY, 1899

HON. ELISHA S. AND MRS. MARY D. CONVERSE

MEMORIAL

OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE

TOWN OF MALDEN

MASSACHUSETTS

MAY, 1899

Praise to our God; through all our past His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears have brought the rich and fruitful years.

ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE
Printed at The University Press
1900

P.
Author.

51596

Committee on the Memorial Volume.

DELORAINE P. COREY, *Chairman.*

ARTHUR M. CUMMINGS, *Secretary.*

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

WILLIAM B. DE LAS CASAS.

GEORGE E. GAY.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PREPARATION	1
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE	4
ORGANIZATION	8
WORK OF THE COMMITTEES	14
INVITED GUESTS	17
POLICE SERVICE	21
PRESS COMMITTEE	22
Saturday, May 20.	
PUBLIC SCHOOL EXERCISES	27
Aaron C. Dowse	30
Mayor Charles L. Dean	31
Ode, Arthur M. Cummings	33
John Langdon Sullivan, M.D.	34
George E. Gay	36
Marcellus Coggan	38
John E. Farnham	40
Erastus B. Powers	42
George A. Littlefield	44
Frank A. Hill	50
CAPTAIN DODD'S TROOPERS	53
RECEPTION AT THE FIRST CHURCH	54
Rev. Henry H. French, D.D.	55
Rev. Aaron C. Adams, D.D.	57
Rev. Addison P. Foster, D.D.	60
Rev. Joshua W. Wellman, D.D.	62
Rev. Charles H. Pope	68
JUBILEE ENTERTAINMENT	71

Page

Sunday, May 21.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES 75
First Church 75
First Parish 96
Centre Methodist Episcopal Church 102
First Baptist Church 111
Church of the Immaculate Conception 117
Church of the Sacred Hearts 123
Maplewood Methodist Episcopal Church 124
St. Paul's Church 131
Linden Methodist Episcopal Church 137
First Unitarian Congregational Church 141
St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Linden 147

CELEBRATION BY THE FREE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS 149
George H. Conley 151

UNION RELIGIOUS SERVICE 154
Rev. Edwin H. Hughes 157
Rev. Henry H. French, D.D. 159
Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D. 161

OVERFLOW MEETING 170
Rev. William I. Haven 170
Rev. Frederick Edwards 171

Monday, May 22.

EXERCISES OF MONDAY 177

ATHLETIC AND FIELD SPORTS 179
Water Sports 179
Bicycle Races 181
Track and Field Sports 182
Gaelic Foot-Ball 184
Base-Ball 184
Obstacle Races 184
Golf 185

BALLOON ASCENSION 185

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENTS 186

LITERARY AND MUSICAL EXERCISES 189
Chorus and Orchestra 191
Introduction, Mayor Charles L. Dean 197
Invocation, Rev. Richard Neagle 198
Address of Welcome, Deloraine P. Corey 199

Page

LITERARY AND MUSICAL EXERCISES, *Continued.*

Ode, John Langdon Sullivan, M.D. 202
Oration, Arthur H. Wellman 202
Poem, "Old Malden," Rev. Theron Brown 219
Festival Anthem, Obadiah B. Brown 230

PROMENADE CONCERT AND BALL 231

Tuesday, May 23.

EXERCISES OF TUESDAY 237

MILITARY AND CIVIC PARADE 239
Roster of the Parade 241

FIREWORKS 253

BANQUET 254
Eugene Nelson 257
William N. Osgood 257
Gov. Roger Wolcott 258
George F. Hoar 261
Mayor Charles L. Dean 262
Elisha S. Converse 265
Ernest W. Roberts 267
William B. de las Casas 270
John L. Bates 274
Alfred E. Cox 278
Col. Curtis Guild, Jr. 279
Rev. Edwin H. Hughes 283

In General.

HISTORIC LOAN EXHIBITION 291

HISTORIC SPOTS 317

GRAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS AND OTHERS . . . 323

CORRESPONDENCE, ETC. 325

AFTERMATH 332

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES 339

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Hon. Elisha S. and Mrs. Mary D. Converse	*Frontispiece*
Portraits — The Executive Committee (1)	*facing* 4
The Executive Committee (2)	8
Chairmen of Committees (1)	12
Chairmen of Committees (2)	16
Chairmen of Committees (3)	20
Charles L. Dean, *Mayor*	24
High School — Reproduction of First Schoolhouse	28
The Anniversary Building	32
The City Hall	40
Converse Memorial Building — Malden Public Library	48
Central Square and Pleasant Street	64
Central Square and Main Street	80
The First Baptist Church	112
Portraits — The Orator, etc.	176
Program Title — Literary and Musical Exercises	196
Souvenir Plate	254
Menu Cover	256
The Banquet Hall — Anniversary Building	272
The Parade — Chief Marshal Harry E. Converse and Staff	96
Wenepoykin Tribe, I. O. R. M.	104
Puritans and Indians — St. Mary's Catholic T. A. Society	120
Float — St. Mary's Catholic T. A. Society	128
First Battalion Cavalry, M. V. M.	136
The Governor's Carriage	144
The Artillery — "Rough Walkers"	152
Indians — St. Mary's Catholic T. A. Society	160
Veteran Firemen (Everett)	168
Everett High School Boys — Ancient Fire Engine	184
Hand Engine Endeavor, No. 3, North Malden, 1846	192

PAGE

THE ESCORT — FIRST CORPS CADETS, M. V. M. (1) . . . *facing* 208

FIRST CORPS CADETS, M. V. M. (2) 216

THE REVIEW — THE GOVERNOR ARRIVING AT THE REVIEWING STAND 224

FIRST REGIMENT HEAVY ARTILLERY, M. V. M. 232

FIRST BATTALION CAVALRY, M. V. M. 240

U. S. GRANT POST 4 (MELROSE) 246

THE ROUGH WALKERS — FOURTH DIVISION 260

PORTION OF SIXTH DIVISION (MELROSE) 266

PORTION OF SEVENTH DIVISION 276

CENTRAL SQUARE — After the Review 282

LOAN EXHIBITION. PLAN OF ROOMS 290

DESIGN FOR COVER OF CATALOGUE 292

PORTRAITS AND MALDEN VIEWS 298

EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS 304

THE PARLOR 308

FAULKNER SCHOOL COLLECTION 316

THE CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE INCORPORATION OF

THE TOWN OF MALDEN.

THE PREPARATION.

THE territory now covered by the cities of Malden, Everett, and Melrose was originally a portion of the common lands pertaining to the settlement of Charlestown; and it first appears under the name of Mystic Side in 1634, when a division was made of the uplands lying along the margin of the marshes of the North and South rivers. Other allotments were subsequently made, the largest and most important of which was in 1638, by which most of the land south of the Middlesex and Scadan Fells became subject to private ownership. Some settlements may have been made at an early date at Moulton's Island and Sweetser's Point; but there is no certain knowledge of an actual settlement until 1640, when several householders were mentioned and a ferry was established upon the Mystic.

Early in 1649, settlers having increased, a church was gathered, and an agreement for a separation was made with Charlestown, by which the territory known as Mystic Side was to become a distinct town, with the exception of that section which now forms the southwestern portion of the present city of Everett, which remained with the parent town until 1726. This agreement was soon confirmed by the General Court; and the following entries upon the records of the colony record the incorporation of the town of Malden: —

"[1649: 2 May. Mdon.] Upon the petition of Mistick side men, they are granted to be a distinct towne, & the name thereof to be called Mauldon."

"[1649: 11 May. Misticke named Maulden.] In answer to the petition of seu'll inhabitants of Misticke side, their request is graunted, viz., to be a distinct tounе of themselves, & the name thereof to be Maulden."

The final action of the court occurring on May 11, 1649, O.S., fixes the birthday of the town upon May 21, N.S. Our fathers of the eighteenth century had neither the time nor the means, had they possessed the desire, for local celebrations; and the one hundredth and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversaries of the town passed without notice. In 1849, with more leisure and money and a growing interest in matters of local history, the two hundredth anniversary was celebrated, May 23, with due observance and rejoicing. A record of this celebration, the precursor of the present volume, was issued under the title of *The Bi-Centennial Book of Malden*, in which may be found much that will interest and instruct the lover of the stories of the olden time.

The question of a celebration of the completion of a quarter-millennium had been discussed in a slight degree, but no general attention had been drawn towards the matter until the Hon. John E. Farnham, in his inaugural address as mayor of the city, January 3, 1898, presented it to the city council and the inhabitants in the following words: —

"In 1899, Malden will be entitled to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a town. Malden became a town in 1649, and a city in 1882. The town was incorporated under the statute passed in 1649, May 2d: 'Upon the petition of Mistickside men, they are granted to be a distinct towne, and the name thereof to be called Mauldon.'

"This is an event which few communities are privileged to commemorate, and it should be fittingly celebrated. It may be best to take some action this year so that there shall be ample provision for so important an event."

The first action was taken by the Malden Historical Society, March 21, when a committee, consisting of Deloraine P. Corey, Arthur H. Wellman, and Frank E. Woodward, was appointed "to prepare in outline a plan for the proper observance of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Malden, and to present the same to the city government for its action thereon."

With the assistance of Mayor Farnham, who was earnest in the furtherance of the desires of the committee, the following order was prepared and introduced into the city council by Councilman J. Arthur Pierce.

IN COMMON COUNCIL.

MALDEN, April 12, 1898.

Ordered, That a Committee to be composed of the Mayor, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, President of the Common Council,

and one Alderman, to be named by the Mayor, and two members of the Common Council, to be named by the President of the Common Council, and eleven Citizens, to be named by the Mayor, be appointed, to take into consideration the advisability of the celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Malden; and, in case they deem it advisable to have such celebration, to suggest some organization for carrying out such celebration and to make such further recommendations pertinent to the matter, as may to them seem best, and report to the City Council.

Adopted in Common Council, April 12, 1898.
Adopted in Board of Aldermen, April 18, 1898.
Approved by his Honor, the Mayor, April 21, 1898.

The committee constituted by this order and completed by the appointments of the mayor was as follows: —

Hon. John E. Farnham, *Mayor.*
James O. Otis, *Chairman of the Board of Aldermen.*
Willard E. Robinson, *Alderman.*
Edward L. Browne, *President of the Common Council.*
J. Arthur Pierce, *Councilman.*
Frank S. Arnold, *Councilman.*

Hon. Elisha S. Converse.	Edwin Hawkridge.
Samuel E. Jordan.	Hon. Arthur H. Wellman.
Joshua H. Millett.	Rev. Richard Neagle.
Deloraine P. Corey.	Arthur M. Cummings.
Maurice Dinneen.	Nathan Newhall.

Mrs. Sarah F. Sargent.

In the meantime the Malden Board of Trade had taken the following action: —

April 13, 1898. *Voted*, That the president be and hereby is authorized to appoint a committee of ten members, of which the president shall be one, to act in conjunction with the committees of the city council and of other organizations in the matter of celebrating the quarter-millennial anniversary of the incorporation of Malden as a town, in the year 1899.

Committee.

Alfred E. Cox.	George H. Fall.
Charles F. Shute.	Harry H. Barrett.
Phineas W. Sprague.	Henry E. Turner.
Joseph C. Robinson.	John G. Chandler.
John P. Holden.	Albert Ammann.

The committees thus formed, with the addition of Aaron C. Dowse, chairman of the school board, and George E. Gay, superintendent of schools, held a meeting of conference, by the invitation of the mayor, at the city hall on the evening of May 20, at which Mayor Farnham presided and Alderman James O. Otis was chosen secretary. The meeting was one of enthusiasm; but as there was no general knowledge of the proper scope of the intended celebration, no definite plan was presented. After an informal exchange of views a sub-committee, consisting of Alfred E. Cox, Deloraine P. Corey, James F. Eaton, Phineas W. Sprague, and Joshua H. Millett, was appointed to consider the whole subject and to make such recommendations as might seem desirable and practicable.

The sub-committee was organized with Deloraine P. Corey as chairman and Phineas W. Sprague as secretary. Mr. Eaton soon after resigned, and his place upon the committee was not filled. Many protracted meetings were held, and the members of the committee labored earnestly to outline a plan which in its appropriate and varied features would contain matter which would appeal to all sections and classes. In the selection of committees care was used that all the many interests of the city might be recognized, and that all might feel a personal interest in the success of the celebration.

A thorough survey of the ground which was to be covered was not to be perfected in a few days; and the work of the committee was not completed until July 11, when its report was presented to the joint committee and adopted by a unanimous vote. On the same evening the report was adopted by the city committee as its own report for transmission to the city council; and as such it was presented at a special meeting of the common council, July 12, and referred to the committee on finance. It was subsequently returned to the council, and the order which accompanied it was passed and approved by the mayor as Order No. 481.

This report, which was adopted without a change in any particular, furnished a broad plan of preparation, which was subsequently carried out in detail with admirable fidelity by the several committees which it created.

REPORT.

Malden, June 27, 1898.

To the committee appointed to take into consideration the matter of a proposed celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Malden: —

Your committee, having been instructed to present a definite plan embodying suitable provisions for carrying into effect the second portion of the instructions given by the city government, viz.: to suggest some organization for carrying out such celebration, and to

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE (1)

George H. Chase

Edward L. Browne

Alfred E. Cox
Chairman

Rufus H. Sawyer

Charles R. Elder

make such further recommendations pertinent to the matter as may seem best, hereby reports: —

Your committee has carefully gathered information from the published reports of similar celebrations held in other Massachusetts cities and towns and from other sources; and has considered the same in connection with our conditions. The results thus gained from the experience of others have been of much value and will materially aid the committee to which will be entrusted the execution of the plans which are proposed.

The inhabitants of Mystic Side were allowed to become a "distinct town of themselves," May 11, 1649, O. S. The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this incorporation will fall upon May 21st, 1899; and it is recommended that the event be celebrated on the 22nd and 23rd days of May, 1899.

The subject in all its bearings having been considered, it is recommended that the celebration shall occupy two days, in order that the confusion and distraction arising from the crowding into one day of many events of interest may be avoided, and that the convenience and enjoyment of all may be ensured. In this your committee has been guided not only by the judgment of its own members, but by the experience of those cities and towns in which successful celebrations have taken place.

In pursuance of the duties imposed upon your committee, a provisional program has been adopted, fixing in a broad manner the events of each day, the details of which shall be arranged and perfected by the executive committee mentioned in the accompanying order. Such a program, in its proper performance, will be dignified and worthy of the occasion and the city; and it contains in itself such varied elements of interest as will appeal to all.

PROGRAM.

Sunday, May 21st: On the Sunday before the celebration, all the churches of the city are to be requested to hold memorial services, at which the pastors, or others, may deliver historical sermons or addresses, and such other exercises may be given as shall be appropriate to the day and the occasion.

Monday, May 22nd: The day will be introduced by the ringing of bells and the firing of salutes.

During the forenoon, there will be the reception and entertainment of invited guests, who will receive the hospitality of the city and be taken to the several points of interest.

In the afternoon, the literary exercises will consist of a historical oration or address, and other literary and musical exercises. This

will be followed by a banquet, at which short addresses will be given by guests and others. The day will be closed by a promenade concert and ball.

During the day, athletic and field sports will take place at convenient points, band concerts will be given, and children's entertainments will be provided.

Tuesday, May 23rd: During the forenoon, athletic and field sports and children's entertainments may be continued, if found to be desirable.

The feature of the day will be a military and civic procession, in which the schools, organizations, trades, etc., shall have prominent parts.

In the evening, fireworks and illuminations, with band concerts, will close the celebration.

In General: During the celebration, a loan exhibition should be held, at which articles connected with our town or state and national history, and other objects of historical or personal interest, may be shown.

Preparatory to the celebration, historic spots should be marked, either permanently, for the benefit of posterity, or temporarily.

After the celebration, a memorial volume should be prepared, containing an account of the proceedings of the several days, with the sermons, addresses, and other literary exercises, in full, and such other matter as may be found desirable.

Public buildings should be appropriately decked during the celebration and illuminated upon the evening of the last day; and it is recommended that the citizens generally be requested to decorate their residences and places of business.

For the purpose of carrying into effect this proposed program, your committee offers for your consideration a general committee of two hundred citizens, organized into sub-committees, each having a distinct purpose, as set forth in the accompanying order.

In the furtherance of the purposes of this committee, there is herewith presented the draft of a proposed order for presentation to the city council, which has been drawn with the intent that the recommendations of this report may be effectually carried out; and it is trusted that it will receive such consideration from you and from the city government as will tend to make the celebration successful and worthy, in the fullest measure, of our predecessors and ourselves.

It is further recommended that the city of Everett and the town of Melrose be invited by action of the city government, or otherwise, to participate in the celebration of the birthday of our common mother, the old town of Malden.

Your committee recommends that the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars be appropriated by the city council to meet the expenses of the celebration as proposed.

Respectfully submitted,

DELORAINE P. COREY.
JOSHUA H. MILLETT.
ALFRED E. COX.
PHINEAS W. SPRAGUE.

ORDER.

Ordered, That a general committee of two hundred persons, residents of Malden, of which the mayor for the time being shall be chairman, consisting of the following named persons, be and hereby is appointed to make arrangements for and to take charge of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Malden, to be held upon the twenty-second and twenty-third days of May, A.D. 1899, to be organized as follows: —

[*Here the members of the general committee were specified and their position upon the several sub-committees fixed, the chairman of each committee being designated. Some changes subsequently occurred by resignations and otherwise. The organization of the committee as existing at the time of the celebration follows this order.*]

The executive committee shall have the direction of the several sub-committees of the general committee, shall determine and authorize all their expenditures, and shall define their respective duties; and it is hereby directed to appoint a reception committee of fifty men and twenty-five women, citizens of Malden, of which the Hon. Elisha S. Converse shall be chairman; and it may fill such vacancies as may occur in the several sub-committees.

A majority of each sub-committee shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

All bills of expenditures authorized shall be approved by the sub-committee making the same, and shall be certified by the finance committee, or a sub-committee thereof, duly authorized, and be sent to the city auditor for his action as provided by the city ordinances.

Nothing herein shall permit any committee to bind the city of Malden, by any agreement or contract involving the expenditure of money for the purposes of said celebration, unless the same shall have been authorized by vote of a majority of the executive committee; and said executive committee shall not have power to confer such authority to such committee until an appropriation for the purposes of said celebration shall have been made by the city council.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COMMITTEE.

Chairman of the General Committee.

Until January 1, 1899, JOHN E. FARNHAM, *Mayor.*
After January 1, 1899, CHARLES L. DEAN, *Mayor.*

Finance Committee.

ELISHA S. CONVERSE, *Chairman.*
JOHN J. KELLEY, *Secretary.*

Charles L. Davenport.
James F. Eaton.
Willard B. Ferguson.
James Pierce.
Everett J. Stevens.

Executive Committee.

ALFRED E. COX, *Chairman.*
ALBERT AMMANN, *Clerk.*

Edward L. Browne.
George H. Chase.
Charles R. Elder.
Rufus H. Sawyer.
Phineas W. Sprague.
Henry E. Turner.
Joseph F. Wiggin.
Daniel P. Wise.

Committee on Invitations.

JOHN E. FARNHAM, *Chairman.*
CLARENCE O. WALKER, *Secretary.*

William B. Buckminster.
Allan J. Chase.
Marcellus Coggan.
Elisha S. Converse.
Albert H. Davenport.
Charles L. Dean.
Rev. Henry H. French.
Rev. Henry O. Hiscox.
James Pierce.
John W. Pettengill.
Everett J. Stevens.
Joseph F. Wiggin.
Henry Winn.

Committee on Literary Exercises.

DELORAINE P. COREY, *Chairman.*
JAMES B. UPHAM, *Secretary.*

Rev. James F. Albion.
Harvey L. Boutwell.
Rev. Edwin H. Hughes.
Thomas E. Major.
Joshua H. Millett.
Rev. Richard Neagle.
Arthur H. Wellman.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE (2)

HENRY E. TURNER

DANIEL P. WISE

ALBERT AMMANN
Clerk

JOSEPH F. WIGGIN

PHINEAS W. SPRAGUE

Committee on Musical Exercises.

Obadiah B. Brown, *Chairman.*
John M. Corbett, *Secretary.*

Frank H. Carlisle.
Mrs. Harry E. Converse.
M. Morton Holmes.
Samuel E. Jordan.
John W. Little.
Mrs. Herbert E. Morey.
Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.

Committee on Military and Civic Parade.

Harry E. Converse, *Chairman.*
Harry P. Ballard, *Secretary.*

Alvin E. Bliss.
Hiram S. Coburn.
Frank F. Clapp.
Edward E. Currier.
Albert L. Decatur.
John M. Devir.
Maurice Dinneen.
Charles E. Farmer.
Frederick J. Foss.
Thomas W. Hough.
Frank L. Locke.
Elmore E. Locke.
Charles W. McClearn.
Charles P. Nutter.
Clarence A. Perkins.
John E. Phipps.
John A. Powers.
Charles F. Shute.
John W. Soule.
John E. Staples.
George W. Stiles.
Harvey L. Thompson.
Thomas Tracy.

Committee on Salutes, Decorations, and Fireworks.

Charles Schumaker, *Chairman.*
Daniel J. Pyne, *Secretary.*

Rudolph Bossardt.
Fred S. Elwell.
George G. Hill.
Clarence D. Huston.
James Long.
Tenney Morse.
Owen E. Rooney.
James E. Ryder.
George W. W. Saville.
Lucius C. Smith.
Charles G. Warren.
Thomas P. West.
Edward M. Whittle.

Committee on Lunch and Banquet.

Eugene Nelson, *Chairman.*
William G. A. Turner, *Secretary.*

Frank S. Arnold.
Charles Barker.
Andrew J. Freeman.
Henry E. Greene.
Thomas E. Lenehan.
Walter R. Macdonald.
William N. Osgood.
James O. Otis.

Frank J. Perkins.
Willard E. Robinson.
Frank A. Thompson.
Arthur W. Walker.
Edward G. Wise.

Committee on Promenade Concert and Ball.

Elisha W. Cobb, *Chairman.*
William H. Winship, *Secretary.*

John G. Chandler.
Mrs. Elisha W. Cobb.
Mrs. Harry E. Converse.
John W. Little.
Elmore E. Locke.
Mrs. Elmore E. Locke.
Daniel P. S. Page.
Fred T. Ryder.
Everell F. Sweet.

Committee on Athletics and Field Sports.

Harrie S. Abbott, *Chairman.*
Eugene C. Upton, *Secretary.*

William E. Cochrane.
Owen P. Doonan.
Edwin F. Kelley.
James McCarthy.
John J. McCormack.
John J. Queneth.
William W. Trafton.
William H. Winship.

Committee on Children's Entertainments.

Nathaniel W. Starbird, *Chairman.*
Frederick J. Smith, *Secretary.*

Mrs. Frank J. Bartlett.
Maurice Dinneen.
George H. Fall.
George E. Gay.
William J. Hobbs.
Mrs. Alfred H. Jones.
Mrs. Peter J. McGuire.
George Prouty.
G. Louis Richards.
William H. Ruston.
Mrs. Rufus H. Sawyer.
Mrs. George W. Walker.
Mrs. Daniel P. Wise.

Committee on Observation Stands and Tents.

Walter S. Cushing, *Chairman.*
William H. James, *Secretary.*

Charles N. Bishop.
John Brodie.
William E. Dunn.
Nathan M. Hunnewell.
Nathan Newhall.
Joseph S. Rich.
George A. Runnells.
Charles A. Stiles.

Committee on Transportation and Carriages.

EDWARD H. EVANS, *Chairman.*
JOHN H. HANNAN, *Secretary.*

Waldo B. Bowker.
Henry Gerrish.
Edwin Hawkridge.
John P. Holden.
George H. Johnson.
Joseph C. Robinson.
Edgar A. Whittemore.

Committee on Printing and Badges.

SAMUEL TILDEN, *Chairman.*
DAVID B. PITMAN, *Secretary.*

David M. Cosgrove.
Tristram Griffin.
Charles H. Paul.
J. Arthur Pierce.
Oscar W. Walker.

Committee on Reception of the Press.

AARON C. DOWSE, *Chairman.*
CHARLES T. HALL, *Secretary.*

Walter E. Adams.
Frank A. Bayrd.
Arthur M. Cummings.
Miss S. Isabelle Gray.

Committee on Marking Historic Spots.

JESSE CUDWORTH, *Chairman.*
ALBERT F. SARGENT, *Secretary.*

Benjamin Faulkner.
Abraham G. Hill.
Seth C. Jones.
John A. Lindvall.
John W. Norton.
Clarence A. Perkins.
Joseph C. Robinson.

Committee on Historic Loan Exhibition.

FRANK E. WOODWARD, *Chairman.*
MRS. RICHARD W. SHEA, *Secretary.*

George T. Bailey.
Harry H. Barrett.
Mrs. Howard A. Carson.
Samuel G. Dexter.
George H. Fall.
Mrs. Nathan French.
George L. Gould.
Miss Helen M. Hill.
Mrs. George S. Mansfield.
Mrs. Ernest M. Newbegin.
Mrs. Thomas O. Nichols.
Michael S. O'Donnell.
Mrs. Daniel W. Ranlet.
Mrs. Joseph S. Rich.
J. Tyler Shackford.

HONORARY MEMBERS CHOSEN BY THE COMMITTEE.

From Malden.

George D. B. Blanchard. John Langdon Sullivan.

From Everett.

Dudley P. Bailey. Mrs. Elizabeth B. D. Whittemore.
Mrs. Mary O. Atwood. Reuben A. Rideout.
George F. Foster. Miss Nellie E. Cannell.

From Melrose.

Elbridge H. Goss. Miss Mary E. Upham.
Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. John Larrabee.
Levi S. Gould. Mrs. Harriett E. Page.

Committee on Police Regulations.

Lyman H. Richards, *Chairman.*
Charles M. Bruce, *Secretary.*

Patrick Cahill. Edward J. O'Connell.
Daniel J. Driscoll. J. Arthur Pierce.
Henry Gerke. Frederick J. Smith.
Ezra A. Stevens, Jr.

Bureau of Information.

William D. Serrat, *Chairman.*
George A. Gardner, *Secretary.*

Waldo B. Bowker. Jesse Cudworth.
Austin F. Crocker. Walter M. Healey.
William N. Osgood.

Committee on Emergency.

Charles D. McCarthy, *Chairman.*
William A. Hastings, *Secretary.*

Charles E. Bonning. William D. Nutter.
Frank F. Clapp. George A. Runnells.
Clarence P. Whitcomb.

Committee on Memorial Volume.

Deloraine P. Corey, *Chairman.*
Arthur M. Cummings, *Secretary.*

Sylvester Baxter. William B. de las Casas.
George E. Gay.

CHAIRMEN (1)

Col. Harry E. Converse
Chief Marshal

Aaron C. Dowse
Press

Elisha W. Cobb
Concert and Ball

Walter S. Cushing
Stands and Tents

Jesse Cudworth
Historic Spots

Harrie S. Abbott
Sports

RECEPTION COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ELISHA S. CONVERSE, *Chairman*,
ROLAND W. TOPPAN, *Vice-Chairman*.
GEORGE A. GARDNER, *Secretary*.

Executive Committee.

ROLAND W. TOPPAN, *Chairman*.
HAROLD L. BOND, *Secretary*.

Mrs. Harvey L. Boutwell.
Charles M. Bruce.
Mrs. Uriah B. Campbell.
John W. Drake.
Lynde Sullivan.
John J. Walsh.
Mrs. Henry Winn.

General Committee.

Ralph K. Abbott.
Mrs. Albert Ammann.
William E. Barker.
Henry O. Barrett.
Frank J. Bartlett.
George H. Bates.
James R. Boomer.
Edward S. Booth.
James Breslin.
William H. Burrows.
Mrs. Frank H. Carlisle.
Mrs. Allan J. Chase.
Edward J. Connell.
Mrs. Henry D. Corbett.
Deloraine P. Corey.
Mrs. Albert D. Crombie.
Frank F. Cutting.
Herbert Damon.
Mrs. Fred C. Davis.
Charles L. Dean.
Charles E. Dennett.
Charles L. Eaton.
Frederick W. Eaton.
Mrs. Willard B. Ferguson.
Thomas J. Garrity.
Warren F. Gould.
Mrs. George L. Gould.
Peter Graffam.
George H. Graves.
Mrs. Matthew C. Grier.
Arthur G. Griffin.
William A. Hastings.
William D. Hawley.
Mrs. Thomas W. Hough.
Mrs. William H. James.
William O. Lovell.
Charles R. Magee.
Fred T. A. McLeod.
Webster L. Melvin.
Mrs. Joshua H. Millett.
George A. Minott.
Mrs. C. Maria Nordstrom.
Mrs. Jabez P. Parker.
Mrs. Frank J. Perkins.
Charles E. Ransom.
Frederick A. Robinson.
Mrs. Willard E. Robinson.
Mrs. Arthur L. Robinson.
Godfrey Ryder.
Mrs. Thomas A. Sawtell.
William Schofield.
Alvin L. Smith.
Louis D. Starbird.
Mrs. Everett J. Stevens.

Odiorne Swain.
C. Morris Tredick.
Mrs. Henry E. Turner.
Mrs. Eugene C. Upton.
Edward M. Waite.
Edmund S. Wellington.
Mrs. James H. Whitaker.
Charles A. Whittemore.
William A. Wilde.
Charles H. Wise.
Howard P. Wise.

Celebration Committee from Melrose.

LEVI S. GOULD, *Chairman.*

Sidney H. Buttrick.
George R. Jones.
Charles H. Adams.
B. Marvin Fernald.
Elbridge H. Goss.
John Larrabee.
Stephen F. Keyes.
Willis C. Goss.

Celebration Committee from Everett.

CHARLES BRUCE, *Chairman.*

Charles Manser.
William J. Brickley.
Charles F. Washburn.
Francis W. Dana, Jr.
John J. Herne.
Augustus S. Marshall.
Eugene C. Ford.
John F. Homans.

Immediately upon the acceptance of the report and the passage of the order by the city council, the executive committee organized and began its preliminary work, holding its first meeting on the evening of August 10, 1898, and regular meetings on each Wednesday evening thereafter. Albert Ammann was elected clerk. On the evening of August 17, the chairmen of the sub-committees met with the executive committee for conference. The work which was to be done by the several committees, acting independently in their own departments but in harmony with all, was explained by the chairman and the necessary lines of concerted action were defined.

An appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars from the treasury fund was made by the city council for immediate expenses, leaving the question of a final and adequate appropriation for consideration when the several committees could make their estimates with a clear understanding of what would be necessary.

Most of the remainder of the year passed in consideration of the work which was to be done, and in perfecting the carefully formed scheme of details, which was actively taken up when the city appropriation was made in January. In the meantime the various organizations of the city, outside of the committees, were actively planning their parts in the coming celebration. The chairman of the executive

committee, as president of the Board of Trade, addressed the following communication to his associates in November: —

Malden, November 30, 1898.

To the Members of the Malden Board of Trade.

Gentlemen: Active and earnest work, in preparation for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Malden, is being prosecuted by the various sub-committees; and I would suggest that the Board of Trade can render efficient aid by interesting all of the firms and corporations engaged in business in Malden, and inducing them to take an active part in this celebration, — by participating in the parade; by assisting in the entertainment of guests; by decorations; by placing in their advertisements and upon their stationery notices of this important event; and in various other ways assisting the executive committee.

Alfred E. Cox, *President.*

In reply to this communication a committee was appointed, which rendered efficient service in interesting business men and the inhabitants of the several wards in the matter. The committee was composed of the following gentlemen: —

Ward 1. Willard E. Robinson.
2. John J. Kelley.
3. C. Morris Tredick.
Ward 4. Asher F. Black.
5. Webster L. Melvin.
6. Frank A. Thompson.
Ward 7. Orin A. Falconer.

By the end of the year, the committees had perfected their plans so far as to render their estimates of the expenditures on which the final appropriation should be based; and upon the organization of the new city government, the executive committee asked the city council for fifteen thousand dollars in addition to the appropriation of 1898. Mayor Dean in his inaugural, January 2, said: —

"On May 22 and 23 next, our city is to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Malden as a town. This event is of great importance, and fully merits the attention which it is receiving. The arrangements for this celebration are in competent hands, and we may safely count upon its reflecting credit upon our city and adding to its renown. Ample provisions should be made to meet the expense necessary to make the affair a success, and I recommend immediate action upon this matter."

On the evening of January 17, both branches of the city council acting in concurrence, the required appropriation was granted from the treasury fund; and the celebration being placed upon a firm financial basis, the further work of preparation was actively pushed.

Communication was had with the mayor of Everett and the selectmen of Melrose, inviting the participation of those municipalities as portions of the old town. The city government of Everett appointed

a special committee of its members, but no further official part was taken in the celebration. Many of the inhabitants of Everett, however, took an active part and rendered active and valuable service, while others joined in the parade of May 23. A town meeting in Melrose voted to coöperate with the Malden committee, and a committee of nine was chosen to effect arrangements; and later, by authority of a special act passed by the legislature for that purpose, an appropriation of five hundred dollars was made to meet the expenses. An entire division represented Melrose on the day of the parade.

An early difficulty presented itself in the absence of any building in Malden of a capacity sufficient to meet the needs of the celebration. This difficulty was solved by the offer of the Hon. Elisha S. Converse of the use of the lot on Pleasant Street near Washington Street, on which a music hall is now being built, on which a temporary building, officially known as the Anniversary Building, was erected. This building, of which the main structure was one hundred and six feet by one hundred and twenty feet, with a lean-to at the rear of twenty-two feet by one hundred and twenty feet, and a kitchen adjoining, ten feet by eighty feet, provided in the auditorium and galleries chair-room for over thirty-two hundred persons, while the stage, which was furnished with graduated seats for the uses of a chorus, gave room for nearly three hundred more. It was designed by Tristram Griffin, under whose supervision it was erected; and the material and labor were furnished by the firm of Clark & Melanson, the senior member of which built the timber frame of the pavilion used at the celebration in 1849. The building was wired and lighted during the celebration by the Malden Electric Co., without expense to the city. Here were held all the indoor exercises of the celebration, closing with the banquet on the evening of May 23. It was allowed to remain a few days, and was used by the Salvation Army for meetings on the evenings of Sunday and Monday, May 28–29, when Commander Booth-Tucker was present. It was then removed by the contractors.

The committee on invitations sent out over one thousand engraved circular letters inviting "all sons and daughters of Malden, former residents, and those interested in its history" to be present on the days of the celebration. Over one hundred persons, prominent by their participation in public affairs and otherwise, were invited to become the special guests of the city.

CHAIRMEN (2)

EDWARD H. EVANS
Transportation and Carriages

CHARLES SCHUMAKER
Salutes, etc.

JOHN H. FARNHAM
Invitations

EUGENE NELSON
Banquet

CHARLES D. MCCARTHY, M.D.
Emergency

LYMAN H. RICHARDS
Police Regulations

INVITED GUESTS.

ROGER WOLCOTT, *Governor of Massachusetts.*
W. MURRAY CRANE, *Lt.-Governor of Massachusetts.*

THE GOVERNOR'S STAFF.

Samuel Dalton, A. G.
Robert A. Blood, S. G.
Francis H. Appleton, C. G.
James L. Carter, I. G.
Rockwood Hoar, J. A. G.
Fred W. Wellington, A. I. G.
William C. Capelle, A. A. G.
Richard H. Morgan, A. I. G.
Gordon Dexter, A. I. G.
Harry E. Converse, A. Q. G.
Roger Morgan, A. Q. G.
Edward B. Robins, A. A. G.
J. Payson Bradley, A. A. G.
Frank L. Locke, A. I. G.
James T. Soutter, A. I. G.
Richard D. Sears, A. A. G.
James A. Frye, A. I. G.
John D. Billings, A. D. C.
William D. Sohier, A. D. C.
George R. Jewett, A. D. C.
Frank B. Stevens, A. D. C.

NATIONAL AND STATE OFFICERS.

John D. Long, *Secretary of the Navy, Washington.*
George F. Hoar, *U. S. Senate.*
Henry Cabot Lodge, *U. S. Senate.*
Ernest W. Roberts, *U. S. House of Representatives.*
William M. Olin, *Secretary of State, Mass.*
Edward P. Shaw, *State Treasurer, Mass.*
John W. Kimball, *State Auditor, Mass.*
Hosea M. Knowlton, *Attorney-General, Mass.*
George E. Smith, *President Mass. Senate.*
John L. Bates, *Speaker Mass. House of Representatives.*

MAYORS.

Edward A. Fitch,	*Maldon, Co. Essex, England.*	
William J. Cronin,	*Pawtucket,*	*R. I.*
Benjamin D. Webber,	*Beverly,*	*Mass.*
Josiah Quincy,	*Boston,*	"
Emery M. Low,	*Brockton,*	"
Edgar R. Champlin,	*Cambridge,*	"
Seth J. Littlefield,	*Chelsea,*	"
Dennis Murphy,	*Chicopee,*	"
Arthur W. Hatch,	*Everett,*	"

Amos W. Jackson,	*Fall River*,	*Mass.*
Samuel Anderson,	*Fitchburg*,	"
William W. French,	*Gloucester*,	"
John C. Chase,	*Haverhill*,	"
Arthur B. Chapin,	*Holyoke*,	"
James H. Eaton,	*Lawrence*,	"
Jeremiah Crowley,	*Lowell*,	"
William Shepherd,	*Lynn*,	"
Edward J. Plunkett,	*Marlborough*,	"
Lewis H. Lovering,	*Medford*,	"
Charles S. Ashley,	*New Bedford*,	"
Thomas Huse,	*Newburyport*,	"
Edward B. Wilson,	*Newton*,	"
H. Torrey Cady,	*No. Adams*,	"
John L. Mather,	*Northampton*,	"
William W. Whiting,	*Pittsfield*,	"
Harrison A. Keith,	*Quincy*,	"
James H. Turner,	*Salem*,	"
George O. Proctor,	*Somerville*,	"
Dwight O. Gilmore,	*Springfield*,	"
Nathaniel J. W. Fish,	*Taunton*,	"
Geo. L. Mayberry,	*Waltham*,	"
William F. Davis,	*Woburn*,	"
Rufus B. Dodge, Jr.,	*Worcester*,	"

CITY OFFICERS.

Charles Bruce, *President Board of Aldermen, Everett.*
Francis W. Dana, Jr., *President Common Council, Everett.*
Fulton H. Parker, *Chairman Board of Aldermen, Medford.*
William I. Parker, *President Common Council, Medford.*

SELECTMEN.

Sidney H. Buttrick,	*Melrose*,	*Mass.*
L. Frank Hinckley,	"	"
Jonathan C. Howes,	"	"
Charles J. Barton,	"	"
William A. Carrie,	"	"
Alfred S. Hall,	*Revere*,	"
B. Frank De Butts,	"	"
Michael Sullivan,	"	"
Joseph G. Stowers,	"	"
George M. Ingalls,	"	"
Walter S. Keene,	*Stoneham*,	"

Sidney A. Hill,	*Stoneham*,	*Mass.*
George H. Allen,	"	"
George W. Walker,	*Malden*,	1881.
John W. Allen,	"	"
John M. Devir,	"	"
John P. Holden,	"	"
Tristram Griffin,	"	"

CITIZENS OF MELROSE

Who have been Selectmen of Malden.

OFFICERS OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Levi S. Gould,	*County Commissioner.*	
Samuel O. Upham,	"	"
Francis Bigelow,	"	"
Henry G. Cushing,	*Sheriff.*	
Joseph O. Hayden,	*Treasurer.*	
Theodore C. Hurd,	*Clerk of Courts.*	

Charles W. Eliot, *President Harvard University.*
Rev. Elmer H. Capen, *President Tufts College.*
Charles Francis Adams, *President Massachusetts Historical So.*
Samuel A. Green, *Librarian Massachusetts Historical So.*
Edward G. Porter, *President New England Historic-Genealogical So.*
John Ward Dean, *Librarian New England Historic-Genealogical So.*
Lucius Tuttle, *President Boston and Maine Railroad.*
John H. Burdakin, *Register of Deeds, Norfolk Co.*
Col. J. McE. Hyde, U. S. A., *Boston.*
Carroll D. Wright, *Washington, D. C.*
Rev. William I. Haven, *New York, N. Y.*
Rev. Edward Judson, D.D., *New York, N. Y.*
Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D.D., *New York, N. Y.*
Marvin Lincoln, *Washington, D. C.*
Bernard R. Green, *Washington, D. C.*
Rev. John Coleman Adams, D.D., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Rev. Daniel W. Faunce, D.D., *Pawtucket, R. I.*
Howard M. Holden, *Kansas City, Mo.*
Rev. Daniel P. Livermore, D.D., *Melrose, Mass.*
Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, *Melrose, Mass.*
George Emerson, *Melrose, Mass.*
Alonzo H. Evans, *Everett, Mass.*
Wilson Quint, *Everett, Mass.*
Mrs. Charles Carleton Coffin, *Boston, Mass.*
Elisha D. Eldridge, *Lynn, Mass.*

Upon the reception committee devolved the duty of giving welcome and attendance to the guests of the city during the celebration. Sub-committees were appointed to perfect the details, which were carried out with complete success. Invited guests, who were designated by small bow-badges of white ribbon with blue knots, were met at the railroad stations and elsewhere by members of the committee and conveyed in carriages to the city hall, where they were received by the mayor. Here the headquarters of the committee were established, lunch was served, and carriages were in readiness to take guests to the various points of interest. Tickets were furnished for the several functions of the celebration; and entertainment was provided for those who remained in the city over night.

A sub-committee was in session at the public library, where guests and visitors were requested to register. Suitable blanks were provided for each person; and the collection of autographs and personal information resulting is one of much present interest. These sheets, alphabetically arranged and elegantly bound in eight thick volumes, are now preserved in the public library, where they will remain as a permanent reminder of the celebration, ever increasing in historical value.

For the convenience of visitors and others, the bureau of information established stations at three central points: on Florence Street near the railroad station, on Ferry Street near the railroad station, and in Central Square. These stations were open from eight A. M. until nine P. M. on Monday and Tuesday. Tents were located as stations on Monday, during the continuance of the sports, at Ferryway Green, Webster Park, Cradock Field, and at the reservoir in Fellsmere Park. All the stations were supplied with directories, programs, time-tables, lists of restaurants and boarding-houses, and other printed matter for imparting information to the public; and well-informed attendants were on duty, who gave general satisfaction by their painstaking and courtesy. While the games were in progress on Monday, the tents were open to the representatives of the Red Cross Corps, and valuable assistance was given in several cases of minor injuries. This committee says in its report: —

"It is an admitted fact that Malden cared for a greater number of people during its celebration than was ever gathered together in a suburban city in this vicinity. When it is considered that a large proportion were strangers, and that few if any complaints were heard, the committee feels justified in believing that its efforts were to a great extent successful, and added to the success of the celebration."

The duties of the committee on emergency were of much importance, although no serious accident occurred. Invitations were extended to about twenty resident physicians to act in conjunction with

CHAIRMEN (3)

NATHANIEL W. STARBIRD
Children's Entertainments

WILLIAM D. SERRAT
Bureau of Information

FRANK E. WOODWARD
Historic Loan Exhibition

ROLAND W. TOPPAN
V. C. Reception Committee

SAMUEL TILDEN
Printing and Badges

the committee, which were all cheerfully accepted. Members of this volunteer corps were assigned to various sections; and during the entire celebration a constant vigilance was maintained by them throughout the city. During the field and water sports, there were seventeen accidents, and on the second day three more, which came under the care of this emergency corps. During the passage of the procession on Tuesday, a private observation-stand became overcrowded and collapsed, but no serious results ensued. The committee says in its report: "We wish to express publicly our heartiest thanks and appreciation to those physicians who rendered such kind and efficient service during the celebration."

The admirable manner in which the city was policed during the celebration has been the subject of much praise. This department was in the hands of the mayor and the standing aldermanic police committee, to whom was added a sub-committee of the celebration committee on police regulations. The celebration practically began on Saturday, May 20, and for the first two days the police service was performed by the local force of twenty-nine regulars and ten specials, to which was added on the subsequent days a force of eighty-five men drawn from the neighboring cities and towns. The detective force was composed of Boston inspectors, men from the state force, and Pinkerton men. The extra force, not including the regular Malden police and Malden specials, was on duty day and night for the last two days, equal to an additional force of two hundred and twenty-four men. The immediate command was in Chief Samuel M. Emerton of the Malden force. The committee in its final report says: —

"Chief Emerton is deserving of much praise in the manner in which all details were carried out; and praise should also be accorded to each man of the regular force, the specials, and all visiting police for the intelligent manner in dealing with the vast crowd which thronged our streets, and for the cheerful way in which they attended to all their duties."

The work of the mounted and unmounted police on the day of the procession was superb and elicited many remarks of praise. Military men who were present stated that in all their experience with processions they had never seen policing equal it. The entire procession was kept clear of small-boy followings, the streets were free from teams and other obstructions, and Central Square, at the time of the review, was kept absolutely clear of sight-seers from curb to curb.

In view of the large crowds of people which were gathered here, estimated by conservative authorities as not less than one hundred and fifty thousand on the day of the parade, and by others made much larger, it speaks well for the general good order of the city that

during the last two days but fifteen arrests were made. A number of supposed crooks were warned to leave the city and obeyed the warning. One case of entering and two of pocket-picking were reported to the police, the total value of the property so lost being less than one hundred dollars.

An important factor in the preparation and final success of the celebration was the work of the press committee, which, though officially known as a reception committee, extended its labors over a wide and fertile field. Realizing that the greatest possible publicity would inure to the benefit of the city and increase the effect of the celebration, it was determined to afford to the representatives of the press, both before and during the celebration, every facility for the performance of their difficult and highly important work; and the committee carefully shaped its course with that end in view. The energy of its chairman, Aaron C. Dowse, and his long experience in everything connected with the public press, seconded by its indefatigable secretary, Charles T. Hall, and the hearty coöperation of its members, were productive of the best results both in the progress and conclusion of its work.

The representatives of the Boston papers were called together, and many valuable suggestions were made by the working-members of the press, which were subsequently acted upon. Later, the local and suburban newspaper men were convened and the plans of the committee were carefully outlined. An illustrated seven-column article, prepared by Arthur M. Cummings of the committee, was stereotyped and was used by about fifty representative papers of New England. Additional items were given out from time to time, and several of the Boston papers published profusely illustrated articles relating to Malden and its history.

Pending the celebration, everything that could be obtained in advance, as the oration, addresses, poem, order of parade, etc., was printed and sent in slips to the different papers, and was in type ready for prompt publication at the close of the several exercises, without the intervention of the reporters. The result was that these reports in a complete and reliable form were given a space much larger than would have been possible had each reporter been compelled, in the confusion and haste of affairs, to search out and obtain this matter for himself.

Headquarters were established at the Board of Trade rooms on Pleasant Street, where ample accommodations were provided for the visiting representatives of the press, both ladies and gentlemen. These rooms were open during the week preceding and during the celebration, members of the committee and attendants being present to render any assistance that might be desired. By the courtesy of

the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., direct telephone communication was furnished; and the Remington Typewriter Co. placed ten of its best machines in the rooms for the use of the reporters. Badges were given to accredited representatives of the press, which admitted the wearers everywhere; and a tally-ho and carriages were provided, which enabled the reporters to visit all parts of the city. More than three hundred newspaper men were registered at the press headquarters, where a continuous lunch was served, and the clatter of the typewriters and the coming and going of busy men gave evidence of the work that was being done.

All these facilities were in constant use by men from every New England state, who looked upon Malden as a new city grown into their vision, a revelation, which next day or next week was heralded to their own people. The celebration was mentioned in thousands of papers throughout the country, even journals as far distant as Texas and California giving it space. Every item referring to the celebration which it has been possible to obtain has been placed in a large scrap-book, prepared by the press committee, which will be preserved in the public library.

It was facetiously said that the facilities afforded and the resultant enthusiasm of the reporters caused the Boston papers to lose their "sense of proportion;" and that Malden had "discovered itself" and made its existence known to the world. Never was a local celebration given equal space in the Boston and suburban papers. A few days after the celebration, the *Boston Traveler* printed this observation: —

"I admire Malden for its beauty and respect it for its municipal integrity, over which the breath of scandal rarely hovers, but I respectfully submit that neither it nor any other city, save ours, is entitled to anything like the vast areas of space given its celebration by Boston papers, to the exclusion, very likely, of news of real importance. Now and then our journals lose their sense of proportion entirely, and the Malden affair furnished an excellent illustration of the fact."

The activity of the committee and the attention which was paid to the comfort and convenience of its guests were appreciated by the reporters and other representatives of the press, and were widely acknowledged after the celebration.

The work of other committees is fully shown in the statement of the results which they attained, as in those of the banquet, the parade, and other events of the celebration. There was no committee appointed whose members did not do efficient work in the departments to which they were assigned; and all are entitled to equal honor. The unanimity of feeling from the first, and the general harmony of action which prevailed to the last, were evidences of a sincere loyalty to the city and a subordination of all private wishes to the

great good of the whole. The cause of the success of the celebration was the united labor of disinterested and earnest men and women; and that may be summed up in one word, used in its strictest sense, — *Coöperation.*

It has been seen that the motive and controlling power of the work of preparation was in the executive committee, to which all the other committees were subordinate and to which all looked for direction and authority. The labors of this committee were exacting and sometimes perplexing, as unforeseen difficulties arose and as ways and means were to be considered and decided. While due praise may be given to each and all of this committee, a sketch of the preparation of the celebration would be incomplete were the active chairman of the executive committee not especially mentioned with commendation. His clear head and persistent will gave wise direction and earnest support to the work of the various committees, and his ardor incited a corresponding ardor that made certain the successful result.

During the celebration, the members of the committees were designated by official badges which were thus described: —

"Made of solid metal, gilded and lacquered, fancy engraved top bar with the name of the respective sub-committee thereon, shown in soft black enamel; round medallion bottom piece representing the city seal of Malden in the centre, and '250th Anniversary, 1649–1899' in the outer circle."

The reception committee for the ready identification by guests wore the badge on a crimson ribbon.

In the following pages the chronicle of four days is given with such minuteness as is possible, and with a care which aims to make the record authoritative. All that is left of the celebration is its story in the printed page and the memories of those who participated therein. To a later generation, naught but the story will remain, and the celebration which to us is a matter of congratulation and pride may seem to them as simple and inadequate as the celebration of 1849 now seems to us. The bright gatherings of children, the crowded streets, and the loud rejoicings, the music and the decorations, the voices of the orators and the sweet singers, the life and beauty of the ball and the banquet, the bright days that with their sunshine and mildness made the smiling face of nature more beautiful, all have passed away. Yet in the words that were spoken and in the record of that which was done such evidences of loyalty to city, state, and nation, and to the memory of the fathers, of good-will to men, and of hope in the future, may be found as will make our successors to hold us in equal honor with the fathers, and to give us that meed which belongs to those who, revering the past, work in the present with hope for the coming ages and a sincere trust in the everlasting care of God.

CHARLES L. DEAN
MAYOR

PROGRAM.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1899.

2 P.M. Public School Exercises.
5 P.M. Captain Dodd's Troopers.
7 P.M. Reception at the First Church.
8 P.M. Jubilee Entertainment.

EXERCISES OF SATURDAY.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EXERCISES.

THE part taken by the public schools was one of the most suggestive and pleasing of the celebration. As the schools lie at the foundation of good citizenship, and the future of our city depends upon those who are to come out of them, to them was appropriately given the honor of the opening exercises of the occasion. All matters pertaining to their preparation were wisely left in the hands of the school committee, an adequate appropriation having been made by the executive committee for that purpose.

Coincident with the purposes of the celebration was the preparation of a *Public School Souvenir*, which was issued in an octavo volume of two hundred and forty-two pages, and should be in the hands of every citizen who values the advantages of popular education. This volume contains numerous illustrations, comprising views of schoolhouses, groups of teachers and scholars, interesting features of school work, etc.; and by the example of actual work it presents a vivid and instructive view of the present condition of the schools of the city. Eminent educators have pronounced it to be the most complete and satisfactory outline of every-day educational work ever printed. At the Paris Exposition, in 1900, it will probably tell the story of the Malden of to-day more completely than any educational record will give that of any other American city; and in 1949, when the three hundredth anniversary will engage the attention of our successors, it will be of the greatest value as a means of correctly measuring the advance which the first half of the twentieth century will make in educational matters. Much that appears of value now may be found as inadequate then as the methods of 1849 now appear to us, in their comparative crudeness and simplicity.

To illustrate the beginnings of school work in New England, a facsimile of the first schoolhouse built here, in 1712, was erected on the grounds of the High School, at the corner of Salem and Ferry Streets. It appears in the foreground of the view of the High School in the present volume. The original building stood at the southerly corner of the present Main and Pleasant Streets, with a door on the

latter street. It was used as a schoolhouse, sometimes as a watch-house, until 1730, when it was given to Thomas Degresha, the bell-man and grave-digger. It is described as follows: —

"The first school house in Malden would have made a sorry figure by the side of those of the present day. It was neither imposing nor elegant. Hardly could it have been convenient, except that to the simple farmers of that day anything was of convenience that afforded a shelter from the heats of summer and the storms of winter. It was 'bult 20 foots jn length 16 foots wide 6 foot stud between joints.' A chimney, 'nere seven foots between y^e^ gams,' decreased the capacity of the room; and when its spacious 'harth' was blazing with its pile of green logs the physical discomfort of the child who sat on the nearest bench could only have been equalled by that of the unfortunate shiverer who sat by the door. Of course, it was of one story, and its walls were filled with brick 'to y^e^ placts,' in that good cold-defying fashion which may yet be found in some old houses, and which puts to shame the shams of modern construction. It had 'two windores one on y^e^ South and y^e^ other on y^e^ Est,' and one 'dower of plain Boords.'"

The reproduction contained a representation of the probable furniture of the old building; but the pine benches and rude desks looked inappropriately new and out of place, until a few boys, who were sent into the building with their jack-knives, proved that the rising generation has still a knowledge of some of the arts of the past. The furniture was soon reduced to the condition of that of the old brick schoolhouse which many of us remember, and in the ornamentation of which some of us learned the first rudiments of the carver's art.

Preliminary exercises were held in many of the schools on Friday, May 19, consisting of literary and musical selections appropriate to the coming celebration. At the High School, Dr. Frank B. Sears presented a large American flag, which was raised soon after in the presence of the scholars. Interesting original essays on subjects connected with the history of Malden were read by several pupils, and portions of the oration and poem of the celebration of 1849 were recited with effect.

During the celebration, the principal school buildings bore appropriate mottoes as a part of the official decorations. They were as follows: —

Belmont School: The true function of the school is the formation of character.

Centre School: The public school is the people's university.

Converse School: All education is self-education.

Emerson School: Thought is the great work of life.

Faulkner School: Victory over ignorance is the greatest of all victories.

HIGH SCHOOL—REPRODUCTION OF FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE

High School [*New*]: He who masters himself may master all things.

High School [*Old*]: An educated hand makes an educated brain.

Lincoln School: Education brings out every latent virtue.

Linden School: Men are grown, not manufactured.

The culmination of the work of the school committee was the gathering of the public schools in the Anniversary Building on the afternoon of Saturday, May 20, in which about two thousand children participated. The schools filled the entire floor of the house, the stage being occupied by past and present members of the school committee and invited guests.

The day had been somewhat threatening; but it was noticed, as a happy augury for the success of the celebration, that the sun, which had been obscured, shone through the clouds just as the first strains of *America* broke the anticipatory silence of the great gathering.

During the address of Mr. Littlefield the electric lights were turned on, as the clouds had again obscured the sky, bringing out with sudden clearness the happy faces and the brilliant colors of the dresses of the children. The fine effect, as observed from the stage, incited the speaker to compare the gathering of the children to the star-spangled banner, which was received with applause.

At two o'clock the notes of the overture to Suppé's *Beautiful Galatea* called the assembly to order; and, at the conclusion of the number, the Invocation was offered by the Rev. Joshua W. Wellman, D.D., a former member of the school committee. The schools and the audience then sang —

AMERICA.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Aaron C. Dowse, the chairman of the school committee, as chairman of the meeting, then made —

THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

Past and Present Members of the School Committee, Members of the City Government, Invited Guests: — In behalf of these — the brightest gems in Malden's crown — it is my pleasant duty and high privilege to welcome you to the first public exercises incident to Malden's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration. It is, indeed, fitting that our school children, the pride of the present and the hope of the future, be accorded the first place on our anniversary program; that their sweet voices, in the melody of patriotic song, dedicate this building. We are proud of this beautiful city of homes; proud of its well kept streets and its many material excellences. We point to it as a God-fearing, law-abiding, well governed Massachusetts municipality. And ever as we strive to better its condition, as we seek to make Malden even more attractive and more nearly perfect in every department of municipal life, we do it not for ourselves, but for these, our children, the controlling influence as truly now as in the years when in mature manhood and womanhood they —

> "Finish what we begin,
> And all we fail of win."

This May day, with its sun and rain, and these bright, rosy-faced children, on whose cheeks sometimes forms the rainbow of tears and laughter, — how typical one of the other!

> "Summer is dumb, and faint with dust and heat;
> This is the tuneful month when every sound is sweet.
> Thrill, youthful heart; soar upward, limpid voice;
> Blossoming time is come — rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!"

It is a far cry from the Malden of 1712, and the little schoolhouse on yonder green, with —

> "The warping floor, the battered seat,
> The jackknife's carved initial,"

to the Malden of 1899, with its many school buildings valued at eight hundred thousand dollars; a far cry from that day, when half a score of children "went storming out at playing," to this day when in the same territorial limits are twelve thousand public-school children. Who can paint the picture of 1949? We upon this platform can see it only in prophecy; but many of you, my children, may know its reality.

I stood one day in that grand palace hall, near Paris, where emperors were crowned and where presidents are elected. Upon the

wall is the picture of a wounded soldier; look at it from any point of view — directly in front, from left or right — and the eyes of that soldier look into your own. I may forget the beauty of that hall; I may forget its costly decorations and the splendor of its overarching walls, but I can never forget that painting, that soldier, those beseeching eyes. And so I feel that when the enthusiasm of sport and game and entertainment has been tempered by the experience of years, when the sound of salute and clang of bell is but a faint echo of far-off days, when the pomp and dazzle of decoration and parade grow dim upon the vision, even then you will remember this May-day afternoon and these exercises in which, and of which, you are the living, moving spirit.

Children (I had almost said, my children), as you welcome these our guests, so also do we welcome you. For you we labor, with you we renew our youth, by you we send our word of cheer to the Malden of the future.

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems
And all the rest are dead."

A medley by the band, introducing the *Suwanee River*, the *Red, White, and Blue*, the *Star-Spangled Banner*, and other patriotic and popular airs, followed; after which the chairman presented the first speaker.

The Chairman. — We have such a multiplicity of good things, such a wealth of eloquence and wit, that the order of the day, "made and provided," is clear-cut, concise, — not over-long addresses by many, rather than elaborate discourses by few.

The framers of our city charter, while allowing aldermen and councilmen to be elected by wards, appreciated the paramount importance of our public schools, and enacted into law the requirement that the school committee must be elected at large by all the voters in all the wards. The mayor is the only other public official thus elected, and by provision of the charter he, too, is made a member of the school committee — its chairman, *ex officio*. The Mayor of Malden, Hon. Charles L. Dean.

ADDRESS OF MAYOR CHARLES L. DEAN.

Mr. Chairman, School Children of Malden, and Ladies and Gentlemen: — As I stand before you in my capacity as mayor, I feel deeply the honor of being privileged to assist in inaugurating the ceremonies of the next three days, commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Malden.

And especially do I feel it a great privilege and eminently fitting that it should be to a large gathering of the children that these words should be spoken.

I congratulate the members of the school committee on the results of their earnest and faithful work in furthering the educational interests of this city; and sufficient evidence of this work is given us to-day as we look into the bright eyes and intelligent faces before us, assuring us that behind these lie minds being trained to think and observe.

Our schools, as we see them to-day, show, in a great measure, the faithful labor and thought of all who have held an honored position on the school committee in the past.

Our superintendents also have been able and especially successful in their work. We are all proud of our present superintendent, who was for several years principal of our High School. He has honored every position he has been called to fill; and it is in all our memories that his work here was interrupted for a year that he might represent the educational interests of Massachusetts at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. He takes a front rank among the educators of this commonwealth to-day.

The principals of our schools and all the teachers connected with them, many of whom have given long years of earnest and faithful service to the work, are all to be most heartily congratulated upon their excellent standing. To them belongs the credit, for without their hearty coöperation and untiring work, day by day, this visible result would not be possible. This, carried on for a long series of years as a town and then as a city, has placed the schools of Malden in the front rank among the schools of Massachusetts, which are famous the world over for their excellence.

I wish to extend my sincere congratulations to all who have taken a part in accomplishing these results. It is a work of which you may well be proud.

The children before me to-day will with difficulty appreciate the difference between their beautiful schoolhouses, fitted with every modern convenience to make learning easy and a pleasure, with their large sunny, well ventilated rooms, and the traditional red schoolhouse of years ago, with its one small room and uncomfortable benches, and an iron stove in the middle, which your present mayor can fully describe from his early recollections.

From these same red schoolhouses have come, however, down from the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont men who have taken leading places in our large cities, in the busy marts of life, in the national and state governments, and in various positions of trust throughout the country. How much more, then, with every advantage which thought and money can offer, should you accomplish! And we are not disap-

THE ANNIVERSARY BUILDING

pointed in this, for we find our High School receiving the bright minds from the lower grades. Its membership is increasing every year, and we are proud of it; for we know that those who have had the inestimable opportunity of a college training have gone from our High School to Harvard, Yale, Boston University, Smith, and Vassar with high rank, and have graduated with honor to themselves and the schools which nourished them. Not only that, but those who were but the children of yesterday have come out of our schools, and are occupying prominent positions in the community and in our public affairs to-day.

We trust and hope that you children of to-day are fitting yourselves for these positions of trust and honor in the future.

The people of the town and city of Malden have been as a unit in doing all in their power to advance its educational interests.

Since Malden became a city, in 1882, about six hundred thousand dollars have been expended in new school buildings. I most firmly believe that this department of the city will advance steadily, keeping pace with the rapid growth of our population, in the future as in the past.

ODE BY ARTHUR MARK CUMMINGS.

Music, *Fair Harvard.*

SCHOOL CHORUS.

Fair City, rejoice, mid these jubilant throngs,
As thy children assemble to-day,
With pageants, and banners, and garlands, and songs,
Their tribute of honor to pay.
And among us yet others are standing unseen,
Sober-clad and of visage austere:
They have noiselessly come from their low tents of green
To partake of our festival cheer.

O rugged forefathers and mothers, the years
Bring rich triumphs to crown your repose:
The vine in the wilderness planted with tears
Hath blossomed like Sharon's sweet rose.
God Unchanging, with us, as with them, be Thy grace;
Be our purpose as lofty and pure.
When beside them we lie, in our last resting-place,
May our mem'ry as nobly endure.

The Chairman. — We much regret that the inclemency of the weather prevents the attendance here this afternoon of the man whose name is in all our thoughts when we enter our beautiful public library

or stroll through the shady lanes in Pine Banks. "Oh! he sits high in all our hearts," — Malden's first citizen, the Honorable, ay, always Honorable, Elisha S. Converse!

The oldest living ex-member of the school committee in point of service is William S. Stearns, — a well known Boston lawyer, — whose absence from the state prevents his presence here to-day. He was a member of the school committee in 1849, just fifty years ago.

Rev. Aaron C. Adams, D.D., now of Wethersville, Conn., was a member of the school committee in 1854, as were also Rev. Daniel P. Livermore, D.D., of Melrose, and Matthias Crocker of this city. Dr. Livermore is confined to his home by illness, — his distinguished wife, Mary A. Livermore, expressing in a letter to the committee regret at their inability to be present. Dr. Adams, responding to our invitation, wrote: "I am not old enough to forget Malden and my old Malden friends way back in the '50's; specially, as members of the school committee, Mr. Blanchard, whom I early lost sight of, Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, with whom I maintained a good deal of intimacy to the end, and Rev. D. P. Livermore, whose doxy and mine, religiously, were a good way apart, yet in no way hindered our coöperation and good-fellowship."

George D. B. Blanchard was a member of the committee in 1856, and James F. Eaton in 1857. Dr. J. Langdon Sullivan's service on the committee dates back to 1852, forty-seven years; and thirty-eight years ago in the stormy days of '61 he was chairman of the school committee. "Ours," said he, in the report of that year, "is the age of progress, of expansion." True then, true now; then eleven hundred children and twenty-three teachers, now five thousand children and one hundred and sixty teachers. "The office of school committee," he tells us in his quaint way, "is no sinecure; its responsibilities are great; its anxieties and perplexities manifold. The species of service they who accept it are called to render is one which towns seldom appreciate, and for which they are never grateful." In closing this report he says: "When the future shall do justice to us, let it be said in our praise, 'They dared to speak the truth.'" I present one whose coming into many of our homes has been a benediction — the good physician, the poet, the man who "dared to speak the truth," Dr. J. Langdon Sullivan.

ADDRESS BY JOHN LANGDON SULLIVAN, M.D.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Pupils of the Malden Schools: — I think it a privilege to be born and brought up in Malden. I think it a privilege to be brought up in Malden, even though born elsewhere. In a few words let me say why. In point of

natural beauty and healthfulness of situation, few towns excel our own. Malden enjoys a great and increasing material prosperity. Its schools are excellent, inferior indeed to none in the commonwealth. Of these characteristics of our fair and flourishing city, all her citizens are proud. But it is not on account of these only that I esteem it as a high privilege to be born and brought up in the sunshine and shadows of old Mystic Side. It is first and chiefly because of the moral and spiritual influences with which Malden surrounds and protects her children and youth.

A single illustration and I am done. As long as Malden shall exist as a city, so long shall the illustrious example of the noblest use of wealth set by her chief citizen and first multi-millionaire — that of making his large means contribute to the well-being and happiness of an entire community — command the admiration and challenge the emulation of men. So long as Malden shall exist as a city, from generation to generation shall that example awaken in other generous bosoms a like spirit of disinterested Christian benevolence. That which thou sowest shalt thou surely reap.

This is one only of the formative influences wherewith Malden shapes, as with a potter's wheel, the plastic mind of youth. Amongst the hundreds of young persons to-day within these walls assembled, it is probable that the opportunities and obligations of great wealth shall hereafter devolve on more than one. Let each of you, my young friends, here and now firmly resolve, and cherish as firmly through life, the resolution that, if Heaven shall ever vouchsafe to you, individually, an opportunity to do good on a grand scale, the recording angel's pen shall, on the same page with Malden's great living benefactor, write you too as one who loves his fellow-men.

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.[1]

Music by JOHN K. PAINE. Words by O. W. HOLMES.

SUNG BY MISS MARIE LUCHINI.

Land where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;
Hark! 't is the voice of thy children to thee!
Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true, —
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save!

[1] Words by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, publishers of Dr. Holmes's works.

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle blast! Lo, at the sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line.
Hope of the world! thou hast broken its chains, —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains;
Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!
Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast, —
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!

The Chairman. — We regret that time prevents more than a passing allusion to the excellent services rendered our city by the men who have so ably filled the office of superintendent of schools. Among the dead, George W. Copeland and William H. Lambert; among the living, our esteemed fellow-citizen, William A. Wilde, whose first official act in 1872 was the donation of five hundred dollars to the town for the purchase of maps, etc., for the schools; that veteran in school work, Charles A. Daniels, — may his days be long upon the earth, — whose modesty alone prevents his having a place on this program. Let the present speak. "To-day is a better day than yesterday." Our superintendent, your superintendent, George E. Gay.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE E. GAY.

This day looks back two hundred and fifty years. It sees a score of houses, the same number of miserable farms. It looks toward the sea, down a silent and useless river. It sees twoscore men, women, boys, and girls, — such men, such women, such boys, and such girls as never before in the history of the world started out into a new land to make a new home and found a new nation. Around them were the members of a race that had held this land from time immemorial. They were a lazy race. They had never harnessed the forces of nature. They worked only that they might eat, and having eaten, they idled till hunger compelled them again to seek food. To-day these farms are noble parks, broad avenues, beautiful streets. Yonder river goes to the sea freighted with the wealth of the world.

I have asked myself, Why this change? Why should a score of Puritans, landing on this desert shore but two hundred and fifty years ago, make such a change as this? The land was here, the trees were here, all the forces of nature were here. This little stream of ours had been rolling to the sea for a thousand years, but no man had ever used its force until your ancestors put a grist-mill beside it.

What marked these men that made our history? As I have read that wonderful story of the early life of this town, which everybody in Malden is reading to-day, I think I have noticed two or three things in the eyes and in the hearts of these men and women, which account for all the growth which this township has had. First, I find the purpose to do and to be. The Indian had a purpose not to do, and a purpose not to be. The white man came to do and to be something worthy of the God who made him. The white man's axe felled the trees; the white man's sickle mowed the grain; the white man's hand reared the buildings; the white man's word rang out; the white man's sword won liberty. He dared to do because he first dared to be.

I find another quality that characterized these ancestors of yours. They were an industrious company of people; or, if there were a drone among them, he was, like all drones everywhere, an incubus, — a load which the workers had to carry.

I find another element, another characteristic in these men, and if I am right, this third thing was the most important of the three, and has had more to do with the material and the moral prosperity of our city than any other force. What is this which thus distinguishes our ancestors? It is the spirit of self-denial, — the willingness to bury the emotion, the feeling, the passion, the desire of the moment in order to win the reward that lies at the end of toil. And every house in this city, every stone in its pavements, every brick in its school-houses, is there because some man, some woman, some boy, or some girl has denied himself for the present in order that he, or others, might have and win and enjoy in the future.

The past is behind; the future is before us. Two hundred and fifty years hence what shall this city be? If its people are marked by the same high purpose, by the same willingness to do, by the same gift, yea, divinest gift of self-sacrifice, this public spirit which looks forward, — then the growth of the next quarter-millennium shall be as great as the growth of the past. These men, these women, these boys and girls whom we look back to, have passed away; but every one who has contributed toward the growth of the city in these ways has left behind the result of his labor and the inspiration of his example.

I stand every day and look at the noblest building in this city, aye, at one of the noblest buildings in the world, the Malden Public

Library; and to me it is not a public library at all. It is what its name says it is, a memorial building. A memorial to whom? A memorial to a young man stricken down at his post of duty. I would that every boy and girl, as he or she enters those walls, would say, looking reverently toward him in whose memory this building rises, "I too will do the work that is set for me to do; I too will die at my post."

TO THEE, O COUNTRY!

Music by Julius Eichberg.

SCHOOL CHORUS.

To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices, tuned by joyous love,
Thy pow'r and praises sing.
Upon thy mighty, faithful heart
We lay our burdens down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To Him who dwells above.
O God, preserve our fatherland,
Let Peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea.

The Chairman. — It was as a member of the school committee, and in the discharge of the duties of that high office, that Marcellus Coggan, Esq., first gained the confidence of the people, — a confidence that led to his election as mayor. Ex-Mayor and ex-Chairman of the school committee, Hon. Marcellus Coggan.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. MARCELLUS COGGAN.

Fellow Citizens: — When I received from your chairman an invitation to speak this afternoon, the question occurred to me to ask, What can I say? That question comes at this moment with very terrific force — what can I say? The past brings up so many memories, the future suggests so many things, that it is very difficult to select the most fitting thing to be said upon an occasion like this. But humanity is as a great river, rolling onward and onward with its

mighty waters, and finally depositing us all in the great ocean of eternity. And of all the interesting exercises to which the city of Malden will be invited during this celebration, none will be of so much interest to you, none will give me so great a pleasure, as this present occasion. To look into the faces of those who are to be the future citizens of our municipality, of our commonwealth, and of our republic, and to contemplate what they are to furnish for their city, their commonwealth, and the nation, is a most interesting privilege; and as we sit here and contemplate all this, the thought occurs to me that if one generation of American youth would devote their time, their training, and their energies, unselfishly, regardless, entirely regardless, of self, to the cause of humanity, the tyranny of the world would tremble before it when it came on the stage of action. It will be but a short time before the youth of this city will take their places on the stage of active life. You have been fortunate in the hour of your birth. You have been most fortunate in the circumstances which have surrounded your training. You are fortunate in your school; you are fortunate in your parents; and that is what makes this occasion the most interesting of all the events of this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary: because here is centred the heart of our homes, the very focus of our affection; and when that is set forth as the object of the devotion of any people, you may be sure there is a deep and a lasting interest in it. I am aware, my young friends, that I must be brief in what I have to say; and I want to say to you that I never shall be old enough not to be able, as long as reason is upon its throne, to participate in your pleasures, to rejoice with you in your joys, and to wish and hope that when you shall come to the hour of manhood and of womanhood you may take hold upon the duties of citizenship, and resolve that your effort shall be given to the cause of the generations that shall come after you, as the generations that have gone before you have given their efforts in your behalf. In this way, and only in this way, can these free American institutions, which give you so much to enjoy, which furnish to you such great opportunities, be perpetuated for successive generations. And let me ask you now to take with you one thought of the future, and to remember that citizenship is close upon you. Its duties, its responsibilities, are your own, almost within your grasp, and I urge you earnestly to take up the work of preparing for those duties and performing your part in the history of your municipality, of your commonwealth and your country.

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER.

Words by J. H. Milliken. March (Sousa).

BAND AND CHORUS.

All hail to the stripes and the stars!
It 's the flag of the fearless and free;
Hurrah for our own gallant tars,
Who uphold it on ev'ry sea.

And hurrah for our heroes in blue,
Who are marching in Liberty's name;
Oh, may our glorious flag
Forever wave o'er true and brave
In endless fame!

All hail to the flag! May its folds
E'er protect those who freedom would find.
And may each new star that it holds
Mark an era of peace to mankind.

Let nations "remember the 'Maine.'"
The spirit of Liberty 's aflame;
Oh, may our glorious flag
Forever wave o'er true and brave
In endless fame!

The Chairman. — So recently a member of our committee that we have hardly ceased looking for his presence at our regular meetings, — a man many of these children have met in the schoolroom, for he was a frequent observer of their work, — it seems but a renewal of acquaintanceship to introduce ex-Mayor John E. Farnham.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. JOHN E. FARNHAM.

To me this is the most interesting portion of our celebration; and if I had been asked to choose some part of it where I might have had the privilege of saying one word, it would have been right here in the presence of these fresh young faces. I once heard the late Governor Robinson say that Massachusetts was noted chiefly for but two productions, namely, her annual crop of ice, and her men and women; and here we have before us her noblest production, — her little men and women. Now I promise you that I will not speak longer than five minutes, for that is the time that is allowed to me this afternoon; and in that short time what can I say, or what can be said fitting for

THE CITY HALL

an occasion like this? You know it is taught in our history books that the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was an accident. Well, the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was an accident, — they intended to land on the shores of New Jersey; but the fact that the Pilgrims sailed, and the reason why they sailed, from Holland and from England, was no accident, and that is the chief question with us. They sailed, and we see the result here. And that little band of Pilgrims, and the Puritans also, started, it seems to us, right. They started from the presumption that the school and the government must go hand in hand. They believed that the one was dependent upon the other, and that without free schools the state was not safe. And do you realize that, with Plymouth settled in 1620 and Boston in 1630, in 1636, six years after the settlement of Boston, an order or a bill was passed appropriating four thousand pounds for the purpose of establishing a university? That, my friends, was thirteen years before Malden became a town. And do you realize, also, that two years before Malden became a town, in 1647, the first act was passed which established a public-school system in the United States? Now that principle enacted away back there — and our school system, remember, is two hundred and fifty years old — that system and that principle recognized there have been recognized by the Congress of the United States, when, in the great boundless lands of the West, a certain portion of those lands is required to be given up for the purposes of the public schools. It is said that a little learning is a dangerous thing. If this is so, I am afraid it is dangerous to all of us; for there is nobody that possesses any more than a little learning. But we do say that, everything else being equal, a little learning is a good thing and tends to make better citizens. Oh, I wish I had in the few minutes at my command the eloquence and the ability to present to you, and the ability to bring forth in you, some great truth that would be of value to you in the future. We all know that, if you will use the talents you possess to the best of your ability, wherever you go in the future, and the older you grow, you will look back with a great deal of pleasure and pride to this celebration. Now I want to say one word more. Daniel Webster, in one of his great orations, said that if the United States had done nothing more than to produce such a character as Washington, it was a grand success. And that character of Washington is what it seems to me we should study today more than everything else. And if we humbly learn of him and at his feet, I know that our lives will not have been spent in vain.

The Chairman. — "The public school will perform its best and noblest work if it shall endow its pupils with moral integrity, a well disciplined mind, and a sound and vigorous body." These words,

which ring so true, I find in the report of the school committee for 1889, a report written by the able and scholarly chairman of that year, Erastus B. Powers, Esq.

ADDRESS BY ERASTUS B. POWERS.

Mr. Chairman and Scholars of the Public Schools of the City of Malden: — It is an inspiration to stand this day in your presence. Lord Macaulay, in magnificent words, has described the great audience that assembled to commemorate the trial of Warren Hastings. There were gathered there, from every part of that enlightened and prosperous realm, the representatives of every walk of life. And so in this vast audience that is assembled to-day within these walls are included the dear ones of the home, the pride of the school, and the future hope of the city of Malden and the commonwealth of Massachusetts. With most of us who are this day to address you, the sun of life has reached its meridian. With many it is descending the western skies. Our duties will soon become yours; and as the best preparation for those duties, allow me most modestly to recommend to you — and in this day I trust I need not add the qualifying distinction, without regard to sex — a careful reading and study of political history and of the science of civil government. You stand upon the threshold of the most important era, certainly of one of the most important eras, in our national life. There will be abundant needs for the labors of the scholar, the wisdom of the statesman, and the fidelity of the patriot. Vast accumulations of organized capital are confronted by the forces of organized labor. Socialistic ideas and principles are rapidly taking deep and permanent root in the body politic. Demagogues may indeed widen the breach and incite violence, but it is your duty, the duty of the American scholar, to devise and enact those legislative enactments that shall conduce to the security and freedom of labor, to the rights of the citizen, and the security of government. We do not despair of the republic. We have an abiding and abundant confidence that in the solution of this great and difficult problem the descendants of those heroic forefathers who two hundred and fifty years ago laid broad and deep the foundations of civil liberty upon the shores of this western world, will bear well their part. We have an abiding and an abundant confidence that you will bear your part in triumphantly moulding into the higher life of a state and nation the supremacy of law and the freedom of the citizen. In your high school course what happens? The most efficient instruments of mental culture and discipline are the Greek and Latin languages. Those of you who have faithfully pursued those studies in the public schools will bear testimony that they have a higher purpose and utility

than to vex the dreams of the schoolboy. But, after all, they are but the instruments of the mental gymnasium. Their influence does not extend, except in that direction, beyond the doors of the public school, the college, or the university. With the exception of the masterpieces of half a dozen authors which very few of us can, and nobody does, read in the original, little of their literature has been preserved, and it would avail us little if it had. Let me, then, as an elder, but not as a better, commend to you, in the shreds and patches of time which you have during your school course, and in the more abundant opportunities of your future life, the careful reading and study of the best works in your own language. A taste for what is highest and best in literature is not only the ornament of age, but it is the protection of youth. Fortunate is the scholar who has learned to read and appreciate the elegant expression and the musical cadence of the *Sketch Book*, the magnificent word-painting of the *Essays on Warren Hastings* and *John Milton*, and the immortal panegyric upon *Marie Antoinette*, or those many passages in *Hamlet* which, going to the depth of both mind, and heart, and soul, have become interwoven with the very texture of our common speech. Is there any danger that such a scholar, having perused such works as these, will ever feed and batten on the moor of that sensational literature which this age scatters upon us more abundantly than the autumnal leaves that fall in Vallombrosa? The English language is worthy of the study and the admiration of the scholar and the citizen. It speaks to the ear like Italian, to the sense of beauty like the Greek, to the mind like the German. It is as universal as our race and as individual as ourselves. It contains within its garnered treasures more of the gems of beauty and wisdom, more of the history of civilization and the growth of individuals and nations, than pertains to any other language, living or dead. Now, if it occurs to you scholars that all this has a little taint of the schoolroom, you must remember that before I entered upon my present profession I was a teacher, and the ruling passion is strong.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

SCHOOL CHORUS.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
  Maryland! my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
  Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'rers with the just,
  Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Though thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

The Chairman. — In 1877 the town of Malden created the office of superintendent of schools, and George A. Littlefield for two years served our people in that capacity. "A teacher to succeed in Malden —" I quote from his first report — "must be especially sensible, ingenious, scholarly, and self-reliant." As true to-day as twenty years ago. We are doubly glad to welcome this distinguished resident of Rhode Island, the Hon. George A. Littlefield of Providence.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. GEORGE A. LITTLEFIELD.

It gives me great pleasure to meet again the scholars and teachers of Malden, and among them so many of my old friends. It was a great many years ago, one spring, a little earlier than this, that I first had the good fortune to come to Malden. Having heard that the principalship of your West School was vacant, I boldly applied for it, offering to withdraw in the course of a month or two if my services were not acceptable. I came on trial, and the fact was duly announced; but

there never was a prouder moment in my life than when, after three months' trial, I was told I might remain for a year; and the next six or seven years of my life were spent here as the principal of the Centre School and as superintendent of the schools. Those were among the most enjoyable years I ever experienced.

That old Centre Schoolhouse, which not one of you ever saw, is a dear memory to some of us here. The day it burned down was a bitter cold one in winter. The fire broke out in the afternoon, just before the time for the school to open. Many of the scholars were already in their seats. They left, unconscious of danger, when the teachers told them they might have half an hour to play that afternoon until the bell should call them in. The device was successful in emptying the building without a panic, but the old school-bell never rang again. It was an able and devoted school committee that had charge of the schools of Malden in those days; and, judging from the present admirable character of your scholars, the same wise management has continued. Their purpose in school affairs seems to be, as it always should be, to consider every proposition upon its own particular merits. The schools, of course, should be organized and classified, so far as it is possible, for the benefit of the individual pupils; but they should never be graded for the sake of grading into unalterable grooves cut in chilled steel.

One of the noteworthy features of the school work then, as I trust it still is, was the cordial coöperation which always existed between the teachers and the parents, between the parents and the teachers. Their joint purpose seemed to be, as it always should be, to make the common school attractive to every child in the community. The good teacher, like a good pastor, will be a welcome influence and an inspiration. The parents' responsibility ceases when the children start for school. Daniel Webster's mother understood this. She set a true example in the community in that time by attempting to teach her son herself; and then by denying herself everything to keep him at school, and by weaving and dyeing the garments which he wore when at Exeter Academy. But the first attempt in declamation broke down in tears. And though he was the cause of tears to that fond mother, she was yet to see him recognized with orators such as Demosthenes, Burke, and Chatham, as one of the seven wonders of the world of oratory.

Of the young people and the teachers with whom I had the honor to be associated in this city I cannot speak too appreciatively. They seemed to be the very best friends I had in the world; and so long as I continue to wear this little endless band of gold — the only thing, I suppose, about me that I bring back to Malden — this little band of gold they gave me — I shall always think my regard was recipro-

cated. Why, it was a Malden High School girl, a graduate of that valuable institute of learning, with whom in the church near by I had the honor to exchange life-long promises, which, I trust, have never yet gone to protest.

Notwithstanding quite a wide experience of education after leaving Malden, I can truly say that I am in no small degree indebted to this good city of Malden and to my experience here for my very fundamental conception of the ideal of the teacher, — the teacher in whose ears the song of the ninety and nine rings right on forever until she brings the last child into the fold of virtue and honor, — the teacher who is absorbed with just such devotion and honor to her pupils, and who has just such a patient willingness to set them right for the thousandth time, who has such an abiding confidence in them and such a yearning love for them, as only the tenderest mother or the Great Teacher Himself has for them.

Ah, my friends, teaching is a fine art, demanding in the artist not only character, scholarship, culture, and method, but also such a powerful æsthetic imagination, such a love of beauty, and such an abiding sense of the immortality of the children as shall inspire the teacher at every step. The material upon which the teacher works is more priceless than precious gems, more tangible than wood and iron; for it is not known to be subject to such change as the transmutation of forces. Remember that every turn of the wheel and every stroke of the brush shall make or mar, both for time and eternity. It is indeed the material of a human soul which the teacher fashions; it is the living, winged spirit, a radiant being rising into view out of the illimitable past. Its course for a time is through this terrestrial atmosphere. It comes for a time within finite gaze, but at length it passes away out of sight without the slightest slackening of speed.

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
> The Soul within us, our life's star,
> Has had elsewhere its setting
> And cometh from afar.
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> Nor yet in utter nakedness,
> Like trailing clouds of glory do we come,
> From God, who is our home."

As has been well said, for the whole ground has been covered, it is eminently fitting that a great quarter-millennium celebration should open with this first exhibition of the public school. No other interest of the community is more important. We never tire in this land of declaring that we are all born free and equal. Now do we not talk about it every time we pay you a visit? It is vastly more important

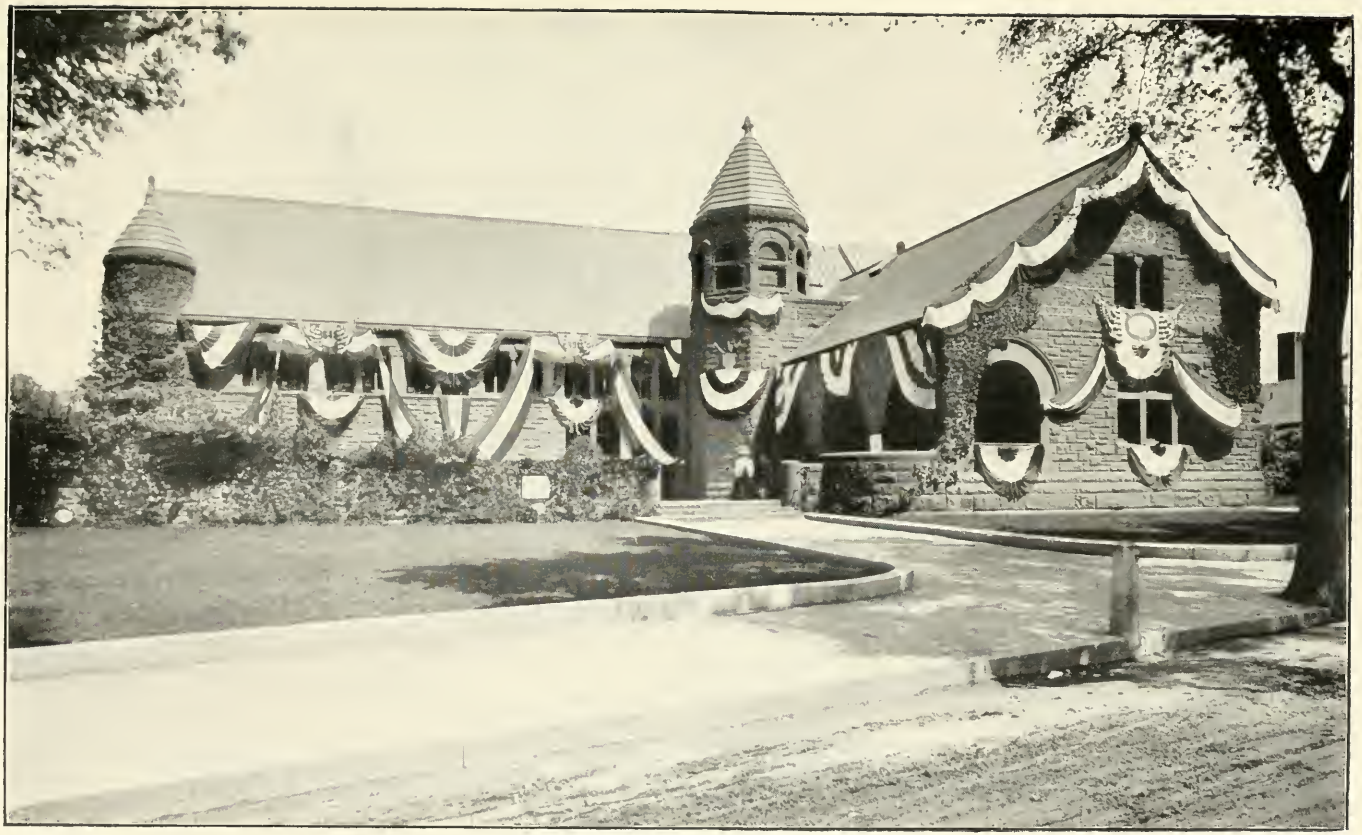
to remember that we should remain free and equal than that we are born free and equal; and the chief agency to that end consists in this noble system of common schools. Ah, I thank the electrician for lighting up here the red on their cheeks, the white on their hands, and the glow of their eyes. Or is it a Star-Spangled Banner I am thinking of? Ah, I say there is no other interest in the community more important than this — no other agency more valuable than our common schools. It is the chief force of our economical epoch. Why any attempt springing from motives of false economy or exclusiveness to limit the advantages of free education to that select few whose leisure and means permit them to do nothing else but to attend school for twenty to twenty-five years? If it is the idea that they will monopolize the successes of life, — any such attempt is rebuked by every page of our history. There is no spirit of oriental caste in America. It was a young American who admitted that his father was a swine-herd. "Yes," he replied to the high-born idler, "and if your father had been a swine-herd you would have been one too." Ah, friends, what is a grander privilege in this realm, whether we consider it as a form of life endowment for ourselves or as a provision for our children, than the right to place those children under the care of teachers who shall be just as worthy as the father, in his capacity of citizen, sees fit to demand, — teachers whose morning hymn shall never cease? With Dr. Watts, we can say: —

> "Could I in stature reach the pole,
> Or grasp the ocean with a span,
> I would be measured by my soul, —
> The mind 's the standard of the man."

Well, I must not detain you. What an admirable example your Massachusetts speakers set here. One thought in closing. You are indeed fortunate. You are to be co-related with this great historic anniversary of yours, upon which you are to spend several days looking backwards, and especially forward during the century; and which falls in the brilliant close of the nineteenth century, when for the first time the eyes of the whole world are concentrated upon America. Our country is the product of four hundred years of growth out of widely varied peoples and territories. But up to the spring of 1898 we had lived as a nation in comparative isolation. The great powers of the world knew little of our existence, and held us only in ill-defined respect. In the matter of armies, they had the idea that the ideal, the typical soldier, is the German, who will march right up to the cannon's mouth and cut into pieces the enemy's platoons without ever swerving from company front. In the matter of navies, they viewed as invincible the British battle-ship.

Now, my friends, the charge of the American volunteer up San Juan hill and the performance of the American fleet at Manila Bay compelled a pause in these established trains of thought, and taught the world that at least there are others. Why, the Spanish admiral over there at Manila knew, before a single shot was fired, that he would be annihilated, when he saw the American squadron steaming in there and lining up in that encircling naval procession, as if they feared nothing in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, and especially in the waters under the earth. Ah, the supreme lesson for you, my young friends, out of that crisis — I know what you are thinking of, but it is not that. It is not in the magnificent courage, sublime and steady, of our Green Mountain admiral, Dewey — Dewey, you know, had been down there at Mobile Bay, like Farragut, the old sea dog. It lies not in his sublime courage; it lies rather, for young people who are preparing for the battle of life, right in the cool, unwavering nerve, the scientific accuracy of the American sailor and the men behind the guns. They never wearied. Now, boys, don't you weary with the multiplication-table. The American sailor had never wearied with year after year of unceasing target-practice; and the target which he had in 1898 was the mediæval civilization, which he knocked off the western continent. Why, your able superintendent talks about the power to do and be. What better illustration do you want of it than that numerical precision of American shot and shell curving over there with mathematical precision, and landing, one after another, right in the vitals of those Spanish monarchs? Ah, my friends, and best of all, what better illustration do you ask, boy or man who knows so much, and so many things which are not so, than was symbolized by the harmless activity of the Spaniards? If you were Rhode Islanders, I should have something to say about our Tea Party there. Now who of you, as a loyal son of Massachusetts, was not reminded, in reading of the impregnable position taken by our fleet — by the "Boston" and by the other noble ships — of that passage referred to in Webster's immortal reply to Haynes? — "Mr. President, I shall not enter upon any encomiums upon Massachusetts. There she is. Behold and judge for yourselves. There is her history. The world knows it by heart. The past at least is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever."

Well, now, a good deal of what I have said has been for the benefit of the young folks, and you must excuse me, for I did not see your program before coming here. I have just one thought in conclusion. It will not take me five minutes. It is not only true that the eyes of the world for the first time are concentrated upon America. It is also true that young America himself, for the first time, is seeing



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himself in the mirror of the whole world. Why, he grew a century, he grew to man's estate, in those one hundred and thirteen days of 1898. He realizes now that he is actually within the circle of nations, and henceforth must do a grown-up son's part in the world's work. Besides his phenomenal success, if you believe it on the fourth of July, young America will become more modest as the years go on, learning, as he does, all the goodness there is in other forms of government. Why, think of our nearness to England. That nearness has been increased by the Spanish war as never before. Shakespeare is common to both these countries, and the English language has been shown to be grander than ever before. It is not only the richest storehouse in history, but it represents the strongest civilizing force in existence. If now these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic shall stoop to take up the white man's burden, as it is to be presumed that they will, who can estimate the uplift of civilization which will follow?

As a member of the bar, not because I love teaching best, I am interested in that great thought to which I shall now call your attention. Positively my last appearance. But it is a matter that has been mentioned in all the law books. I think that in the next generation it will command profound attention. The supreme reverence of other countries for America, as they study us, is our unique position in the matter of constitutional law. The framing and interpretation of written constitutions, with penalties to secure their enforcement and the administration of government under them, is the great historic differentiation of America from all other countries. Our forty-four written state constitutions support and are supported by the great keystone of the United States, each preserving perfect equipoise in its legislative, executive, and judicial functions. Now the touchstone of all these great title-deeds is the perfect equality of all men, without the slightest hereditary differences. I veritably believe that it is this principle of equality, infusing itself into this thought of America, which is to be chiefly credited, not only with our political advancement, but with the advancement of this country in all the arts and sciences. Constitutional law here, to be sure, has had great issues to meet. There was at the outset a troublesome question relative to the power of the great states and the small ones. It was happily settled in the plan of our constitution, which gave Rhode Island, for example, as many senators as Massachusetts. There was the crucial test in the early days, when the courts dared to put their feet down and declare a law unconstitutional and set it aside. New grounds when that was first broken, my young friends. Ah, there was a masterly division of powers between the national and the state governments, not recognized, not admitted, until our civil war con-

firmed it, but now established in a law steady as the basis of the social system, our great central sun of local government having not the slightest wish to disturb the local routine of states so long as it conforms to the law of the system. Well, those problems touched upon do not trouble me here. The trespasses of the money power when it becomes unscrupulous, and the differences of capital and labor seem not insurmountable in the light of those things of which I have spoken. The whole people, so long as it is Christian and educated, is wiser and stronger than any class of the people. Abraham Lincoln's definition of our government is scientifically exact, — a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

"Yet, God, we thank Thee for this bounteous birthright of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come and breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest Paradise."

MARCH OF OUR NATION.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SCHOOL CHORUS.

Onward, march onward, dear land of the free:
Spread thy proud flag over land and o'er sea.
Sing it with glory, and sing it with might,
Virtue, and honor, and freedom, and right.

God, Father of nations, unto Thee we sing:
Guard, guide, and protect us, — our almighty King.
Still e'er may we follow Thy precepts divine,
And may sweet Freedom's bright star on us shine.

THE CHAIRMAN. — From the days of Horace Mann to the present time the state has manifested a deep interest in our public schools, and never more so than now. Always welcome where educational matters are discussed, equally at home in college hall or primary schoolroom, we deem it high honor to have with us the secretary of the State Board of Education, Hon. Frank A. Hill.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. FRANK A. HILL.

I HAVE to give fifty years of Malden's history in five minutes. I give it up, Mr. Chairman. It cannot be done, at least by myself. So I propose to limit myself to the heads of my discourse, and to those heads only. Here they are, in all their baldness and possibly in all their shininess, if they have that quality.

1. The boys and girls of Malden in 1649 by no possibility could have foreseen the wonderful development of Malden during these two hundred and fifty years. The boys and girls of Malden to-day can survey it all. There is where you all have the great advantage.

2. The Malden of 1649 had faith in public schools, but lacked the administration. The Malden of 1899 has faith in public schools and does not lack the administration. Witness this beautiful and hopeful occasion and all that it signifies.

3. Exclusively for the Malden girls. In 1649, girls did not attend the public schools. They were not forbidden to do so, so far as I can find out, but it was not the custom. They went to dame schools, and learned their letters, and that was enough. One hundred and fifty years later, the girls began to appear on the outskirts of the public school systems, in summer schools, like Alpine flowers bridging the glaciers. To-day, nobody dreams of asking where they are in the public schools, but rather where they are not.

4. The idea of a cultivated, educated girl in 1649 was scouted.

5. There were some good people in those days who even thought that the woman who had literary tastes was on the verge of insanity. Just a bit of history to clinch.

6. Governor Winthrop, in his history of New England, 1640 to 1649, — my notes say he began to stop writing history when Malden began to make history, — Governor Winthrop tells in that history a very pathetic story about Mrs. Hopkins, wife of the governor in Hartford, Conn., how she was fallen into a sad infirmity, no less than the loss of her reason from the reading and writing of books. If Mrs. Hopkins, said the good governor, had minded her household affairs and such things as belong to women, and had not gone out of her way and calling to meddle with things which belong to men, whose minds are stronger, she had not lost her wits.

7. Teachers, my young friends, in themselves, will never insure a noble womanhood or a noble manhood.

8. It is imperative that there shall be a right use of teachers. Alone they count for nothing — nay, I sometimes think that they are worse than nothing.

9. These are times for trusts, gigantic trusts, organizations, steel trusts, coal trusts, wool trusts, bicycle trusts, and what not. Let me commend to each one of you a trust. The trusts of the time will some of them be solid and good. But some of them are mere rainbow bubbles, that are destined in time to burst. Each one of you can be the promoter of a trust. Who and what shall be the parties to that trust? Let me name a few. Your parents or school teachers, then the goodly system of Malden, your integrity, your ambition, your zeal, your persistency, your determination, your indomitable

pluck to make the most of yourself. Organize all these things in a trust. It is not necessary to go to New Jersey to do it. The stock of this trust is all preferred, the dividends are guaranteed, as they say in the stock market. The world is short, so far as the stock of such a trust is concerned. Be long, as they say, in that stock. The stock is certain to rise above par. It is above par already. I am sure that such a trust can never be an iridescent bubble. But my time is up.

Two hundred and fifty years from now your great-great-great-grandchildren — how many greats shall I say? — will undoubtedly assemble just as we are assembled here to-day to talk it all over. Let us hope that in that far distant time the Malden of those days will look back with as much pride upon five hundred years as the Malden of to-day looks back with pride upon her two hundred and fifty years. You are here, my young friends, to celebrate the past, to welcome the future, to give this goodly city a send-off on its second quarter-millennium. Let that send-off be a magnificent one. You can give Malden such a send-off, if you only will — a magnificent send-off, that will be a credit to your ancestry, an honor to yourself, and an inspiration to those who come after you.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Solo by Miss Marie E. Luchini.

SCHOOL CHORUS.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus: Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

Chorus: 'T is the star-spangled banner: oh, longmay it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the wild war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."

Chorus: And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

CAPTAIN DODD'S TROOPERS.

It was owing to the timely and energetic action of Chairman Cox and the hearty assistance of Senator Lodge that permission was obtained from the War Department for the presence of troop F, of the third U. S. cavalry, at the celebration.

This noted troop, which has distinguished itself by its service in the West and at El Caney and Santiago, is considered the best drilled troop in the regular army. Capt. George A. Dodd, its commander, one of the best cavalry officers in the service, has brought it to a high state of discipline and efficiency, which was well shown in the several drill exhibitions which were given here.

The troop arrived in Malden on the afternoon of Monday, May 15, and proceeded to its quarters at the stables of the Lynn & Boston R. R. Co., at Broadway Square, where all the necessary conveniences for the comfort of the men had been provided by the committee on athletic and field sports. On the afternoon of the next day it started on a march through the surrounding country, camping the first night at Wakefield, and returning to its quarters in Malden on Friday. The soldierly appearance of the men as they passed through the city made a good impression, and their order and manly bearing made many friends while they remained in Malden.

The first public exhibition here was given at Ferryway Green on Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. Stewart's Military Band was stationed upon the field and gave a short concert previous to the arrival of the troop, which came upon the field while Sousa's *El Capitan* was being played. The *Malden Evening News* said of this drill: —

"Captain Dodd and Lieutenant Howard rode on to the field the cynosure of ten thousand people, who gave them a roar of applause. The crowd was probably the largest ever gathered in Malden. The

field is just right to drill in. The rough riding that followed the musical drill was a great sight, and every small boy who saw it declared it beat a circus.

"The band was stationed in the corner of the field, and to its music the troop then executed the silent musical drill, which has made it so renowned. Being in line, right by file was executed, and about the field in single column galloped those intelligent steeds, on whose backs sat their gallant riders as though a part of the horse. Then followed a series of evolutions, which it almost passes belief could be executed by horses and men; and the thousands of spectators were so completely surprised that it was some time before they could bring themselves to applaud.

"Captain Dodd, superbly mounted on his chestnut mare, Cadet, directed the whole by a wave of the hand, and the eye of the first sergeant was ever upon him. Being in line, distances were opened to the front, and the horses circled to the right and left and then assembled backwards. Right by twos was executed sideways, each horse sidling to the right, and then by twos on the gallop in double circle about the field, halting, forming an arch of drawn sabres, under which the lines passed in reverse. Squads of eight were formed, and, after evolutions of much grace and finish, column was formed and more of the intricacies of fine evolutionary riding exhibited. All kinds of paces were exhibited, the horses assuming the different steps at the pressure of the knee and rein. Ambling sideways, galloping, trotting, loping, and walking were shown in all the degrees; and the unison between man and horse was indeed beautiful to see. The drill closed by three love-pats on the horses' necks, and amidst the plaudits of the assembly they galloped to quarters for dinner."

Similar exhibitions were given during the forenoon and afternoon of Monday; and the troop participated in the parade on Tuesday, occupying a position of honor in the line as special guests of the city. On Wednesday the command broke camp and started for its post at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

RECEPTION AT THE FIRST CHURCH.

Rev. Henry Hugh French, D.D., *Pastor.*

The church at Malden was gathered, on a date now unknown, a short time previous to the action of the General Court which established the new town. Its existence, therefore, is coeval with that of Malden: and the completion of its first quarter-millennium was made the occasion of a series of interesting commemorative services, the first of

which was held on the evening of Saturday, May 20. This was preceded by a pleasant social reception, in which many of the past as well as of the present members of the church participated. After a season of introductions and renewal of old acquaintance, the company proceeded to the auditorium of the church, where the service began with a *Song of Welcome,* arranged for the occasion by John Langdon Sullivan, M.D.

SONG OF WELCOME.

Music by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

Welcome, thrice welcome to the people of the Lord!
Welcome to the hearers, who are doers of the word!
Let every heart go up to Him in songs of holy cheer,
Whose loving-kindness brought our fathers here.

Welcome, welcome, welcome to the followers of the meek
And lowly son of David, the Saviour we adore,
The bright and morning Star that led Faith's exiles to the bleak
New England coast, the wild and dreary savage-haunted shore —
To build an altar in the waste, as Abraham did of yore.

Welcome, welcome to the scions of the faithful few,
Who braved an exile's doom, an angry winter sea,
All savage hate and monarch's ire might do,
And perished, smiling as they died, to leave their children free.

Flag of the race to Faith and Freedom true,
Hallowed stars illumine every clime beneath the sun,
And bring the peace that makes the nations one!

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY THE PASTOR.

My Friends: — We are reminded here to-night that the old is ever new, that the past is always present. God adds no new material to the original resources of creation, as the years and cycles pass. He only projects new personalities into the ever-widening sphere of human existence, who shall manipulate the old material into ever fresher forms by better methods. Thus it comes about that the present is, partially at least, the product of the past. No more surely does the soil, out of which spring the flowers and the grass and the trees, rest upon a rocky foundation laid in ages gone, than the life of to-day rests upon the life of yesterday. As the course of brick which the mason lays to-day is imposed upon the course he laid yesterday, so the structure of our human life is reared little by little, each successive age dependent upon all that has gone before.

Nothing can be more fitting, then, than for the present to recognize and do homage to the past. He is a dastard who loses reverence for his father; and we are ungrateful if we fail to keep forever green in our hearts the memory of the sacred dead. We may look back on their work, quaint and incomplete and often timid and halting, with something of a feeling of pity. Indeed, we can hardly repress a smile at the steeple-hat, the tithing-master, the ducking-stool, and the stocks. But when we get beneath the surface and view their solid and lasting achievements; when we touch the deep current of heroic purpose, that moved them to found a nation whose God should be Jehovah, our pity changes to awe, and we accord them their rightful place in history.

Through bleak winds, and drifting snows, and savage arrows, and starving winters these men pressed their sublime way into immortality. Their axes rang in the frosty air and the forests were cleared as by magic. Their plows grated in the virgin soil and soon the wilderness began to blossom as the rose. Streams were dammed to sing the song of labor; and rivers were bridged for the feet of the coming millions; and in the shining pathway have sprung up splendid cities and opulent states, filled with the glories of a great civilization and luminous with the signs of the reigning Christ.

1649 is a focal point in history. Across the sea, the immortal form of Gustavus Adolphus, the Snow King, as he was contemptuously called by Ferdinand of Germany, has just grown cold upon the battlefield of Lützen; and the Thirty Years War has ended with the Peace of Westphalia. Cromwell has seized in his iron grasp the reins of power dropping from the dead hands of Charles the First. To these two men, the Protector of England and the Snow King from the North, it seems to have been given to rescue the Reformation itself from the reaction which had set in so strongly toward Catholicism after the death of the Reformers. At any rate, from that point forward, Protestantism assumed the ascendency in the Christian world.

And there were other giants in those days. Francis Bacon, the profound reasoner, and William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of all time, are but a few years dead, while their works are creeping into enduring fame. Milton, Cromwell's secretary of state, and Puritan poet; Richelieu, the Cardinal statesman of France; Descartes, whose *Cogito, ergo sum* laid the foundation for a new philosophy, — all belong to this age. Galileo is but seven years in the tomb, and his sublime discoveries, notwithstanding his weak recantation of them before the Inquisition, are revolutionizing the world of science.

On this side the sea, three little blotches on the map, Plymouth, New Amsterdam, Jamestown, tell the meagre story. For, though one hundred and fifty years had now passed since Columbus landed at

San Salvador, less than two hundred thousand white men were on these shores. Harvard College was founded ten years before this, it is true, and in the same year was printed the first publication in the New World, — an almanac; but popular education and the power of the press were in the most embryonic state. It was a day of beginnings — fitful, hesitating, tentative. The heroism that could accomplish anything under such adverse conditions falls not short of the sublime. Only a faith in God, absolutely unshakable, could have held the fathers to their task.

Of course, such men would have a church; and in their eyes it would be the most important of institutions. It is worth our remembrance that, when they had nothing for luxury and hardly enough for the bare necessities of existence, they provided so well for the church of God. They builded better than they knew, no doubt; and yet who shall say that to some prophetic minds in that early day there was not given the vision of the church of this age, grown from feeble beginnings into a majestic organism, destined to fill the whole earth with the glory of Christ?

Other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors. That tells the whole story. And we meet on this anniversary occasion gladly to acknowledge our debt to them and to pledge ourselves anew to the work of transmitting to those who shall come after us the priceless heritage of the past. May we become more and more worthy of the sacred trust imposed upon us by the ever living dead, and by the solemn behest of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

ADDRESS BY THE REV. AARON CHESTER ADAMS, D.D.

Pastor, 1852–1857.

Among the most pleasant years of a very pleasant ministry, stretching on from twenty-four years old to eighty-four, I have always reckoned my five or six years at Malden. The very name has come to be as music to me, and was to at least one other, till she was called up by the tones of a higher and more attractive music to bow with those who bow around the throne.

I almost make myself believe to-night that you who sit before me are the same people that I used to meet in the sanctuary, and the prayer meeting, and the Sabbath-school, and the home so many years ago. In thought and feeling, I am still, many times, in the old church edifice, — a new one comparatively it was then; and I am looking out from the pulpit upon the congregation as it was in my day. There is, indeed, a blur over my eyes and I cannot see clearly; and yet the old familiar faces are there. Half a dozen pews from the

pulpit and on the middle aisle sits, still, our good Deacon Sargent; and I seem to see him as plainly — yes, more so! — as I see you, listening with heart and soul when the gospel is preached, and taking it as patiently as he can when the preacher undertakes matters which seem to him a little outside of his real calling. When we sing, and he sings with us, of Christ and his redeeming love, how his eyes shine, and his bosom swells, and his voice rises to a note of triumph! We feel sure that, let who will be silent for a day before the throne, his voice is always heard.

Right opposite sits James Eaton, a Baptist in the forenoon, but for his good wife's sake and I suspect for his own sake too, a Congregationalist in the afternoon. A sort of man who averages not more than one to a congregation; his mercurial temperament and quick sympathy, his unconscious smile and nod of assent to every good point the preacher makes, and to some that are not good, making it seem almost as if it were laid upon him to give the responses for the whole congregation.

On the other side again, and a little farther back, sits Philip Sidney Page, well named for the chivalrous Philip of two centuries ago, one who, giving much and asking little, is eager for the prosperity of the church, and not at all eager to have it supposed that the secret of that prosperity is in any special measure due to him. A gentleman in business life!

Not far away is Albert Norton,— "Brother Norton" as we always called him, a man who for nearness to God and a lifelong communion with God might almost be set down with Moses and Elijah; a man who prayed in his household, and prayed in his closet, and prayed as he walked the street, and prayed when the brethren prayed, and when they were silent, and prayed when the minister preached, and prayed when he himself lay down at night and in the night and in the morning. What I thus say I know, for I have walked with him and talked with him; and I have lived in his house and lain down at night with only a thin partition-wall between us. I still seem to hear the deep tones of his praying voice whenever I think of him. This ownership is a rich estate, that is laid up "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal," for a church to have such a man among its names. "Norton," said some one, "would get up a prayer meeting in the bottomless pit."

Other men there were among our brethren who were men of mark, varying of course in degree, yet precious of memory. There was Sanford B. French, intermediate in a sort between the "old settlers" and the "new comers," a man who made the business of the church his business and worked for it at every turn. His business and its central location gave him opportunities that many others could not have; and

he emigrated years after and built up, along with others, another Malden in the West.

There, too, was Gershom L. Fall, our democrat, for we kept one such, who loved the Malden church as well as any of us; and who bore patiently what he did not like, now and then, for the sake of ten times as much that he did like.

And there was Samuel L. Gerry, the artist, and John H. Shapleigh, and the patient and much-enduring Deacon Fisher. I never was in a church, before or since, where, when it came to the prayer meeting, so many could be depended upon to make the meeting, while the pastor sat below and took his turn only with the rest.

Two of our brethren were newer men than the rest; and I wish to speak of them somewhat particularly. Thomas S. Williams, the superintendent of the Boston and Maine Railroad, was one. His burdens were heavy, not only by reason of his secular work, but by reason of his Sunday work as originator and superintendent of the Edgeworth Sunday-school. Nine men out of ten would have said, and perhaps rightly, that they must have the Sunday for absolute rest. I have been sorry ever since that I did not, as a part of my duty as his minister, urge that view upon him. Mr. Williams was ready to give for the church as well as to work for it, and that without waiting, as a stranger sometimes does, for a long term of naturalization. He was ready from the beginning. I had preached one Sunday with reference to the church debt, and started out bright and early on Monday morning to see what could be done about it. Coming upon Mr. Williams in the course of the day, he presumably being little acquainted with our affairs, I introduced the subject in a half-apologetic way. He responded at once: "I will not trouble you, Mr. Adams, to go over the ground. That debt ought to be paid; and you will find in that little package two hundred and fifty dollars — about what I think I can do at present. I thought I would have it ready against you came around." It was about a tenth of the whole amount needed; and as in his plan of giving it belonged to the Lord already, it was not hard to give.

I had just come out of church one Sunday when a stranger approached me and said: "This is Mr. Adams, I believe. My name is Coffin. I have come here to live, and I want to get acquainted with the minister." He got acquainted with the minister, and the minister with him. The church got acquainted with him, and the schools; and by and by Boston, and Massachusetts, and New England, and the soldiers, and the sailors, and the statesmen, and the men and women of many lands got acquainted with him. We bless God to-day at the remembrance of our Charles Carleton Coffin, gone now in the ripeness of his life, and yet when he was just beginning a life that shall never die.

I have said nothing of many things and many persons connected with Malden days and with that very short portion of my own life that was spent here, of the kindly friends and neighbors, the trusted and honored physicians, the associates on the school board, the Christian ministers, alike those with whom I was closest in faith and those from whom at some points I was obliged to widely differ, the Sunday-school and its leaders — the little ones for years were gathered in what we called the "small vestry," under the care of one whose name is named every day in heaven, but not any longer on earth. Of these we must be silent, and wait. The day is coming when people and minister, pupils and teachers, wives and husbands, children and parents, so they be in Christ by a real trust and love, shall meet to part no more.

God grant that we may thus meet in due time; and meanwhile may God bless the Malden that was, and the Malden that is, and the Malden that is to be, through years and generations and ages yet to come.

LETTER TO THE CHURCH BY THE REV. ADDISON PINNEO FOSTER, D.D.

Pastor, 1871–1872.

Boston, May 17, 1899.

To The First Church of Malden.

Dear Friends: — I regret extremely that previous engagements make it impossible for me to accept the kind invitation you have extended me to be present at the observance of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your church. My whole heart is with you on this occasion, and it is a disappointment that I cannot be present in person.

It is a remarkable thing when an organization like yours can look back on two hundred and fifty years of effective Christian life. An organization like yours, with so long a life, could not fail in all these years to develop a marked individuality of its own. It has been welded together by these succeeding decades under the influence of godly and strongly marked men like your famous Dr. McClure.

How wonderfully your opportunities have grown with the passage of the years! For a long time the Malden church did a modest work for a small rural population gathered on the narrow strip of land — manifestly an ancient sea beach — that lies between the wild, rocky hills back of it, and the broad salt-marsh in front of it. But in course of time the little community became a thriving village and stretched itself up among the gorges of the hills. At last it so grew as to climb the hill-tops and become a city. The church grew correspond-

ingly, till now it is one of the largest in the state, and, for that matter, in the land.

My thought goes back to the years I spent with you as your pastor. They were years not without anxiety, but, nevertheless, years of rich privilege and years in which were many things I recall with thankfulness. I came to you while the new church building was in process of erection and while worship was conducted in the old town-hall. The hall served us well, but we were very thankful when we found ourselves at last in the beautiful new church. The old hall had become unpleasant to me in consequence of a trying experience of mine there. I was present in the hall at a week-night public meeting of the citizens; and I was unexpectedly called on to make a speech and talk against time, while some committee was preparing a report for which the audience was waiting. Fancy the distress of an inexperienced young man, who had no gift at political speech-making. I was unspeakably thankful when the committee came in to report; and I have every reason to suppose that the audience shared my feelings.

I recall with great pleasure the social life of the church in those old days. The monthly social gatherings in the church were always well attended and were occasions of great interest. The long tables in the vestry were loaded with good New England substantials, not forgetting Boston beans; and those who sat down to the tables were most neighborly and in the best of spirits. There was a delightful habit prevalent of giving little neighborhood teas. Half a dozen families, living near together, would meet from house to house for an evening, and have tea on little tables set about the rooms in convenient corners. Happily for the pastor and his wife, they were always invited.

The prayer meetings of the church, as I look back upon them, were something rich and rare. There was a coterie of earnest men in those days, who had great gifts for interesting and helping us all by their utterances in the prayer meeting. Some of them are with you still, among them Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Gay, and Mr. Chadwick; but others have been called to their heavenly home: Mr. Gleason, who always had some vivid word to say about his experiences with children; Mr. Crawford, who was sure to illuminate his talks by stories of the White Mountains; Mr. Smith, who was always sweet and spiritual in his thought; Mr. Haven, whose prayers were tender and earnest; Mr. Swett, who brought his practical business life to bear on religious themes; Mr. Carey, whose tall form commanded attention as he spoke simply and earnestly; and, latterly Mr. Coverly, whose scholarly thought never failed to impress us.

My whole heart is thrilled as I think of the dear young people of those days. It seemed to me then that there were none like them,

so bright, so beautiful and earnest were they. There was a precious work of grace among them, and many came into the church. It was before the days of Christian Endeavor societies; but at the time we had no need of the organization, for the Spirit of God filled every heart and bound all together without formal organization. There were among the young people just starting out in those days, the Stevenses, the Dexters, the Walkers, the Bradleys, the Pages, the Gleasons, the Goddards, the Careys, the Sylvesters, the Holdens, and many more. How I loved them all; and I venture to believe that on their part they felt kindly toward their pastor. There is a fine French clock in my house to-day which the young people of those days gave me to keep me up to time. For that matter, I carry, as my inseparable friend and monitor, a watch which bears an inscription declaring it was given me by Malden friends in September, 1871.

My friends, I warmly congratulate you that God has led you and your fathers through all these years. He has brought you out into a large place. He has given you a name and an influence second to none. With the rich experiences of two hundred and fifty years behind you, you have acquired a momentum and a strength in religious service that make successful work easy to you, and that must give your pastor constant delight.

With the most cordial good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ADDISON P. FOSTER.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOSHUA WYMAN WELLMAN, D.D.[1]

PASTOR, 1874–1883.

IT hardly seems proper for me to intrench upon the time of other speakers to-night, as I am to preach the historical sermon to-morrow. Yet, I am thankful for the opportunity to speak briefly of a few things this evening.

At the outset, let me frankly confess that my recent study of the history of this ancient church has convinced me that I made a serious mistake in not prosecuting this study at an earlier date. I say this more especially for the benefit of my brethren in the ministry. I can see now that it would have been a measureless help to my usefulness in various directions, if, at the very beginning of each of the three pastorates with which I have been intrusted, I had entered vigorously upon the work of making myself familiar with the history, in all its

[1] This address was not written out until several weeks after it was delivered. Consequently, while it is substantially, it is not exactly as spoken.

departments and details, of the church with which I was to labor in the ministry. The growth and experiences of a church in our denomination are quite different from those of a church in any other denomination. This is emphatically true of any one of our ancient churches. Moreover, the history of each Congregational church, as compared with that of any other of like polity, is more or less unique. Every church has had its own peculiar experiences, which have largely determined its character. It has had its own struggles and sacrifices, its own successes and failures, its own peculiar helps and hindrances, inspirations, and discouragements. The leading and most valuable members in one church may be quite different, in their formative influence upon church character and life, from the leading and most valuable members in another church. The pastorates in one church may have produced in the members and in the community a type of religious thought and feeling quite different from that produced by the pastorates of another church. Each church has its own memories, some tender and purifying, others sad and depressing; also its own sacred traditions and precedents, of which it is justly proud and which still mould its character and determine its action.

Now if a pastor is profoundly ignorant, and remains thus ignorant, of all this unique history, very likely he will move among these sacred memories, traditions, and beliefs of the church as a wild boar would move through a garden of flowers. Without knowing it, almost inevitably, he will shock his people, disturb their harmony and peace, dash their hopes in himself, deprive them of much of the communion and comfort they previously had in public worship and church work, and destroy much if not all of his own personal influence in the community. Any pastor who would be successful in his ministry must in a certain real and true sense become one with his people. He must, at least, be appreciative of their fond memories and traditions, of their established precedents and ways, and of their dearest religious beliefs and hopes. But how can he do this if he knows nothing of the history of his church and people? With my present views, if I could begin my ministry again, I would at the very commencement of a pastorate, and at any sacrifice of time and labor, make myself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the church to which I was to minister.

I wish also to call attention to a few of the earlier pastors of our church. It is to the honor of this First Church that during the first century and a half of its history it was ministered to by several men who were possessed of great ability and became eminent in their profession. The very first minister, Marmaduke Matthews, was a graduate of All Souls' College, Oxford University; and there are indications of his superior scholarship. He seems to have excelled

as a linguist, for he was accustomed to instruct his people respecting the deeper meanings of original words and expressions in the Hebrew and Greek Testaments.

The second minister was also a man of commanding ability and scholarship. Though born in Yorkshire, England, October 18, 1631, he was educated at Harvard College, from which he was graduated in 1651, his name in the catalogue occupying the place of honor at the head of his class. Soon after his graduation he was appointed tutor, and became distinguished for his fidelity and success as a teacher. He was also promptly elected as "a fellow," which made him a member of the college corporation. Some years later he was considered as a candidate for the presidency of the college. He was a man of literary ability, and became famous as a poet. His chief poetic production was *The Day of Doom*, so called,— not an attractive title in our day, yet not very unlike the name, *Paradise Lost*, given to the great epic of his distinguished contemporary in England, John Milton. Wigglesworth's poem was not equal to that of Milton; yet for several generations it was wonderfully popular in New England. His biographer, John Ward Dean, A.M., affirms that the large sale of the book, considering the small population of the country at that time, "indicates a popularity almost, if not quite, equal to that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in our time." In those early days, three books, at least, were almost sure to be found in every Puritan home in New England, namely: the *Bible*, the *Shorter Catechism*, and *The Day of Doom*. It is a fact of some historical interest to us that while in the middle of the seventeenth century the greatest Puritan bard in England was John Milton, the greatest Puritan bard in New England was Michael Wigglesworth, the second minister of this First Church in Malden.

It has been quite customary in modern times for a certain class of writers and speakers, when wishing to give the public some account of Michael Wigglesworth, to quote from *The Day of Doom* only a single stanza, and that the one which describes in very realistic language the sufferings of the lost, thus making upon uninformed minds the impression that Mr. Wigglesworth not only held most revolting beliefs, but also was himself possessed of a most offensive character. The untruthfulness and unfairness of this representation are indicated by the fact that the distinguished scholar and writer, Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., although himself a Unitarian and an opponent of many of Mr. Wigglesworth's religious beliefs, was yet honest and honorable enough to make careful examination of the life and character of Mr. Wigglesworth, and then to affirm that he "was a man of the beatitudes, a physician to the bodies no less than to the souls of his parishioners, genial and devotedly kind in the relations and duties

CENTRAL SQUARE AND PLEASANT STREET

of his social and professional life, and distinguished — even in those days of abounding sanctity — for the singleness and purity of heart that characterized his whole walk and conversation."

In view of such biographical facts and testimonies as these, this church may well be proud to have had among its early ministers the distinguished Michael Wigglesworth.

Passing by Mr. Wigglesworth's three colleagues and his immediate successor, Rev. David Parsons, we come to the Rev. Joseph Emerson, the seventh minister of this church. He was a notable man, and has some notable descendants. His pastorate began October 31, 1721, and continued to his death, — forty-five years. He was born April 20, 1700, in Chelmsford, Mass., son of Edward and Rebecca (Waldo) Emerson of Newbury. He was a precocious child; entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen; graduated at the age of seventeen; began to preach at the age of eighteen; and at the age of twenty-one he was ordained pastor of the Church of Christ in Malden. He married, December 27, 1721, Miss Mary Moody, daughter of Mr. Samuel Moody, the famous and eccentric minister of York, Me. They had thirteen children, nine sons and four daughters. Their second son, William, entered the ministry and settled at Concord, Mass., and *his* son, the Rev. William Emerson, Jr., was the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the celebrated philosopher and poet of Concord, who obviously was the great-grandson of the Rev. Joseph Emerson of Malden.

Joseph Emerson was an able, learned, and godly man. He belonged to the best type of early New England ministers. A studious scholar, he read his Latin and Greek classics to the last days of his life. A stanch Puritan in faith and character, he was an earnest and impressive preacher, never hesitated to rebuke sin when there was an occasion to rebuke it, yet was truly affectionate towards all his people, and full of tenderness and sympathy for any who were in trouble. He had the pastoral instinct and great executive ability. During his ministry, a fierce conflict was waged in the parish upon the question of locating a new meeting-house. The parish, as well as the town, then included the present territories of Everett and Melrose. The people of South Malden wished the new meeting-house to be erected on the old site near Bell Rock. The people of North Malden and those of Malden Centre wished the new house to be erected in the village, on the site of the present Universalist Church. The conflict was long and bitter. The judicial courts and even the General Court were called upon to interpose. Yet through all the heat and strife of parties, the pastor, the Rev. Joseph Emerson, carried a level head and an even hand, often rebuking on either side wrong speech and action, and uttering only words that made for

peace. Although another meeting-house was eventually erected in South Malden, the minister appears to have accomplished the wonderful feat of passing through the entire conflict without losing the confidence or respect of either party. His moral and religious development from his infancy, it would seem, was productive of unusual fullness and symmetry of character. Such development may have been caused by his hearty acceptance of the whole Bible (and not simply some fragments of it) as the Word of God. It takes the whole Bible to make a whole man. Such a man, God, in his appointed way through His spirit and holy word, prepared and gave to this church to guide it through one of the most perilous passages in all its history. And this church, on this anniversary day, may well thank God for the gift of such a minister at such a critical time.

Mr. Emerson was succeeded by another gifted minister, the Rev. Peter Thacher, who, at the age of only eighteen years, was ordained, September 19, 1770, the eighth pastor of this First Church. He was born in Milton, Mass., March 21, 1752, and was the son of Oxenbridge Thacher, an eminent lawyer. Graduating at Harvard in 1769, at the age of seventeen, he was soon ready for his life-work in the Christian ministry. He was young, but was possessed in a remarkable degree of the gift of eloquence. George Whitefield is said to have called him "the young Elijah," and to have esteemed him "the ablest preacher in America." Hon. Harrison Gray Otis affirms that Mr. Thacher, after his settlement in Malden, "soon came to be regarded as a model of the pulpit orator." It was while he was pastor of this church that Mr. Thacher wrote those immortal *Instructions*, burning with the fire of patriotic sentiment, which the town of Malden gave to her representatives as she sent them to the General Court and to the Continental Congress. The effect of those words was electrical. They thrilled the country like a war-cry. Those words of a Malden minister were the morning guns of the Revolution. Mr. Thacher continued in his Malden pastorate fourteen years, or until 1784, when he accepted a call to the Brattle Street Church in Boston.

Such were some of the earlier ministers of the First Church of Christ in Malden. Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, the famous Puritan poet of New England; Rev. Joseph Emerson, the classical scholar and model pastor; and the Rev. Peter Thacher, D.D., the great preacher, — these are names of historic men, who were eminent in their day, and whose fame will go down the ages. Two of them were never pastors of any other church than this, and their graves are with us to this day.

In later years, likewise, this church has been blessed with the services of some able and distinguished ministers, of whom I might properly speak if there were time. Nor should the deacons of this

church be forgotten. There has been a large number of them along these two hundred and fifty years. They deserve to be honored. The office of deacon in the Church of Christ is as truly of divine appointment and authority as is the office of pastor and teacher. Had biographical sketches of all the deacons of former years in this ancient church been preserved, they would furnish information which would now be of abounding interest.

Of the later ministers, I must mention one, the Rev. Alexander Wilson McClure, D.D. He had two pastorates here, one of ten years, beginning in 1832, and another of four years, ending in 1852. His first pastorate covered the latter part of a very critical period in the history of this church. The church had been deprived of its meeting-house and of all its material treasures. Its very existence had been threatened. Mr. McClure when called to Malden was young, yet he was wise and brave. He was a brilliant writer and preacher. Thoroughly evangelical in faith, he was a man of ready and forceful speech. Few opponents were willing to meet him a second time in public debate. He proved to be the man for the place and time, and soon brought the church into the joy of renewed faith and hope. He had little patience with wrong-doers. Even his best friends thought that sometimes he used too severe language in rebuking sin. Deacon Thomas Sargent, the senior deacon at the time I began my pastorate here, who is still remembered in our church with great respect and affection, once told me a good story illustrative of Dr. McClure's genius and wit.

One Sabbath the Doctor, in his sermon, in rebuking some wrong-doing used his sharp tongue rather too freely, as some of his hearers thought. Good Deacon Sargent himself was troubled. He feared such severity of language would drive some people away from the church. Finally he concluded he must speak to his pastor and entreat him to lessen somewhat the sharpness of his rebukes. It so happened that Dr. McClure soon called upon his deacon, and the latter improved his opportunity faithfully. He repeated some of the hard language which his minister had used the preceding Sabbath, and gently requested him to be more moderate in his words. Dr. McClure received the admonition in the spirit in which it was given. Indeed, he confessed that, perhaps, he had been too hard upon the sinners in Malden. He said he would think the matter over, and try to do better. In fact, he seemed so subdued and penitent that the deacon was almost sorry he had mentioned the matter to him.

The next Sabbath Dr. McClure went into the pulpit and for the first hymn to be sung, gave out, from Watts's *Psalms and Hymns*, the thirty-ninth Psalm, common metre, first part. The subject of the hymn was the use of the tongue. There were four stanzas in it, the

first three of which were confessional and very penitential, while the fourth stanza was of a decidedly different character. The first three verses Dr. McClure read slowly with bended form and bowed head, in low, distressed, penitential tones, as if he were about to break into tears. Good Deacon Sargent, as he listened, was sorry enough that he had said a word to his pastor about his severe language. Those three stanzas were as follows: —

"Thus I resolved before the Lord,
'Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong.'

"If I am e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane,
I 'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

"I 'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal."

Then the minister, straightening up his bended form, and flinging his bowed head aloft, with flashing eye, and in thunderous, threatening tones, read the fourth stanza, which was as follows: —

"Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I 'll not be over-awed;
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God."

Deacon Sargent added that when the dramatic reading of the whole hymn was concluded, he had grave doubts whether his pastor was so very penitent after all.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. CHARLES H. POPE,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH, CHARLESTOWN,

[*The Mother Church.*]

IT is a great privilege to present the congratulations of the old First Parish Church of Charlestown to so matronly a daughter. Let me ask you to go back with me to the time when the Malden church arose. Recall the very men who were then on this ground. See, first, the Rev. Francis Bright, the first person definitely engaged to do ministerial service in New England, who was called from his parish at Rayleigh, in Essex, February 2, 1628–9, by The Massachusetts Bay

Company in England, to go to their plantation and preach to the company's servants. He was a passenger in the "Lyon's Whelp," arriving at Salem May 11, 1629, and came soon to this region, we may believe. Here, doubtless, the Sprague brothers heard his sermons to the workmen who were laying out Charlestown's first streets and erecting the "Great House," which was to be the executive mansion of the coming governor. Mr. Bright steps back into obscurity; and we see the Rev. John Wilson, another of the men selected in England for pastoral work here, who came in the fleet with Winthrop, Dudley, and Johnson, began to preach July 10, and joined with those three leaders, July 30, 1630, in the covenant of the First Church. Under the famous oak-tree he preached many a good sermon, says Roger Clap. Within rifle-shot of that tree, on all sides of what we now call City Square, were the members of that church domiciled, some resting in tents, to be sure; and our First Parish Church, which greets you to-night, was a fact of history. To be sure, the thirst of some of the officials and people led them over the bay; and the Rev. John Blackstone's invitation to ampler supplies of drink induced the majority to move to the hills and dales of Shawmut; by which means the First Church of Charlestown took the name of the First Church of Boston. But those who still resided on the north bank of the Charles were a valuable portion of the congregation, and steadfastly attended services and bore their part in building and supporting, till, after two hard winters of ferrying across ice-covered waters, they said, "Hold."

Then came the dismission of a good party, and a reorganization on the old spot, November 2, 1632. A third minister now appears, the Rev. Thomas James, who did faithful service three years; but he was displaced by his colleague, the Rev. Zechariah Symmes, after some months of melancholy and jealous experience, and some vain efforts of neighboring "elders" at the adjustment of personal differences. But the good man knew enough to sacrifice himself to the good of the church; and he went back to an English parish, dying at Needham Market, in 1683. And then our fathers' God sent over a choice spirit to take the place left vacant in Charlestown; one of the sons of an honest butcher of old Southwark, well-educated, refined, devoted, came with his bride to live by the Charles and Mystic. John Harvard, a minister of high abilities, but already under the grasp of consumption, it would seem, preached a few months, as his strength would allow, and then entered into rest. Among his cares was the duty of aiding in the deliberations over the embryonic "colledge;" for the General Court had voted that the teaching elders of the six nearest churches should be the overseers of that institution. Without doubt it was this circumstance which led him to devote a moiety of

his estate to the college, anticipating the wide importance of the work of educating the youth of the land. He died less than thirty-one years of age; but his counsels for a year and his gift *in perpetuo* mark his life as one of the most useful careers of all the pioneers of Massachusetts.

Before a year had gone, his widow and his parish had become the portion of the Rev. Thomas Allen, who came to assist Mr. Symmes. It was during their joint pastorate that the dwellers at Mystic Side asked to be allowed to withdraw from the congregation at Charlestown, as they had now developed into a distinct settlement. The same motives which led to the reorganization at Charlestown, in 1632, were impelling them to this step. They were desirous to worship in a way that would be convenient for their families. One of the men, Lieut. Ralph Sprague, for example, had been a member of all three of the bands of worshippers. He had been a parishioner of Mr. Bright and of Mr. Wilson in 1629 and 1630; he had then gone faithfully over to Boston, carrying at least one of his babes thither for the sweet rite of christening. He had written his name with the band who covenanted the second time at Charlestown, and had carried other little ones the long miles that lay between his Mystic Side home and the shore near the old oak. Now it was time that Mrs. Sprague and the coming Spragues should be considered. But not only did personal motives like this enter into the affair. The cause of Christ could be advanced better by extending the bounds of Zion. New churches are a part of the life of the great Holy Catholic Church.

What is the forming of a new church but the growth of a bud on a branch of a vine? The Lord Jesus, as He has said, is The Vine; those that love and trust Him are the branches. Three kinds of buds spring from living branches: those which are to expand into leaves, — the graces and pleasures of religion; those which will develop into fruit, — the practical benefits which Christianity confers upon the world; and those that are to extend as branches, along which the life of the Vine may pass to other lives, till the world is filled with salvation.

Now a vine may lean upon a trellis sometimes. Governments, organizations, human constructions have often seemed to be of value to the church. But when they have assumed to direct, to control, to dictate the course of the church, all has gone awry. The trellis must not rule the vine. When the Winthrop government, here in Massachusetts, undertook to sway the churches, to stop some organizations, punish members for disobedience to church rules, and hold Mystic Side Christians back till the boundaries of the towns should be settled before worship could take its natural course, all was wrong. But the life within impelled to the advance step.

In Christ, for Christ, and to the glory of the Adorable Lord, your founders covenanted together; and the "mother church" was all cheerful in helping forward the movement, no doubt. The centuries have approved the wisdom, the divine leading, which was in the movement. May centuries to come witness the continued growth, fruitage, and new branching of this Malden church, which has borne so much fruit and given birth to so many branches in the two hundred and fifty years of her life.

Other addresses were made by the Rev. D. Augustine Newton, of the First Congregational Church of Winchester, who spoke in behalf of the Woburn Conference, and by the Rev. James F. Albion, of the First Parish (Universalist). At the conclusion of the addresses in the church, the audience repaired to the vestry, where refreshments were served and a second season of social intercourse was enjoyed. The reception committee, of which Deacon Joseph W. Chadwick was chairman, comprised forty-two ladies and gentlemen. Deacon Clarence O. Walker was chairman of the refreshment committee.

JUBILEE ENTERTAINMENT.

The events of Saturday were brought to a close by the largest and best minstrel show that has ever been given in Malden, which, though not a part of the official celebration, attracted an audience that filled the Anniversary Building to its utmost capacity. This was presented under the auspices of the Malden Club and the Kernwood Club, by a committee of which Fred. C. Sanborn of the former club was chairman, and a company of one hundred and twenty-seven performers of Malden and vicinity, under the management of William O. Lovell, a favorite and successful amateur manager of many local entertainments, with Milan F. Bennett as musical director. The end-men were D. W. Deshon, R. A. Perkins, H. M. Flanders, F. A. Swain, and F. G. Barnard, as Bones, and William Knollin, R. B. Wiggin, John A. Robertson, W. A. Hastings, and H. L. Aldridge, as Tambos. Frank R. Sircom, Howard E. Whiting, and E. Thatcher Clark were soloists; and Ephraim L. Hadaway, favorably known as the author of several popular society entertainments, was the interlocutor and furnished the ode, which was sung to the tune of *Fair Harvard* as the first number of the program. Then followed an olio of coon songs, sketches, and local jests of side-splitting quality, in rapid succession. The jokes were original and keen, and almost every prominent politician received some witty attention. The entertainment

closed with a prize cake walk, in which Otis C. Putnam was the master of ceremonies, and L. B. Fletcher and J. H. Cullen won the cake. The program was as follows: —

PART I.

Ode — (Company). *E. L. Hadaway.* — Air, *Fair Harvard.*

To Malden we offer our tribute to-night,
As we picture with pleasure and pride
The events changing cycles of time in their flight
Have beheld in our fair Mystic Side.
All hail to the many illustrious ones,
Who with credit her name have sustained —
To the honors achieved by her daughters and sons,
Who renown and distinction have gained!

Overture. The Fortune Teller (Bennett's Orchestra) *Herbert.*

1 Opening Chorus (Company). *Arranged by Mr. Milan F. Bennett.*
2 "My Ann Eliza" (Mr. Robert A. Perkins). *Williams.*
3 "Gipsy John" (Mr. Frank R. Sircom). *Clay.*
4 "Riding on the Golden Bike" (Mr. William Knollin). *Reed.*
5 "I wonder what is dat Coon's game" (Mr. Daniel W. Deshon). *Cole & Johnson.*
6 "Soldiers in the Park" (Mr. Howard E. Whiting). *Monckton.*
7 "When you ain't got no money you need n't come around" (Mr. Russell B. Wiggin). *Sloane.*
8 Finale (Solo by Mr. E. Thatcher Clark). *Arranged by Mr. Milan F. Bennett.*

PART II.

9 Commemoration March (Orchestra). *Composed for this occasion by O. S. Tonks.*
10 Irish Musical Sketch (Mr. W. B. C. Fox and Mr. E. Stanley Nichols).
11 Jubilee Mandolin, Guitar, and Banjo Club.
12 A Queen and a Jack.
Queen Maybe of R. K. D., W. C. Mason.
Sir Anitas, her Prime Minister, F. W. Bailey.
13 Grand Prize Cake Walk, *Arranged by Mr. John J. Coleman.*

Mr. L. B. Fletcher.	Mr. J. T. McDonald.
Mr. J. H. Cullen.	Mr. W. B. C. Fox.
Mr. W. I. Swasey.	Mr. L. A. Pickering.
Mr. F. F. Snow.	Mr. C. B. Waterman.

Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Otis Chandler Putnam.
Bearer of Cake, Master Leon Matthews.

PROGRAM.

SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1899.

10.30 A.M. COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES AT THE SEVERAL CHURCHES.

3.00 P.M. EXERCISES BY THE FREE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.
In Anniversary Building.

7.30 P.M. UNITED RELIGIOUS SERVICE.
In Anniversary Building.

ADDRESS BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

SINGING BY THE ANNIVERSARY CHORUS.

OBSERVANCES OF SUNDAY

THE FIRST CHURCH.

Rev. Henry Hugh French, D.D., *Pastor.*

THE celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the gathering of the First Church, which was begun by the reception and exercises of Saturday evening, was continued on Sunday. The clouds and rain of the morning had no effect upon the attendance, and the church was filled with an interested and sympathetic congregation. Many past members of the church, who had been drawn to their old home, were present and added to the interest of the occasion.

The musical exercises preceding the Scripture lesson were as follows: —

Voluntary. *Selected.*
Chorus. — Sing, O Daughter of Zion. *Page.*
Chorus. — I will lift mine eyes unto the hills. *Baldwin.*
Quartet. — Earth and Heaven. *Mercadante.*

After the offertory and preceding the sermon, the following original hymn was sung by the choir: —

ANNIVERSARY HYMN. BY JOHN LANGDON SULLIVAN, M.D.

Tune, *Duke Street.*

What firmer faith, since Abraham's day,
What holier trust have mortals shown,
Than when our fathers clove their way
Through wintry seas to shores unknown?

Behold, to worship unrestrained
By monarch's code or bigot's ban —
The birthright their devotion gained
Is made the heritage of man.

Behold, in Freedom's garnered sheaf
Of States — our Nation's priceless dower —
The seed the exiles brought in grief
And sowed in weakness — raised in power.

Lord, keep us in the love and fear
Of Thee that in their hearts abode,
And make us worthier year by year
Of all Thy grace through them bestowed.

The sermon preached upon this occasion was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wellman, a former pastor and a present member of the church, in accordance with the action of a committee of the church in June, 1898, upon which action the following invitation was extended. The sermon itself was replete with historical statements and deductions, that were heard with marked interest by the large congregation.

Malden, June 15, 1898.

Rev. J. W. Wellman, D.D. — At a meeting held yesterday by the committee appointed by the First Church to arrange for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the church next year, it was voted unanimously that you be invited to deliver an historical address or discourse on Sunday the first day of the week of the celebration, to be held probably in the late spring or early summer of next year.

Very truly yours,
Arthur T. Tufts, *Secretary.*

HISTORICAL SERMON. BY THE REV. JOSHUA WYMAN WELLMAN, D.D.

Pastor, 1874–1883.

Deut. xxxii. 7. Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.

This Scriptural mandate comes to us in one of the great songs of Moses. We are told in the Revelation of John the Divine that in the upper Sanctuary "they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb," which seems to indicate that even in heaven they rehearse in rapturous song the marvellous historic triumphs of redeeming grace, which have been achieved on earth under both the old and the new covenants.

We celebrate to-day the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of our church: *The First Church of Christ in Malden.* To review in a single discourse this long period, covering one quarter of a millennium of church history, is of course impossible.

I propose, therefore, to speak to you simply of the *early Puritans in Malden, of the beginnings of the church which they founded, and of its first minister.*

No one can apprehend truly and fairly the unique history of one of the early New England churches without first attaining a clear and just understanding of the peculiar people who constituted that church.

On some appointed day in the charming month of May, 1649 (the exact date is not known), just as the trees had broken into full leaf, and the wild flowers had opened bright and cheery through all the fragrant woods, a small company of Christian people assembled in their little meeting-house, located a few feet southwest of our historic Bell Rock. The purpose of their meeting was to organize, for the highest and eternal good of themselves, of their children, of all the people in the town, and for the glory of God, a church of the Lord Jesus Christ. They were grave and thoughtful people; yet on that day, as they came from their several homes along the narrow paths through the fields and the woods, some walking, others riding horseback, now and then a man and his wife upon the same horse, they did not wear sad faces. They were all astir and beaming with thoughts of their new town soon to be founded, of their new place of worship, and of the new church they were to create before the sun went down. They had previously worshipped with the church in Charlestown, of which most of them had been members. But the path over the hill to the Mystic River, and then on beyond the river to the meeting-house in Charlestown, seemed long to them. Besides, they were tired of making that "troublesome" and often dangerous passage, in their little row-boats, over "the broad-spreading river." They were now happy in the prospect of living in their new town and near their own church. They were all plainly but neatly dressed in garments of home-made cloth, cut after the English patterns of the time. But it was not of their outward appearance that they were thinking that day; rather were they dwelling profoundly and prayerfully upon their preparation of heart and mind to take upon themselves, again before God, vows of holy brotherhood and of personal consecration to Christ and to the service of His gospel and kingdom.

No record of the religious services which accompanied the organization of their church has been preserved. But undoubtedly there was much earnest praying and thanksgiving, with repeated and rapturous singing of psalms, "lined off" by a grave elder, and a long and most instructive discourse, — all this preliminary to their solemn act of entering into church covenant. A similar service preliminary to the formation of the church at Woburn, seven years before, occu-

pied "four or five hours." Perhaps equally long were the preparatory services here in Malden. Then probably here as in Woburn, those persons who were to be embodied in a church state, "stood forth and made declaration, one by one, of their religious faith and Christian experience, confessing what the Lord had done for their poor souls by the work of His Spirit in the preaching of His Word and Providences." After this, in solemn form, they gave public assent to a church covenant, which had been previously prepared; and so they were constituted "*The Church of Christ in Malden*," which under God's protecting and gracious providence has continued to this day.

Unfortunately, the records of this church from the date of its organization down to 1770 — a period of one hundred and twenty-one years — were long ago lost. Consequently, the names and number of its original members have not come down to us in the usual authoritative form of church record. Yet, only two and a half years after May, 1649, thirty-six Christian women, most if not all of whom were doubtless members of the church in Malden, signed their names to a petition addressed to the General Court in behalf of their minister; and *their* names we have on record. In other ancient documents we find the names of some, but possibly not all, of the early male members.

This church was the forty-third church established on the territory now included in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Two of those forty-three churches, however, previous to 1649, removed to Connecticut. Since that date nineteen more of those churches have dropped from the list, having either deceased or abandoned evangelical faith and united with some other denomination; so that to-day there are in this commonwealth only twenty-one churches of our order older than the First Church in Malden. This church is twenty years older than the Old South Church in Boston, and one hundred and sixty years older than the Park Street Church in Boston. It is older than any church of our order in the present enlarged Boston, save that church in Charlestown which is the mother of this church. That mother church was really the Second Church in Charlestown, though now often called the First Church. The really *First* Church in Charlestown was organized by Governor Winthrop and a few of his people on July 30, 1630; but it soon abandoned its place of worship, and erected a meeting-house in Boston, to which town a majority of its members had removed, and so became the First Church in Boston. Long afterward it became and still is a Unitarian church. But on Nov. 2, 1632, *another* church was organized in Charlestown, and it was *this* church that sixteen and a half years later dismissed a number of its members to constitute the church in Malden. This vener-

able mother of our church is still living, at the goodly age of two hundred and sixty-six years, and is still true to the faith it was founded to maintain and proclaim.

This First Church in Malden was the only church in this town for eighty-five years. The territorial parish connected with it was large, comprising not only the present area of Malden, but also the territories now included in the cities of Everett and Melrose. On April 17, 1734, a second church was organized in Malden, but in that part of the town then called South Malden, now Everett. It had a feeble and precarious existence for about fifty-eight years, and then was reabsorbed into the First Church.

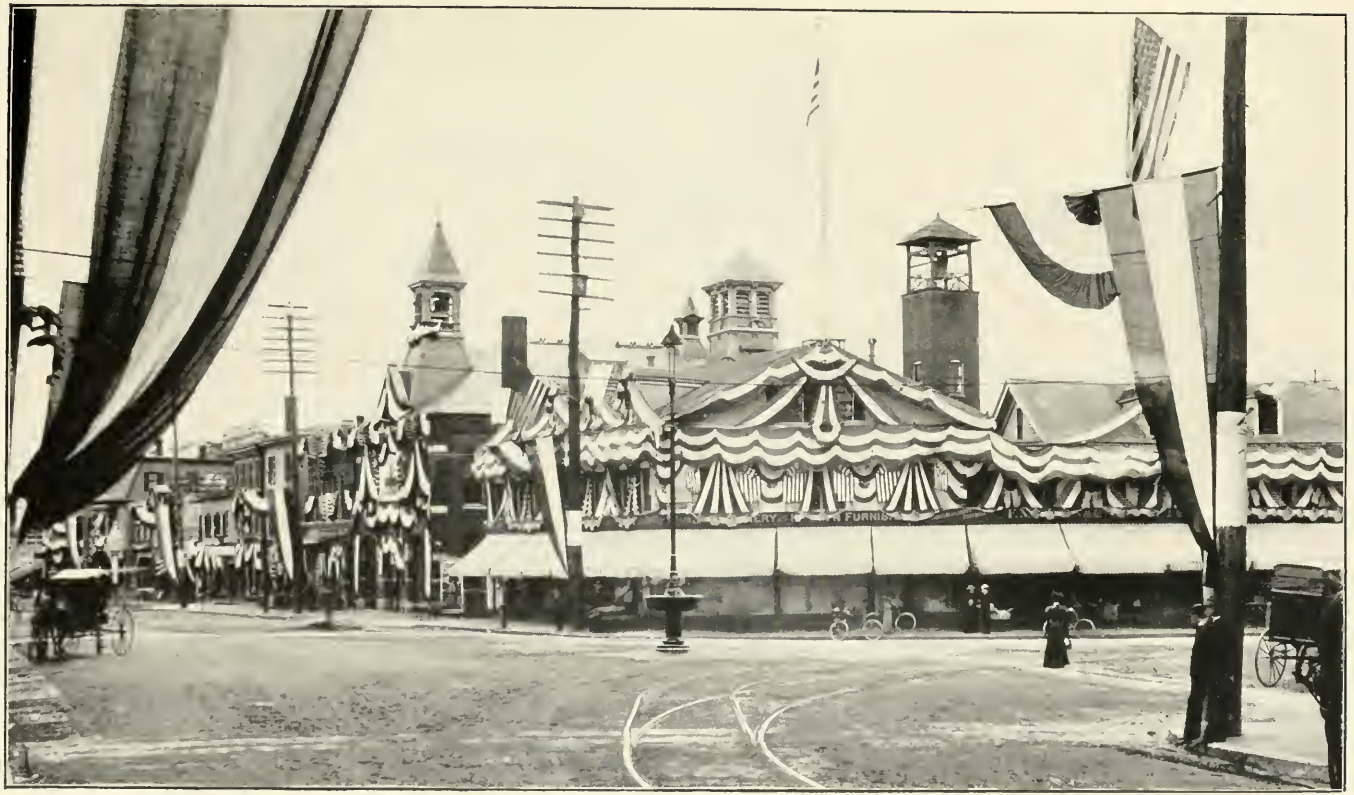
Our church was the only church at Malden Centre for more than a century and a half. It lived and wrought here alone as a church through all the long colonial history of New England, save the very earliest years of that period; through all the bloody Indian wars; through the long French wars; through the great war of the Revolution; and through all the historic events and scenes connected with the birth of our nation. It was the one solitary church here at Malden Centre when American patriots gained for themselves imperishable fame at Lexington and Concord, when men of Malden, some of them doubtless members of this church, pursued the retreating British soldiers to Charlestown, and evidently not to the comfort of the "Red Coats;" for, as Mr. Corey tells us, Malden men "made several prisoners and took their stores and arms." This First Church was the only church here when the people of all this region were listening anxiously to that terrible cannonade at the historic Battle of Bunker Hill; the only church here to sing hymns of joy and give thanks to Almighty God, when the Continental Congress, on the fourth of July, 1776, sent forth to the country and the world the immortal *Declaration of Independence*, and the only church here through the first twenty-seven years of the history of the United States of America.

It helps us to appreciate the long life of our church to consider that it was an ancient church, one hundred and fifty-four years old, when the First Baptist Church in Malden was founded in 1803, and it was one hundred and seventy-two years old when the First Methodist Church in Malden was founded in 1821. Our church has now lived side by side with the First Baptist Church of this town, in unbroken harmony, for ninety-six years; but it had previously lived here alone for one hundred and fifty-four years. Our church has now lived here side by side with the First Methodist Church, in unbroken harmony, for seventy-eight years; but it had previously lived here without that church for one hundred and seventy-two years.

The founders of this church may have built better than they knew; but we know now that they were led of God to build for the ages.

This brings us to the question: what kind of people were those first church-founders in Malden? They were Puritans. They were Protestant Reformers. They were in, and a part of, that tremendous historic movement called *The Protestant Reformation*, — a great religious and moral revolution, which shook European thrones to their foundations, made even the Roman oligarchy tremble for its life, blocked the way of some of the most remorseless persecutions ever known in the world's history, and at length stripped royal and ecclesiastical despots in England, and in some other parts of Europe, of their almost unlimited power to imprison, hang, and burn the Lord's people. We sometimes forget how near to the times of bloody persecutions in England the fathers of New England lived. The Church of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, for instance, was a part of that church organized at Scrooby, England, in 1606; and some of those Plymouth Pilgrims were among the original members of that terribly persecuted Scrooby Church. Of course, all the members of a church organized in 1606 were born in the preceding century, and some of them may have lived, and the parents of some of them certainly did live, under the reign of "Bloody Mary," — a reign which was too terrible to be long, and lasted only five years, from 1553 to 1558.

In the same way the roots of our own church run back into English soil wet with the blood of martyrs. Some of the older men and women who took part in organizing our church in that little meeting-house close by Bell Rock, in May, 1649, may have been born before the year 1600; and the parents of some of them almost certainly had reached maturity before that year. But only seven years before 1600, or in 1593, Henry Barrows, and John Greenwood, and John Penry, scholarly and godly ministers of Christ, all of them educated at Cambridge University, were put to death by hanging at London, England, and this by order of the Royal High Commission and the Archbishop of the Anglican Episcopal Church, — two of the martyrs having previously suffered a most cruel and revolting imprisonment for nearly six years. What for? Because by a devout study of the New Testament they had become convinced that the churches organized under the instruction of Christ and the Apostles were "*Independent*," or, as we should say, *Congregational* churches, each one of them having the God-given right to elect all of its own officers, and to choose its own form and order of worship. Because these God-fearing and sweet-spirited ministers had met with a few people of like faith in private houses and in the woods, sometimes at midnight, and had prayed with them and explained God's Word to them, and had observed the Lord's Supper with them — *because* they had thus interpreted the teachings of the New Testament, and had thus worshipped God with His people, and had pub-



CENTRAL SQUARE AND MAIN STREET

lished their views in a few little tracts and books, they were, by order of the Episcopal Archbishop and the High Commission, put to death by hanging.

Now, all intelligent people living in England at that time must have had full knowledge of those awful martyrdoms and of similar preceding ones. Those cruel and revolting executions of good men were all public. Some of the older original members of our own church must have been profoundly moved by what they had *heard* of those murderous persecutions from their parents and others, even if they themselves had not witnessed some of them.

When John Greenwood was in prison he wrote a small book, advocating the views of the local church which he had found taught in the New Testament. His manuscript was somehow taken by friendly hands out of the country, printed, and the books were brought back into England for distribution. At the same time there was in Maldon, England, a minister named George Gifford. He was a Puritan and a nonconformist; but he was strongly opposed to any separation from the established church, and to the setting up of independent churches. So he published a treatise in violent opposition to Mr. Greenwood's book; and the latter, from his prison, answered him in another printed book. This was a public and famous debate. The people of Maldon, England, must have known all about it; for Rev. George Gifford lived and preached there. Now it happens that Joseph Hills, who was, perhaps, the leading man in this town and this church at the time they were founded, came hither from that same Maldon in England. And it is incredible that an intelligent man born in 1603 (though in another place) could have lived in his mature years, as he did, in that English town of Maldon, and not have heard of that most unique and famous debate. The books on both sides were printed and circulated; and he must have read them over and over and pondered upon them long and deeply. Moreover, if he knew of that public debate, he must have been familiar with all the shocking details of the horrible prison life, and of the savage martyrdom of those brave and good men, Barrows, Greenwood, and Penry. And all this must have deepened his Puritanism, and prepared him to go to any place on this broad earth, in spite of all perils and sacrifices by sea or land, if only somewhere he could do his humble part in founding "a state without a king and a church without a bishop." With Joseph Hills came also, from that same Maldon in England, John Wayte, another leading man in the early history of this town and church; and with them came Thomas Ruck. These three men, at least, must have brought with them to our Malden the profoundest convictions of the inestimable worth of civil and religious liberty. All this testifies to the meaning and truth of my words,

when I say that the roots of our own beloved church run back into English soil that was wet with the blood of martyrs. In this instance, as in many others, it was proved true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

In the next place, why were these people in England and New England called Puritans? They never assumed that name. It was given them; and it was given them in the first instance in ridicule. Afterwards it became one of the most honorable and renowned names known in history. There had previously been in the world many such people as they were, but they had not been called by that name. Indeed, at that very time there were people similar to them in faith and character in other lands. The Huguenots were the Puritans of France. The Lutherans were the Puritans of Germany; and those suffering Christians in Piedmont, some of whom were the Lord's "slaughtered saints," whom the great Puritan poet, Milton, in immortal verse, called on God to "avenge" — they were the Puritans of the Alps. Yet the English Puritans did have a certain uniqueness of character. That uniqueness consisted in the strenuousness of their religious convictions and the vital union of those tremendous convictions with Anglo-Saxon grit and courage. They were called Puritans, because they stood so unflinchingly for *purity* in Christian faith and worship; for *purity* in personal character and life; for purity in the administration of church and state; for purity in family and social life; for moral purity everywhere in the spheres of human responsibility and action. They cultivated conscience. They kept the Sabbath and revered the sanctuary. They had profound convictions of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and of the supernal glory of personal righteousness. With all their power of hatred they hated a lie, and all forms of mendacity, deceit, and fraud. They were understood to be a class of people who at any sacrifice met their obligations on time. They kept all their promises. They dealt fairly and squarely with their fellow-men. They also made it a matter of conscience, and even a part of their religious life, to be industrious, to practise economy, to live at any sacrifice within their means, and so to be thrifty and independent. They had a profound contempt for the meanness of living needlessly on the toil and money of others. Their moral standard was so high and rigorous that many deemed them, as some deem them now, austere and imperious. And they were austere in condemning all meanness and moral corruption. They were also imperious in demanding what is honorable and right between man and man, and between man and God. Yet their hearts were full of Christian sympathy. Their lives abounded in generous acts, and they were always prompt to help the unfortunate and needy. Their domestic life was sweet and tender. Their homes were full of affection and

happiness. John Winthrop, the first governor of the Massachusetts Colony, was a typical Puritan; and no one can read his letters to his wife and children and not see that his home must have given one something of a foretaste of heaven. True, he had more wealth and a higher social position than most of the people in the colony enjoyed; but such things do not insure a happy home. It was because of his Puritanism and the Puritan training of his family that his home was so heavenly; and there is reason to believe that the home of every other true Puritan was of the same character.

But how did such a class of people as these Puritans were come into existence? Under God, it was the English Bible that made them what they were. You remember that an African prince, through his ambassador, once asked Queen Victoria to tell him the secret of England's power and prosperity. "Tell your prince," replied the Queen, "that it is the Bible that has made England great." So it was the English Bible that made the Puritans what they were, — one of the mightiest reformatory and ennobling forces thus far known in the world's history.

It should be remembered that the people in England, down to nearly the middle of the sixteenth century, had never seen a single copy of the *entire* Bible printed in their own language. The Holy Scriptures for long ages had existed only in manuscripts, and even in that form had been kept concealed in dead languages, the ancient Hebrew and Greek. The Bible was regarded by both the civil and ecclesiastical powers throughout Europe as a dangerous book for the common people to read; and the comparatively few manuscripts of it in existence were kept secreted, sometimes chained, in monastic libraries under the care of monks. As late as the year 1526 — less than a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth — no scholar in England could translate the Bible or any portion of it into the English language, except at the peril of his life.

The first English translation of the *entire* Bible was made by Miles Coverdale, an Englishman. It was printed outside of England, at Antwerp, Belgium, in 1535, and copies of it soon came into England. In 1564, just twenty-nine years after the first English Bibles began to come into England, Puritans began to appear among the people. A printed book could have had *then* no such swift circulation as books have now. It would then have taken a score or two of years to bring that first printed translation of the whole Bible to the careful attention of any considerable number of the common English people. But it is significant that, at just about the date when the people had had time to examine thoroughly their English Bibles, *Puritanism* appeared; and from that date, 1564, the Puritans multiplied with amazing rapidity in England. There is

evidence, however, that among the ministers of the established church, the English version of the Scriptures had a quicker and much larger circulation. They naturally would be eager to read it, and they doubtless studied it, as they never had studied their Hebrew and Greek Testaments. Many of them soon began to "preach the Word" as they never had preached it before. The Coverdale Bible was published in 1535, and within twenty years, or as early as 1555, hundreds of these ministers had joined the ranks of those who a little later were called Puritans. Both the royal and the episcopal authorities were alarmed. Something must be done; and so the horrible persecutions under the detested queen called "Bloody Mary" followed quickly. Within five years no less than two hundred and seventy-seven Puritans were frightfully put to death. But such a reformation once begun could not be arrested. *Men* might be hung or burned, but God's Word printed could not be utterly destroyed. Their devotion to the Bible was one of the most notable characteristics of the Puritans. They were constant and zealous Bible-readers. The Book ruled their minds, their hearts, and their lives. They could quote a text of Scripture for every article of their faith, and for almost every act in their lives. Their every-day language became in no small degree Biblical. The very names of their children were taken largely from God's Holy Word. It was the English Bible that under the Holy Spirit created the English Puritans, and through them gave to England all the civil and religious freedom she has yet attained. And under God, it was that same English Bible that, through the Puritan fathers of New England, founded our free churches and government, and our free schools.

But another question needs to be raised and answered: What was the *interpretation* of the Bible which made the Puritans such a power in the world's history? It is a most illuminating historic fact that the renowned leaders of that glorious Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century in Europe, investigating the Bible independently, in different countries and in different languages, in order to ascertain what its great revelations and teachings, taken together in their divine harmony and system, really are, all came to substantially one and the same conclusion. They differed only on a few minor and unessential points. This wonderfully illuminating historic fact should never be forgotten. But what shall this one common conclusion, reached by all those separate masterly and devout Biblical scholars be called? Some called it Calvinism; some called it Lutheranism; others called it the Westminster Confession. These are only different names of one and the same wonderful statement, in systematic form, of all the great truths and revelations found in God's Holy Word. The Puritans were proud to call themselves Calvinists. The founders of

this church were Calvinists. This church through all its long history of two hundred and fifty years has been a Calvinistic church. It has continued such for the most part without conflict. Yet in one instance it was driven "to contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints;" to do this too, at the loss of all the possessions which the parish held in trust for the use of the First Church in Malden, — at the loss of its meeting-house, of its parsonage, in which Adoniram Judson, the great missionary, was born, who was a son of one of its pastors; at the loss of its ministerial lands, of all its funds which had been given for its use; and it saved its own sacred and dearly prized communion service only by paying for it its worth in money. Nothing but the Puritan Calvinistic faith of its members, which they prized above all earthly treasures, could have carried them through those days of trial. Modern history, as well as the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, proves that there is a religious faith that makes heroes. Next to the Divine Creator himself, there has been thus far in history nothing like the Puritans' Scriptural beliefs to put iron into the blood, and a spinal column into the back, and to make *men* — virile and stalwart, as well as true and Godlike *men*, such as God always has use for at the great and decisive epochs in the history of churches, of nations, and of the world.

I have no time to present, even in outline, this historically powerful and majestic interpretation of the Bible. The most I can do is to state that there is a simple *test*, to which all intelligent and fair-minded people can bring every system of religious belief that is offered to them, and thus ascertain its true character. Moreover, it is a test which Christ himself taught his disciples to use. Our Lord on one occasion, speaking of religious teachers, said: "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Now it is fair, I submit, that the interpretation of the Bible accepted by the founders of our church, or Calvinism, *should be judged by its fruits*. Would we know what those fruits are, we have only to read history and learn for ourselves.

I wish I had time to bring to you some decisive quotations from such historians as George Bancroft, John Fiske, author of that fascinating book, *The Beginnings of New England*, and especially from the great English historian, James Anthony Froude. According to these and other eminent historical authorities, it was substantially the Calvinistic interpretation of the Bible that brought on that sublime and irresistible revolution, the most radical and far-reaching, the most purifying and inspiring ever known in Europe, called *The Protestant Reformation*. It was this same system of religious belief that brought into existence and into power the Presbyterians of Scotland, who in that land and other lands have been such sturdy defenders of the Bible, and of all the deathless truths and lofty right-

eousness which the Bible inculcates. And it was this same interpretation of the Bible that brought into existence the Puritans in England, who saved to the English nation civil and religious liberty, when that liberty had come to its last gasp under that despot, Charles I. Moreover, it was men and women holding and inspired by this same invincible faith who, with incredible grit and courage, broke from home and country, and brought civil and religious freedom to the wild woods of New England, planted here a free state and free churches, established public schools and colleges, founded great missionary organizations, and, by countless sacrifices, struggles, and battles, made New England what she has been and is, a conspicuous example of the fruits of Puritanism. No other interpretation of the Bible has ever borne such fruitage.

We must not *blink* historic facts, but *face* them, if we would learn the exact truth and true wisdom. Now, it is an undeniable historic fact that, wherever Calvinistic Christianity has gone, its pathway has been blazoned with the light of popular education, with the glories of civil and religious freedom, with the heavenly splendor of innumerable examples of personal righteousness, bringing to whole communities and states the highest type of civilization which the world has yet seen, including, as might have been expected, brilliant industrial and commercial prosperity and the general thriftiness and independence of the people. We may, therefore, well rest assured that the form of religious belief that can bring forth all these fruits, and such as these, will yet bring the whole world to its long promised millennial purity, peace, and glory.

I am thankful for the opportunity to speak to-day in praise of the religious beliefs and the Puritan character of the founders of our church. Those founders need no defence, certainly no apology from me, and I make none. Their own works glorify them, and so justify both their Scriptural beliefs and their sturdy Biblical Puritanism.

They organized their church in strict accordance with the pattern given them in the New Testament. Intelligently and religiously believing that, in this matter of the outward form of their church, they had followed the teaching of Christ and the Apostles, they revered, prized, and loved their church. They prayed and toiled for it, made sacrifices in its behalf, and watched over it, and when there was occasion for it guarded its sacred and God-given liberties with Puritan heroism. An opportunity for the display of such heroism came at once, and they met it with a magnificent defence of both their church and its first minister.

To give a full account of the brief, but anomalous, ministry in Malden of Rev. Marmaduke Matthews, the first pastor of this church, would require a whole discourse. Yet I must tell something of the

strange story. Fortunately, a full narrative of it can be found in Mr. Corey's most admirable *History of Malden*.

Mr. Matthews was born in Swansea, Southern Wales, in 1606; received the degree of M.A. at All Souls College, in Oxford University, in 1627, at the age of twenty-one; and later was appointed Vicar of St. John's Church at Swansea, his native town; which indicates the high esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best. He was a good scholar and fond of reading his Hebrew and Greek Testaments. He was also a Puritan; and when orders came to him to introduce certain papal ceremonies into the church ritual, his conscience rebelled, and for nonconformity, he was ejected from his parish and living. He then came to New England, reaching Boston September 21, 1638; and the very record of his arrival announced him as "a godly minister." Governor Winthrop, also, who was not likely to be mistaken in his judgment of men, described him as "a godly minister." Nathaniel Morton, the Plymouth historian, placed Mr. Matthews in an honored list of ministers whom he mentioned as the chief "burning and shining lights" at that time in New England.

In 1639, Mr. Matthews was settled as the first minister of the church at Yarmouth, Plymouth Colony, and remained there four years. He then came to Hull, in Massachusetts Colony, where he labored several years, and was highly esteemed by the people. He left them against their wish, and simply because in their fewness and poverty they could not support him. They at once petitioned the General Court for a little financial aid, in order that Mr. Matthews might be returned to them. But the Court, by vote passed May 9, 1649, not only bluntly refused to give them any pecuniary assistance, but declared that their chosen minister should not return to them, nor reside with them. And then that same Court, a civil body, answering to our state legislature, strange to say, proceeded to make written charges against Mr. Matthews' style of preaching, declaring "that they find severall erronious expressions, others weak, inconvenient and unsafe expressions; for which they judge it meete to order that the said Mr. Matthews should be admonished by the Governor in the name of the Court."

This was the beginning of a long series of troubles brought upon this minister of Christ. Mr. Joseph Hills had recently served as Speaker of the House of Deputies and was now the representative of Malden; and he must have known all that the General Court knew about those strange charges and their origin. Doubtless he imparted his knowledge of the case to members of his church. Yet nothing in their full acquaintance with the case prevented the Malden church from extending a call to Mr. Matthews early in the next year, 1650, to become their minister. He accepted the call; and the church ordained him in precisely the same manner in which

the church at Salem, and the church at Charlestown, and the church at Woburn, and other churches had previously ordained their ministers. Yet for doing this the General Court called the Malden church to account and put it on trial. Also it called Mr. Matthews to account and put him on trial for having allowed the church to ordain him, and this in addition to the charges previously made against him of using "inconvenient and unsafe expressions" in his preaching. Trial after trial of both the church and its pastor was had at the bar of the General Court, and ecclesiastical council after council was called, not by this church, nor by any other church, but, strange to say, by the General Court, to try Mr. Matthews on the same charges on which he had been tried at the bar of the General Court.

The truth is, the Malden church in calling and ordaining Mr. Matthews proceeded in strict accordance with the Cambridge Platform, which fortunately had been drawn up and adopted two years before, or in 1648, by a large Congregational Synod, representing all the churches of that time in all the colonies of New England. Moreover, this Platform had been reported to and approved by the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony.

Now this same body of ecclesiastical laws, the Cambridge Platform, an accepted authority at that time in all the churches in New England, distinctly affirmed that it was one of the rights of every local church to choose and ordain its own ministers. It even declared that "lay ordination" was lawful and proper; that is, that a church may rightfully ordain its own minister elect by the laying on of the hands of two or three of its own members duly chosen for that service. There is little doubt that this church ordained Mr. Matthews in that way.

The First Church in Malden, at that time of its infancy, was a small church, but it had in it some able and virile men, and some intelligent and brave women, who knew their rights and understood perfectly well what they were doing. Joseph Hills, a prominent man in the colony, who had represented Charlestown as well as Malden in the General Court, and one year had been Speaker of the House of Deputies; and John Wayte, who afterwards served as deputy for Malden nineteen years, and was one year Speaker of the House; and Edward Carrington, who was considered by the General Court as a leading man in Malden, — these three Puritans were not men to be trifled with when they knew they were in the right. They understood their minister. They were convinced that he was a thoroughly good man, having, perhaps, some innocent eccentricities of manner, yet an able, learned, and godly minister. They had chosen him. They liked him, and in the time of his trouble, like true men, they stood by him to the end.

The charges brought against him were of three kinds: first, "erronious expressions," that is, religious error; second, "weak, inconvenient and unsafe expressions," that is, as I understand it, the literary style of this Oxford scholar was not up to the standard of good taste held by the military captains and the sturdy farmers and wood-choppers who constituted the General Court; thirdly (and, in the view of his accusers, chiefly), *he had allowed the Malden church to ordain him!*

The only serious charge was that of religious error. Mr. Matthews was a Calvinist, and there is evidence that he understood what Calvinism is. May I be permitted to say that I have carefully examined every charge of this kind on record against him, and his replies to the same, and so far as I can see he did not, in a single instance mentioned, depart in the least degree from the plain teaching of John Calvin?

The three men whom I have mentioned understood this, and they were not men who would desert their minister when suffering under such unjust charges. Time after time he was summoned before the General Court, and before sub-committees of the Court, and put on trial; and these three men went with him, and when they could speak defended him. Again and again the church of Malden was summoned to appear by its representatives before the same Court, to answer to the charge of having ordained their minister elect; and these Puritan men bravely stood up before that august tribunal, and there stated and defended the rights and the action of the free church they had founded and now loved. Repeatedly Mr. Matthews was required to defend himself before ecclesiastical councils called to try him — called too, not by any church, but by the General Court; and I have no doubt that these same heroic men stood back of him in these trials. Indeed, the whole church, save one single member, stood for their minister through all these troubles. It is a splendid record; and it stands to-day on the pages of the great books containing the records of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and will stand there as long as those books exist, to the praise and glory of this First Church of Christ in Malden.

Mr. Joseph Hills made memorable pleadings before the General Court in defence of his minister and his church. Some of them have been preserved in meagre outline; but even in that form they impress one as being masterly arguments, which ought to have carried the convictions of every deputy and magistrate. Indeed, they did so carry conviction that in one decisive vote, that which condemned Mr. Matthews, there were fifteen *for* Mr. Matthews, and twenty-six opposed to him.

At the very last, Mr. Hills' able arguments were reinforced by a re-

markable petition drawn up in most pathetic and persuasive language, signed by thirty-six women of Malden, and addressed to the General Court, in which petition they entreat the Court to allow Mr. Matthews to remain with them as their pastor and teacher.

But all was in vain. The majority was inexorable; and on May 15, 1651, the Court, by vote, imposed upon Mr. Matthews a fine of ten pounds, as punishment for the alleged sin of having allowed the church to ordain him as its minister. The marshal was ordered to levy that amount on the goods of Mr. Matthews; but the poor minister had no earthly treasures save his wife, his children, and his library, and these he greatly loved.

It should be noticed as a very significant fact that Mr. Matthews was finally punished, not for holding any religious error, not for giving utterance to any "inconvenient and unsafe expressions," but *solely* for allowing the church that had chosen him for its pastor to ordain him.

At the session of the Court held in the following October, the marshal reported that he went out to Malden to levy the fine of ten pounds on the goods of Mr. Matthews, according to orders, but could find no goods save books. Upon this the Court voted that the execution of the judgment "shall be respitted till other goods appear besides books."

At this same autumnal session of the Court in 1651, a fine of fifty pounds was ordered to be levied on the estates of Joseph Hills, Edward Carrington, and John Wayte; and they were empowered "to make proportion of the said sum" upon other members of the church. A year later, or in October, 1652, the General Court, in response to petitions, remitted Mr. Matthews' fine, and ten pounds of the fifty imposed upon the church.

In the severe conflict which this church, so early in its history, was called to wage in defence of its minister and of its own rights and liberties, it gave a splendid exhibition of the intense Puritanism that was living and burning in the hearts of its members. They were defeated; but their defeat was like that suffered later on yonder Bunker Hill. At the time it seemed sad; but all can see now that it redounded to the immortal glory of the vanquished and the eternal shame of the victors.

Those thirty-six Puritan women, who so bravely yet modestly came into the conflict when its heat was at the highest, should never be forgotten by the members of this church. It does seem to me that their names ought to be properly engraved, set in a frame, and conspicuously hung up somewhere in this house of worship, that they may be held in honorable and perpetual remembrance. I do not believe that any other church in our commonwealth, or even in New England, has such a Roll of Honor.

But of all those who bore so sadly yet fearlessly the burden of those troubles, the greatest sufferer undoubtedly was Rev. Marmaduke Matthews. He soon returned to his childhood home in Swansea, South Wales. The times had changed in England and Wales. Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides had appeared upon the scene, fought their battles, and the tyrant, Charles I., had lost his throne and lost his head. The English Commonwealth had come into existence, and the Puritans were in power. The nonconforming ministers could now preach and pray with none to molest or make afraid.

Mr. Matthews was at once appointed vicar of the church in Swansea, in which he had so successfully ministered before he was ejected for nonconformity. He now had no fear of being hounded by either murderous bishops or frightened but mistaken and blundering Puritans. He labored with St. John's Church happily for about ten years. But in 1658 Cromwell sickened and died. Soon after that, Charles II. came to the throne, and in 1662, the monstrous Act of Uniformity was again rigorously enforced. In one day, August 24, 1662, "about two thousand ministers of religion" were driven from their churches and livings; and one of these was Rev. Marmaduke Matthews. But preach the gospel of Christ he would, if not *with* salary, then *without* salary.

Dr. Edmund Calamy, in his *History of the Nonconformists*, gives a brief account of the remainder of Mr. Matthews' life, which account is as pathetic as it is beautiful. Among other things he says of him: "He left a good living when he had nothing else to subsist upon. He afterwards preached, by the connivance of the magistrates, in a little chapel at the end of the town. He was a very pious and zealous man, who went about to instruct people from house to house. All his discourse, in a manner, was about spiritual matters. . . . He lived to a good old age, and continued useful to the last. He died about 1683."

In addition to Dr. Calamy's testimony, it should be noted that Mr. Matthews resided in Swansea through his entire long life, save the few years he was in college and the few years he was in New England. Now, it is reasonable to believe that a man who could live so long in one place, and be respected and loved by all who knew him, not excepting the very magistrates who were under orders to stop his preaching and would not do it, — it is *reasonable* to believe that such a minister could not have been a bad or dangerous man.

This adds to the evidence we have that the founders of our church were fully justified in cherishing such high esteem and warm affection for Mr. Matthews as they did cherish to the last. Their record in this whole matter redounds now, and will forever redound,

to their honor. It shows that in some respects they were decidedly in advance of most of the Puritans in the Massachusetts colony. They certainly exhibited superior intelligence and character in their clear apprehension and brave defence of religious liberty.

It should be known, however, that this church during that grave conflict was not without friends. To the honor of the church in Salem, and of the church and town of Woburn, it should be said that they made earnest and public protest against the arbitrary and oppressive action of the General Court in its treatment of the church at Malden. Nor was the valiant resistance which this church made against that oppression useless. It suffered vicariously for other churches. I have not been able to find that the General Court ever again attempted to punish, by the infliction of a fine, a church of Christ for ordaining its minister elect, or that it ever again attempted to punish a minister, by the infliction of a fine, for allowing himself to be ordained by a church that had called him to be its pastor.

Since the founders of our church passed on to glory, about seven generations of Christian believers have entered into covenant with this church. A goodly host, how many thousands along the centuries we cannot tell, have taken upon themselves the same vows of watch and care in this Christian brotherhood that we have taken. They and we and the founders have had one Lord, one faith, one baptism. A meeting of all the members past and present, in this world, is of course impossible. We know not how it will be in heaven; but it seems to me that when, one after another, we reach Jerusalem the Golden, next to meeting our Lord Himself, and our dear kindred, we shall take special interest in finding and holding converse with, one by one, those redeemed ones who, along the past two hundred and fifty years, have taken on themselves covenant vows in this *their* church as well as *ours*, and have so often gathered, as we have, at the communion table of our common Lord. In the mean time the comparatively few members who gather at the old church-home to-day may well sing, in memory of the much larger number who are now gathered with their glorified Lord in the church-home above: —

"One family we dwell in Him —
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

"E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore."

HYMN.

Tune, *St. Martin's.*

Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known —
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

After the benediction by the pastor the

SERVICE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

was observed. This service, impressive and beautiful at all times, was marked with an unusual dignity and grace. To those who witnessed it, as well as to those who participated in its celebration, the occasion was one long to be remembered. Many heads were bowed and many eyes were wet in the tender remembrance of loved ones who had left the earthly for a heavenly congregation. The trials and the blessings of the long line of years were recalled with reverence and thankfulness, with the earnest faithfulness of the fathers, and their simple trust. The spirit of the past rested upon the present, and hallowed with a heavenly power the latest service in an unbroken series of two hundred and fifty years.

The following beautiful hymn by a former pastor, whose early death, as the field of life with enlarged duties and a promise of great usefulness was opening before him, is still lamented, was sung "in

tender memory of one who went in and out among the people blamelessly, and the fragrance of whose memory abides to this day."

HYMN.

By the Rev. Theodore Claudius Pease.

Pastor, 1884–1893.

Tune, *Retreat.*

How blest Thy first disciples, Lord,
Whom Thou didst choose to walk with Thee;
Who daily met around Thy board,
And made Thy home and family!

How blest when throng and press were gone,
And weary day herself had fled,
From all the noisy world withdrawn,
Alone with Thee to break the bread!

Has the long day its burden brought?
Are heavy hearts in sorrow bound?
What sweet relief in kindly thought,
What sympathy with Thee is found!

For every care Thou hast an ear;
Thou knowest all their changing moods:
What stirs the timid Philip's fear, —
Why thoughtful Thomas sadly broods.

And is the vision vain as sweet?
Nay, Lord! Thy table here is spread!
And ever, where disciples meet,
Thy blessed hands still break the bread!

The service was closed by the singing of —

THE LAST HYMN.

By the Pastor. Tune, *Dorrnance.*

And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives. — Mark xiv. 26.

Sweet the melody that trembled
Through the upper chamber dim,
Where our Lord, with His disciples,
Sang the Sacramental hymn.

Stronger, ever stronger growing,
High uprose the holy song;
Floating out through vine-kissed casement,
Swept its harmony along.

Not yet hushed that sacred music,
Join we in th' immortal strain;
All the conquered ages blending,
Raise we here the high refrain.

Stand we in the temple rhythmic,
Vibrant aisles and arches vast,
With the deathless note that holdeth
All the voices of the past.

Where the rivers touch the ocean,
Where the tides beat on the shore,
There the symphony eternal
Sweepeth onward evermore.

So, dear Lord, Thy glory shining
On the faces lifted here,
Lead us forth, serene, triumphant,
Past and future always near.

The afternoon was devoted to a

UNION SUNDAY-SCHOOL SERVICE

by the Church School and its branches, the Edgeworth School and the Forestdale School, in which the children participated by interesting musical exercises and responsive readings adapted to the occasion. Addresses were made by former and present superintendents.

The church and congregation united with the other churches of the city in the union service at the Anniversary Building in the evening, although the auditorium of the church was thrown open for an overflow meeting, as is stated elsewhere.

A list of the pastors of the First Church is of general interest, and is worthy of preservation in this story of the celebration: —

Pastors and Teachers.

With the Dates of Installation and Removal.

	Marmaduke Matthews	1650–1653 ?
*	Nathanael Upham	1654 ?
	Michael Wigglesworth [*Teacher*]	1657–1705

* Not pastor, but supplied the pulpit.

Benjamin Bunker	1663–1669
* Benjamin Blakeman	1675–1679
Thomas Cheever	1680–1686
David Parsons	1708–1721
Joseph Emerson	1721–1767
Peter Thacher	1770–1784
Adoniram Judson	1787–1791
Eliakim Willis	1792–1801
Aaron Green	1795–1827
Alexander Wilson McClure	1832–1842
Chauncy Goodrich	1843–1847
Alexander Wilson McClure	1848–1852
Aaron Chester Adams	1852–1857
Charles Edward Reed	1858–1869
Addison Pinneo Foster	1871–1872
Joshua Wyman Wellman, D.D.	1874–1883
Theodore Claudius Pease	1884–1893
Henry Hugh French, D.D.	1894–

FIRST PARISH [UNIVERSALIST] CHURCH.

Rev. James F. Albion, *Pastor.*

The long history of the First Parish is identical with that of the First Church until 1828, when, in the midst of a season of bitter strife, which continued many years, a final separation occurred. Its place of worship is the oldest in the city, having been erected in 1802 on the site of the third meeting-house of the town, which was built in 1729–30, at the Clay-Pits, and was the cause of the division of the town into two precincts and the gathering of the unfortunate Second, or South, Church.

The morning service at this church included a musical program, which was rendered by the choir, assisted by Mrs. William Barber, *harp*, and John W. Little, *'cello*. The anniversary sermon by the pastor was followed by remarks by Cyrus and Darius Cobb, sons of the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, the first pastor of the parish after the separation of the First Church.

The service of the Sunday-school was also commemorative. Addresses were made by the pastor, the Cobb Brothers, and the superintendent, the Hon. Marcellus Coggan; and an interesting paper upon Colonial Childhood was read by Miss Amy F. Dalrymple.

* Not pastor, but supplied the pulpit.

CHIEF MARSHAL HARRY E. CONVERSE AND STAFF

OUR HERITAGE FROM THE PAST.

An Abstract of a Sermon Preached by the Pastor at the Morning Service.

John iv. 38. — Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.

It would be difficult, even to the most vivid imagination, to bring before the mind's eye this morning the environment of those few sturdy, daring pioneers who, two and a half centuries ago, crossed the Mystic from Mishawum to make their rude homes in the wilderness on the hillside that lies just south of this old meeting-house. The primeval forest, we are told, surrounded them. A few Indian trails through these forests were their only highways, — one the Salem Path, up which Ralph Sprague and his little band had journeyed in search of Mishawum, following the native instinct of the Anglo-Saxon to push out into new and untried fields. Just a few straggling huts and cabins around Bell Rock in the forest clearings, one of the few puny settlements on these inhospitable shores, that one day, little realized by them, was to develop into the beautiful city we know to-day.

Significant it is that one of the first things these men must have was a place in which to worship God. These men and their compeers along the Massachusetts shore were poor, except in character. The world has been thrilled and inspired by the record of their sterling virtues as they were slowly crystallized into our national history and became eloquent in our institutions.

These men sought, first, the kingdom of God and His righteousness. They could have had more ease, comfort, worldly success in England, but only at the expense of conscience and by checking the aspiration for liberty, which was daily growing more dominant in English hearts.

This commonwealth was born out of an intense desire to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. It was a protest, first, against the arbitrary egotism of monarchy, ever tending to tyrannical rule. The Boston Tea Party, the nineteenth of April at Lexington and Concord, "the shot heard 'round the world," Bunker Hill, Yorktown, and our great Declaration were all wrapped up in the compact signed in Plymouth harbor on board the "Mayflower,"— an inevitable consequence.

And, second, it was a protest against slavish obedience to ecclesiastical and theological tradition and a like tyrannical rule in the church. John Robinson of Leyden believed there was yet more light to break forth from God's word; and beneath all their rigid Calvinism there was this unique passion for liberty and independence, which gave birth to a more liberal theology, as well as a free state. They did not see what the outcome would be. Men rarely do. Such

things are in God's hands, and He works with a patience even yet beyond human ken.

We feel proud that a pastor of our old church was one of the first courageous men who dared to stand for intellectual and spiritual liberty, when the great body of colonists had not yet realized of what spirit they were made, nor the irresistible consequences of the liberty of worship and independence they had striven for in England. Marmaduke Matthews struck a powerful blow at the incipient theocracy that began to show itself here in Massachusetts when he claimed the right to use his reason in interpreting Scripture, and the right of the Malden church to choose its own pastor. He also put a decided check on a tendency, quite marked in those first decades of our history, to unite church and state.

The Malden church as well as its pastor soon found that its courageous and determined stand had won sympathizers in several of the other colonial churches, who advised Malden to stand firm in its contentions. Keeping clear of the danger that seemed imminent, — the union of church and state, — they emphasized what it were well for us never to forget, that God's government and human government cannot be separated, and that if man's laws are not in harmony with Divine law they will come to naught.

I want to indicate two or three distinctive contributions of these early colonists to our civilization. First, devotion to principle, loyalty to truth, as conscience willed it; as the Great Book revealed it; in whatever way God spoke it to their minds and hearts. They showed the world that they were ready to sacrifice everything for it; home, native land, all of the advantages of that native land, schools, colleges, property, future prospects, social ties, comfort, happiness, every endearing association, the old familiar scenes, the old roof-tree and hearthside, the paternal acres, the village lanes, the old parish church and the last resting-place of loved ones — and all for what? They were ready to cross an unknown sea, to an unknown land thousands of miles distant, inhabited only by savages — for what? Freedom, liberty, independence. We smile at the Puritan for his narrowness, his pharisaic severity, his sombre, unlovely life. These were defects; they were human. But the older our nation becomes, the more convinced we are of the eternal verities that were here concrete in these loyal hearts that beat under the homespun. Principle, truth, right were sacred to them. They were mistaken as to truth and right in some things, but they were loyal to conscience, to what the inner man told them was right, as no other body of men earth has ever known. That is a saving grace. Greater light will bring a truer sense of right, but a truer sense of right is of no avail where men are heedless to the voice of conscience.

Then they were reverent men. They believed in God with all their might. It was the motive power that drove them to these shores. They were as certain of God as they were of the decks of the vessels beneath their feet. He had a reality to them which can hardly be understood in the atmosphere of the popular scepticism of these later days. Faith is the nervous energy of intellectual and spiritual life, nay, one might say of all conscious life. It is the vital force back of the most practical industrial and commercial life that surrounds us. These men believed like giants. They believed some things that were false; but I would sooner trust a man or people characterized by vigorous faith, confident and optimistic, though wrong in some of the things believed in, than a man or people uncertain and sceptical of things human or divine. Their reverence had more fear in it than the loving nature of God warranted; but reverence, in time, will need the heart of love, no matter how much present judgment may deceive; while irreverence by its very nature shuts up the avenues of the soul and mind of man to all good things.

And it was this God-consciousness which made the love of liberty an unquenchable passion in their souls. If one word could write the history of our land, that word would be Liberty. The liberty and freedom, however incarnate in our Declaration, in our constitution, laws, and institutions rests on this moral and spiritual basis. It was God-fearing, God-loving men who created America. It was not a mushroom growth. For centuries the human heart had been longing for it, groping here and there for it in the darkness of the middle ages, reaching weak, lame hands out towards the dim breaking light here and there; now and then a brave soul essayed to lead his fellows toward the light, but he was quickly silenced. But for a few generations preceding the landing of the Pilgrims and Puritans the ideas of liberty and independence had been fermenting all through Western Europe. Bunker Hill and Lexington had their roots far back in the past beyond Plymouth Rock. When Erasmus wrote in Holland, and Huss preached in Bohemia; when Luther resolutely put up his articles on the church door at Wittenberg; when the Lollards roamed through England slowly dropping their new ideas in the peasant mind; when Wickliffe translated his Bible, and Cromwell left the plow at Ely, free speech, free thought, a free press, and a free ballot were destined in no far distant day to answer the longings of the human heart and mind.

To the matchless faith and heroism of these early colonists and their noble successors of Revolutionary days we owe a heritage of liberty such as the world never before knew, concrete in a great national life. Liberty is the very air of heaven, the essence, I believe, of eternal life, made real, actual (not perfect, of course), in a political

state; this is, I believe, the great contribution of the Puritan to modern civilization. His glorious and successful example has nerved the heart of humanity around the globe; and the end is not yet.

What has been the inevitable consequence of these truths? Democracy, in the full significance of that word. God only is king. No king or ecclesiastic can stand in man's place and usurp obedience by a false authority. Every man is a child of God, free, equal, and independent. Every man is an heir to all the blessings of the earth. Every man is free to open any and every door of opportunity. Here human brotherhood shall be tested. Here neither blood, nor wealth, nor power shall have unequal privilege. Here manhood and womanhood shall count for their full value. This is the heritage which came to us from those sturdy, loyal hearts. God grant that we may prove ourselves worthy of the inheritance. May the Spirit that moved these men move us to-day, and guide the men in whose keeping we place our common weal.

REMARKS OF CYRUS AND DARIUS COBB.

The addresses of these gentlemen were reminiscent in character, and as they were delivered *ex tempore* it is impossible to reproduce them in full.

Mr. Cyrus Cobb expressed his deep emotions in standing in the church in which he was christened sixty-four years ago, and which he had not entered for sixty-one years, having moved from Malden when he was three years old. He said the inspiring strains of the organ, the 'cello, and the harp, to which he had just listened, moved his deepest soul. He also spoke in high terms of the chorus, which he declared had scarcely its superior in his knowledge, and few equals for promptitude of attack, impact, and faithfulness to the pitch.

He pointed to the front pews, where a peculiar drama was enacted sixty-four years ago. His parents brought the twin babes to the church to be named Augustus and Augustine; but when the father held them in his arms to be named, he was suddenly seized with the desire to name them Cyrus and Darius. The name of Cyrus was in his family, his eldest brother being so named, and by adding that of Darius he would have the two kings of Persia. So his great, sonorous voice sounded out the name of Cyrus. The mother was astonished, and pulled the father's coat-tail to correct him; but he paid no heed, and so his twins were bound to go down to posterity as Cyrus and Darius, instead of Augustus and Augustine.

As the speaker gazed about that old, consecrated church he realized the remarkable change and progress of the religious world since his father came there as the first Universalist pastor of the parish.

This progress would continue until the All-Loving Father would be recognized and confessed by all Christian denominations. The very success of Universalism has been its own check as to churches, for no such preaching as greeted the ears of old church-goers and finally drove them into the church where the unchangeable God of love was preached, is now to be heard. Therefore, they were contented to remain where they were. This generation could not conceive of the battles that had been fought with devoted determination in that church and all over the land for the vindication of God and Christ. And we have to thank that God that all denominations are at heart grateful for the grand work our fathers performed. Heresy stands transformed into simple conviction, and sincere, universal confession will follow.

Mr. Darius Cobb, in following his brother, also spoke of the inspiration he had derived from the music. The grand anthem carried his soul up to the spheres of the departed ones, where they joined the anthems of the angels.

There in the pew beneath him, he and his brother nestled by the side of their mother sixty-one and sixty-two years ago. Their father and mother, and their brothers and sisters have passed away ; and here they were looking upon the congregation over the space of sixty-one years. When they were three years of age their father moved to Waltham. The doctrines then delivered by that sainted father are now the ruling doctrines of the world ; and if the Universalist church as an organization does not absorb a larger body of Christians it is because our doctrines so mould the tenets of the sister churches that the members are contented to stay where they are. In spirit the churches are all becoming one. Dr. George A. Gordon's remarkable statement, that the doctrine of endless misery is blasphemy, finds an echo in every church in America, if not in the world.

The speaker said the fraternal reception he had received from the churches of various denominations, since he painted his picture of *Christ Before Pilate*, has enlarged his own feelings and liberalized his spirit ; for a Universalist can be a bigot, a very intense one.

" I was born in Adoniram Judson's birth-chamber," he said, " being just five minutes my brother's junior. Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of *America*, was pleased to say that this was what sanctified us. There is a sacredness in the thought of these relations of ours to the great Baptist missionary, when we remember that Dr. Rollin H. Neal, the Baptist leader of Boston, was one of our father's pall-bearers in Dr. Miner's Church. How often has he clasped my hand on the street, and asked that any of our father's children would accost him when meeting him. ' For he was my dear friend ! ' he said with deep unction.

"I need not specify further," the speaker continued. "We all have evidence of the broad and liberal spirit that has rapidly grown to the present day, and is still increasing."

Mr. Cobb closed with a tribute to the past laborers in the church, and with an exhortation to the present members to hold fast to the truth and press on in the good work.

CENTRE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. Edwin H. Hughes, *Pastor.*

At this church the morning service was appropriate to the occasion. A special musical program was given, as follows: —

Prelude. — Chorus in D. *Guilmant.*
Anthem. — Praise Ye the Lord. *Randegger.*
Quartet. — And the City. *Whittington.*
Quartet. — Cast me not Away. *Schnecker.*
Alto Solo (Miss Tucker). — The Holy City. *Adams.*
Postlude. *Tours.*

THE PERFECTING OF THE FOREFATHERS.

Sermon by the Pastor.

Hebrews xi. 40. — God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Analogies are often made between the Israelites and the Puritans. Both revolted against what they deemed slavery; both sought out a strange land; both slowly supplanted a native people; both labored under a profound sense of God; both had stern ideas of theology; both were the media of large and matchless blessings to the world. There is also another analogy not so often made: they both depended upon the future for the perfecting of their thought, spirit, and work.[1] This, at least, was the view that the writer of Hebrews took of the Israelites. He did not treat their history as the delights of a dream, nor as the curiosities of a student; he rather used it as a temple ringing with divine lessons. He therefore opened the portals with reverent hand and entered. When he emerged he did not carry his instruction into seclusion; he brought it out to the world of responsible and struggling men. He illustrated faith by the living examples of the centuries, and ended by making all an urging motive for the race of life.

I. Thus the sacred writer seizes the thought of the aid that we

[1] See *Afternoons in the College Chapel*, F. G. Peabody, 104.

must give to the past and fixes it into his recital. We have all wondered at the ending of this chapter. It gives a peculiar and violent reversal of our expectation. One would suppose that it would close in fervid fashion by saying: "All these men, our forefathers in the faith, did a mighty service. Their work is blessing us now. We owe them a debt of gratitude. We without them could not be made perfect." But the chapter ends in no such way. Nothing is said directly as to the deep stream of blessing that flows from them to us. In truth, the current is sent backward, and instead of saying: "We without them could not be made perfect," it is rather written: "They without us could not be made perfect." Out of the glorification of the past, he brings the responsibility of the present.

Yet the two things are held in a sacred balance. The chapter has its long tribute to the forefathers, as well as its brief exhortation to the descendants. The worthies of the Old Testament are shown as the heavy creditors of the future. The righteousness of Abel, the fidelity of Noah, the spirituality of Abraham, the self-sacrifice of Moses, — all these are given large and lasting recognition. The very names of these men stirred the hearts of the Israelites and suggested volumes of eulogy. In much the same relation do we stand to our Puritan forefathers. We venerate their relics. Their chairs, their kitchen utensils, their table ware, their letters, and, most of all, their Bibles are the precious heirlooms of New England. We set their names on high; their deeds we lift into glory. Episcopalians of whatever kind, and royalists of the traditional type cannot withhold praise from their effort to found "a church without a bishop and a state without a king." We as a people have our chapter of Puritan faith and achievement. Time would fail us to tell of all those "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, . . . out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

But this proud excursion into the past should not be suffered to rob the present of its responsibility. Our forefathers "obtained a good report;" they did not give the world its finalities. God had "foreseen some better thing for us." In their material conveniences, their institutions, their theology, their type of character, they did not reach perfection. Their legacy was large, but it was capable of vast increase. "Without us" they could "not be made perfect." It is easier to praise others than it is to make ourselves worthy of praise. The man of luxury will admire the sacrifice of the Puritans; the man of laxity will admire their austerity; the man without convictions will admire their stern faith. But to take upon ourselves the form of sacrifice now demanded; to run the risk of being thought narrow in our conceptions of conduct; to stand by the unpleasant elements

of the faith as revealed in the Bible and in conscience, — all this puts a momentous responsibility upon us. Who among us has not found out that admiration is easier than exemplification?

And this anniversary will be largely lost if it leads only to easy eulogies of the forefathers. The past is secure; it is hardened into history. The future is pliable; it waits to be moulded. It is good to be just to the Puritans; it is better to be just to ourselves and to our children. It is right to laud the quarter-millennium behind us; it is imperative to work for the full millennium ahead of us. The large expense of money and the larger expense of effort will bring magnificent returns if we are all really led, not merely to praise, but to perfect the work and character of our forefathers.

II. How is this to be done? Does this passage mean that to those now in the other world we may send influences toward perfection? So say some commentators.[1] But while this view may appeal strongly to imagination, it does not lend itself readily to construction by our thought, nor to the needs of practical speech. We may be compassed about with a great "cloud of witnesses" from the Puritan past, but there is a larger "cloud of witnesses" rising up in the American future. What lines of commerce may run between us and the world of spirits, we may not say; but of the lines of commerce running down toward the coming generations, we are sure. We need not, then, tarry over dreamy speculations as to our relation to perfection of character in the heavenlies. We may content ourselves with the immense and serious certainties as to our responsibility for the Malden that is and is to come.

Within the realm of our conscious endeavor we can find an application for this text. The divine principle is that of improvement. On the rocks of the farthest seas it refuses to write "Ne plus ultra." The lines of progress run across the pages of the good Book. Rigid law moves on to happy prophecy; prophecy advances to splendid fulfilment in our Saviour; the dispensation of grace moves on to the glories of the City Eternal. And within the sphere of present human activity there is also abounding room for progress. The Puritans did not put the final period after the word "civilization." Plymouth Rock in its hardness may represent their severity of creed, in its resistance to tide and weather it may be the fitting symbol of their enduring influence; but it was not the final goal of humanity. Lowell gathers its meaning and our duty into his stirring lines in *The Present Crisis*: —

> "'T is as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
> Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.

[1] See *The Epistle to the Hebrews*, Principal T. C. Edwards, 268.

WENEPOYKIN TRIBE, I. O. R. M.

Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime; —
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime? " [1]

There is only one answer: Plymouth Rock faced the future. It was a stepping-stone in the path of human progress, rather than a cap-stone in the temple of human life.

We may therefore say that without the aid of their descendants the Puritan achievement would have been harsh and incomplete. This is plain when we think of the matter of material conveniences. The Puritans certainly did not give us the final things here. The first white men who walked across the place where now stand the homes and public buildings of Malden went back to their companions to call it "an uncouth wilderness." They came by an Indian trail from Salem and passed on to Charlestown. One who may be supposed to have been in the party speaks of "three great annoyances, of wolves, rattlesnakes, and mosquitoes." Long after the first settlers had passed away, the wolf continued to howl and the snake to give its hideous rattle. Our forefathers crossed the streams in canoes or rafts. They transported their goods on clumsy wagons. They lived in rude shanties. They worshipped in barren meeting-houses. In all these respects God had "provided some better thing for us." "The uncouth wilderness" has been replaced by "a steepled city." The Indian trail has given way to a paved highway. The cries of the wild beasts have been silenced by the whistles of factories and the ringing of church bells. The streams have been arched by bridges. The wagons have been superseded by the cars. The shanties have been succeeded by dwellings of comfort. The meeting-houses have been supplanted by stately temples, making us think of the Scriptural word: "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." Thus have we gone on to perfect our forefathers in the way of material conveniences. Where is the seer who can tell the advances that we are yet to make?

But this is only an illustration of the higher advances. In the things that register the deeper life of the people, the Puritans did not reach the limit of progress. This appears in their institutions. Their conception of the church will make clear our meaning. That conception was hard rather than attractive, narrow rather than broad, Mosaic rather than Christian. It was not accidental that nearly all the early pastors of Malden got their given names from the Old Testament. Hear the list: Michael Wigglesworth, Benjamin Bunker, Benjamin Blakeman, David Parsons, Joseph Emerson, Joseph Stimp-

[1] *Lowell's Poems*, Household ed., 69.

son, Aaron Cleveland, Eliakim Willis. The men who got the names of their children from the Old Testament went there also for their conception of the church. Fleeing from one country because the state had dominated the church, they tried to so arrange it in the new country that the church should dominate the state. It is not remarkable that trouble grew out of that conception. It left no place for liberty. Baptists and Methodists were taxed for its support, or else, as later, were required to show a legal ticket of excuse. Heresy trials, lawsuits with the town, and divisions over pastors marked the early history of the Malden church. Our modern ecclesiastical quarrels, when compared with those of our city ancestors, are like the passing disagreements of children in their play compared with the persistent contests of angry men. In their conception of the church our forefathers left much to be desired.

At this point God had "provided some better thing for us." We need to take the excellent heart of their conception and carry it on to perfection. This much we can say to the credit of the forefathers: they knew that a community without a church would be a moral wilderness. So they made the church the first thing in their lives. All their narrowness and their invasion of liberty grew out of their conviction that the Church of Christ must keep the preeminence. The Puritan felt that he could not get on without the church; some of his descendants feel that the church cannot get on without them. A crude and bitter anxiety for its welfare is vastly to be preferred to the attitude of many of our modern citizens, who would not live in a churchless city, but who leave the vital support of the gospel to other men. As between the churchly narrowness of the Puritans and the churchless indifference of some of their descendants, let us revive the ancient thought. The substantial bigotry that banished Roger Williams is not so blameworthy as the superficial latitude that banishes Jesus Christ.

Happily, we are not driven to either extreme of spirit. If any man really wishes to work for the religious life of Malden, he will find one in our goodly variety of churches that without interfering with his liberty will give him a field for earnest and effective work. The Puritan never patronized the church, never felt that he was conferring a special favor on a minister by listening to him, never said that he should go to the house of God only when it was perfectly convenient. Oh, for the day when no man will think that he highly honors the church by attending its services! Oh, for the time when men will feel that the church is a necessity to any complete life! Oh, for a revival of the Puritan conception of the dignity of the church! Uniting their idea with an attractiveness, a breadth, a tenderness, we will perfect our forefathers in the use of a divine in-

stitution, and will clothe the modern Zion with a garment of strength and beauty.

As the Puritans did not give us the final thing in material and institutional life, so also they did not give us the final thing in theology. God had "provided some better thing for us." It is indeed difficult for us to imagine how sane and hearty men could have accepted the Puritan creed. That it was a huge blasphemy upon the Divine character, the intelligence of to-day freely grants. That it was bound in the end to lead to some severe and extreme reactions, seems now plain. But that the creed was held, and held in sincerity, history leaves no room for doubt. It made God a monster, Christ the victim of wrath, and man the choiceless puppet of Divine decrees. It was more anxious to save God's power than it was to save God's love. He was a Judge rather than a Father. All this appears in the great poem of Malden's pastor, Michael Wigglesworth. In the later years of the seventeenth century, this poem, called *The Day of Doom*, was the popular work of New England. In the early years of the nineteenth century aged persons could still repeat its terrible metres, that had been taught them together with their catechisms. It is to be questioned whether any other book in America ever met with such a sale, considering the number of the reading public. This success was not gained because the work was of matchless verse. The book only shows that Michael Wigglesworth *might* have been a poet under favoring circumstances and with a proper theme. What attracted the New England mind to the poem was its lurid creed. It paraded the harsher elements of truth, and made God a cold and resistless logician. Its treatment of the older and responsible persons who are brought before the great Judge is curdling enough. But its description of the infants appearing before God to be damned for the sin of Adam is the height of horror. The little ones plead for themselves, asking: —

"'How could we sin who had not bin?
or how is his sin our
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had a power?'"

But the Lord is represented as replying thus: —

"Then answered the Judge most dread:
'God doth such doom forbid,
That men should dy eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old *Adam's* fall,
and onely his Trespas,

You call amiss to call it his:
both his and yours it was.
. . . .
Had you been made in *Adam's* stead,
you would like things have wrought;
And so into the self-same wo
yourselves and yours have brought.'"

When the children plead for pardon the divine reply is: —

"'You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners may expect,
Such you shall have, for I do save
none but my own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who lived a longer time,
I do confess, yours is much less,
though every sin 's a crime.

"'A Crime it is; therefore in blis
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell.'
The glorious King thus answering,
they cease, and plead no longer:
Their Consciences must needs confes
his Reasons are the stronger."[1]

Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that some of you smile. But the smile will fade from your faces if you remember that the New England mother of the old time, clasping her child to her heart, held that theology in her mind and feared to have her wee one pass from her own kingdom into the kingdom of God. Ah, sometimes she must have left the torturing verse of Wigglesworth and crept away to the good Book to fondle lovingly the words of the blessed Master: "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." To put that awful phase of theology in reference to the damnation of infants into metre was much like framing a toad in silver or building a palace for a tiger.

All this will show that our forefathers did not reach the final thing in their theology. They had much that was excellent. Their reverence for the Bible, their sense of Divine authority, their infinite tributes to Christ, and the deep significance that they ascribed to the doctrines of rewards and punishments were all worthy of imitation.

[1] Corey, *History of Malden*, 224–229; Van Dyke, *God and Little Children*, 24.

The "free thoughtlessness" of our own era could well return to these features of early theology. But viewing the theology at its best, it was sadly defective. God had "provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." Over the awful cliffs of Divine power and justice, we need to grow the vines and flowers of Divine mercy and love, in order that men, while seeing the beauty of the Lord our God, may yet fear to cast themselves against the immovable rocks and make shipwreck of their souls.

Finally, it must be said that our Puritan forefathers were not perfect in their type of character. The hardness of their material surroundings, their conception of the church, their doctrine of theology, all worked out into a hardness of character. The gracious side of life did not appeal to them strongly. The biographer of Calvin makes the statement that the great theologian never once in his works mentions the beauties of God's world. Yet he lived a large part of his life in the region of Geneva, where Switzerland's skies are blue and her lakes mirror the stars and her bright streams dash from the mountains. But Calvin saw not these charms. His followers in New England were much like him in this respect. They learned with Christ to weep over cities and to scourge men from the temple, but they did not learn with Him to go to the glad feast or to dwell upon the beauties of the lily. Their ideals of life were grim and joyless. They were fearful of vanity and excess. They prohibited slashed clothes, laces of gold or silver or thread, embroideries and large sleeves. Ten years before Malden was founded, the Puritans had a day of fasting and prayer. One of the things against which they prayed was "Idleness." Yet it is said of them that "they worked sixteen hours a day, and for recreation laid stone walls."[1] Surely He who gave us "all things richly to enjoy" never intended that we should make our lives bare and cheerless. The sober and serious aspect of life we all realize. We may thank God that we can enter also into its genial and gay moods, and smile and laugh ourselves into rest from our toil.

But we shall be unwise if we reject the Puritan conception of conduct. We should merely perfect it. God has "provided a better thing for us," but we should have a care lest we make the better into a worse. We should call no man narrow who believes in simplicity of life. An Englishman said a few years ago that in respect of conduct the Methodists were the proper successors of the Puritans in America. Our people should feel complimented by the observation, and should try to make it more grandly true. Having rejected Puritan theology, we do well to keep certain Puritan characteristics. Was it not Macaulay who said that the Puritans objected to bear-

[1] Eliot, *American Contributions to Civilization*, 360.

baiting not so much because it hurt the bear as because it pleased the spectators? Macaulay's sarcasm had in it a serious truth. The saddest thing about bear-baiting was that it pleased the spectators, and the saddest thing about many modern forms of recreation is that they please the beholders. If we can take the Puritan's dutiful conception of living, purge it of its harshness and add to it the wholesome relish of delight, we shall have come near to "the better thing" that God has provided for us. God give us more men of this spirit! Men who do not pride themselves on vulgar show! Men who believe in plain living and high thinking! Men who live under a sense of duty and will bitterly fight all wrong! Men with whom conscience is supreme, and the fear of God the beginning and test of wisdom! Then shall we have taken the Puritan type of character and brought it on its way to perfection.

This, then, is the message of our anniversary. One of our local poets, whom the celebration has inspired, has represented the forefathers as mingling invisibly in our festivities. May they see nothing offensive to the old Puritanism as modified by life in the nearer presence of God! This same poet has offered the prayer that we might be as loyal as they. God grant that it may be so! The lines state our joy, our heritage, and our duty: —

"Fair City, rejoice, mid these jubilant throngs,
As thy children assemble to-day,
With pageants, and banners, and garlands, and songs,
Their tribute of honor to pay.
And among us yet others are standing unseen,
Sober-clad and of visage austere:
They have noiselessly come from their low tents of green
To partake of our festival cheer.

"O rugged forefathers and mothers, the years
Bring rich triumphs to crown your repose:
The vine in the wilderness planted with tears
Hath blossomed like Sharon's sweet rose.
God Unchanging, with us, as with them, be Thy grace;
Be our purpose as lofty and pure.
When beside them we lie, in our last resting-place,
May our mem'ry as nobly endure!"

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Henry O. Hiscox, *Pastor.*

CHURCH HISTORY.

An Abstract of a Sermon Preached by the Pastor at the Morning Service.

1 Samuel vii. 12. — Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

This was the text of the dedication sermon of the first meeting-house of this church in September, 1804.

It was the text that as a boy I used to read, graven in a mural tablet set in the exterior front wall of the Stanton Street Baptist meeting-house in New York City; preserved and reset in the Sunday-school wall of the new meeting-house, many years later, built on the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Lexington Avenue.

It is the cursory glance of faith in God over the things that have been, to strengthen the things that are. Such aids to faith are allowable and right, for they are the result of Christian experience produced through faith; and vitally, essentially, they become in themselves faith and the strength of faith.

The pathway of history impresses the thoughtful with its length and marvellous diversities. Viewed as the work of man, it is an incoherent speech, without consecutive meaning or clear expression; little calculated to win praise for humanity or inspire one with confidence in living. But viewed as the work of God, it is a constant testimony to His presence, His brooding care, His overruling strength; proving it always true that "the Lord hath helped us."

Confidence in God is not born of an individual consciousness alone; but it is attested by the consciousness of a generation, and supported by the facts of the generation, viewed in detail and interpreted by the generational spirit and tendency.

It is well, in the overlooking of two hundred and fifty years of communital life, that the church — that this church, — should look over some things civic and religious.

Two hundred and fifty years ago!

One wonders concerning the earliest periods of human history, and longs for a clear understanding of the long gone generation, — when there were giants, and, of old, men of renown, sons of God and daughters of men; when Enoch walked with God, and Methuselah lived his nine hundred and sixty-nine years; when there were great communities and mighty deeds, — evil and good striving together, and evil dominating. What were the manners and dress, houses and businesses, learning and, alas! religion, when Noah preached repent-

ance and righteousness for one hundred and twenty years, and built his remarkable three-storied cruiser? What about that sudden and terrible contraction of the stream of humanity into "eight souls," and the promise of God that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease"?

One wonders about Abram and the great city and people he left, and the peoples into whose midst he went; of the civilization in Babylon, Assyria, Tyre and Sidon, and Egypt. And what of the Western world, with which David trafficked, and the Eastern land, that marvelled at his glory and power? Literary peoples they were, all of them, as evidenced by modern discoveries, — crude, no doubt, in some ways; but not all things worth doing waited for the nineteenth century, nor did all evil wait its fulfilment till then.

We are more familiar with the glory of the Grecian Empire and her art and philosophy, and with the Roman Empire and her boundless ambition and masterful power; and we are somewhat familiar with the new religion that came almost with observation, the fulfilment of the Jewish religion and the ruin of the Roman power.

Two hundred and fifty years ago! In England, Oliver Cromwell (Old Ironsides), through political and social perplexities, was working out the stern and necessitous problems of pure religion. "Pride's Purge" in the House of Commons and the beheading of Charles I. were symptoms of the case, and means for reaching the end. In France, the ebullient "Fronde War," or "Child-Play," was in guise of severity giving respite to the realm between the two stern, severe teachers, Richelieu and Louis XIV. The power of Spain broken, her loss in the North a recognized fact, the "United Provinces" a living witness to the triumph of truth and religion, she was making terms with despised Holland. The Holy Inquisition was practically ended, of which Queen Isabella said: "In the love of Christ and His maid-mother, I have caused great misery and have depopulated towns, and districts, and provinces, and kingdoms." All over Europe there was a great renaissance; and the distinguishing feature, the inspiring cause, was religion.

In that day, the lands of the heathen were many; the islands of the seas were in savagery; and in civilized (!) countries slaves were everywhere held. Modern inventions have been born since then. The use of steam-engines was just beginning. More than one hundred and fifty years later, steam-vessels were but a realized fact; and at that day one would need to look forward one hundred and seventy-five years to see the first steam-railway train, a man on horseback riding in front of the train to keep the track free from obstructions.

And what of the Baptists?

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Malden was one of the spots on the shores of this land where men and women came seeking the blessings of civil and religious freedom. This impulse of the early immigrants should not be lost sight of; for it was that which gave flavor and tone to all they did, to their style of life, to the character of business, and to their relations with each other and the world.

Strange to say, persecuted and seeking liberty of conscience, with security, homes, and power, they themselves become persecutors, as Baptists and Quakers could attest.

Congregationalism being the established form of religion in Massachusetts, dissenters became victims of intolerant religious fixity.

Roger Williams, a man of conscience and of brilliant parts, was the first to introduce believers' baptism and organize a church on Baptist principles in this country. A graduate of the University of Cambridge and a pronounced Separatist, he left England in 1630, hoping for religious freedom of life and speech. He says: "God knows what gains and preferments I have refused in university, city, country, and court in Old England, and some in New England, to keep my soul undefiled in this point, and not act with doubtful conscience."

In Massachusetts Bay, citizenship depended upon membership in one of the established churches. Williams advocated separation of church and state; separation from an apostate church; absolute liberty of conscience in religion; and an annulment of the colony's charter, whereby King Charles presumed to give away the land of other people.

In this last there is food for reflection!

He was banished in January, 1636; through many hardships he reached Narragansett Bay, where he established the first colony or state established on Baptist principles, and called it Providence.

It would be impossible to estimate the debt of this country and the world to the impregnable position of Baptists and to this "forerunner," in these later times. Since that time the growth of the Baptists has been very considerable, under the blessing of God; and most of the gain has been made in the last seventy-five or one hundred years.

There are now in this country twenty-six thousand ministers, forty-three thousand churches, and thirty-eight thousand meeting-houses, with a seating capacity of twelve millions. The value of church property, eighty-four million dollars; and there are four millions of communicants.

But what of our own local church in these years?

In 1797, a few Baptists living in Malden, members of churches in Boston and Charlestown, had the first sermon preached to them by a Baptist minister. In 1800, five persons "joined together to maintain regular preaching." One Lois Tufts was the first person baptized; and two more soon followed, both from the Congregational church.

In 1803, Rev. Henry Pottle came to preach to the little company. Under his ministry some fifty converts were made; and in December of the same year "the First Baptist Church of Christ in Malden" was organized. In the following month they "partook of their first Lord's Supper, sixty-four being present." In September, 1804, the first Baptist meeting-house was dedicated. Since that time four more houses have been erected, two having been destroyed by fire, and one removed to make place for the present beautiful and commodious structure.

With house and people consecrated to the Master's cause, the present condition of the church is marked by latent strength, by ample privileges, and a large promise of usefulness. Over five hundred members have been received during the past six years; and the present enrolment is one thousand and seventy.

Devotion, self-sacrifice, and generosity have marked the years of the history of this church; and while many of the saints have passed on, we are still glad in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha S. Converse, by whose fidelity and service the present has largely been realized.

The Church of Jesus Christ is the salt of the earth, and shall season the whole for His acceptance. Forms and ceremonies pass away; and new statements come to fit new lives and conditions. Decadences and disappearances that are local mark the sure progress of the kingdom and give place for sturdier shoots from the same unfailing stock. Take your place; do your work; have part in the glorious achievement; and the same God who hath helped hitherto will both help and perfect and glorify.

Despite the heavy showers, which occurred at times during the latter part of the afternoon and in the evening, the auditorium of the church was crowded at the evening service. Special musical selections were given by the Temple Quartet of Boston and by the quartet and chorus of the church.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

An Abstract of a Sermon Preached by the Pastor at the Evening Service.

In the vestibule of our meeting-house is a beautiful marble tablet with this inscription : —

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.
BORN AUG. 9, 1788.
DIED APRIL 12, 1850.
MALDEN, HIS BIRTHPLACE.
THE OCEAN, HIS SEPULCHRE.
CONVERTED BURMANS, AND
THE BURMAN BIBLE,
HIS MONUMENT.
HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

At the time the four young men in college at Williamstown were behind the haystack in a neighboring field, offering their prayers to Almighty God and consecrating themselves to the gospel work in foreign lands, Adoniram Judson was completing his college course at Brown. About two years later, these five met and became acquainted in Andover Seminary, where the four had entered as candidates for the ministry, and where Judson, not yet a professing Christian, had been received by special arrangement. His religious impressions, received at home, fostered by the life and care of his father, the pastor of the Congregational church in Malden, where Adoniram was born, deepened by recent experiences in the world and the sad death of a comrade, — culminated in conversion and "a call" to be a missionary to the heathen.

The seminarial course completed, Judson applied to the Association of Congregational Churches, then meeting in Bradford, to be sent as their missionary. This resulted in the formation by the association of "The Board of Commissioners [of the Congregational Churches] for Foreign Missions," the first association for such a purpose in America. February 5, 1812, he was married to Miss Ann Hasseltine, and on the next day he was ordained. On February 19, with his wife, he embarked from Salem, Massachusetts, for Calcutta.

During the prolonged voyage he gave himself to a special study of the Bible, expecting to meet and labor near certain English Baptist missionaries, and hoping to be able to refute their Baptistic holdings and beliefs. Instead of being able to strengthen his views, he was convinced that they were wrong; and conscience and the Bible

compelled him to become a Baptist. On arriving at Calcutta he and his wife were baptized, and severed their connection with the board that sent them out. News of this change being heralded in America, the Baptists, by delegates, formed a "General Missionary Convention for Foreign Missions," and henceforth they supported Mr. Judson in his work.

Being expelled from India by the government, after some adventures and many mishaps, Mr. Judson found himself and wife on a vessel bound to Rangoon, Burmah. He immediately adopted the Burmans as his in the Lord, and gave the rest of his life in work for them.

His unremitting labors, his sufferings in the death-prisons of Ava and Oung-pen-la, the heroic fidelity of his wife in the midst of miseries and tortures untold, his bodily endurances of sickness and privation, — all tell the story of a life upheld by faith in God and love for poor humanity that has not been excelled, and but rarely equalled. Years passed before he gained one convert. Seven years passed before he ventured to preach to a Burman audience, delaying that when he preached his familiarity with the language might make him competent to answer any doubts or cavillings. Amid incessant labors, he toiled at a translation of the Bible in the Burmese language. This he completed twenty-one years after landing at Rangoon, and then spent six years in its revision. At the end of thirty-three years, enfeebled in body and having buried wife and children, at the insistence of the board at home, he sailed for America, with his second wife, the widow of the late missionary, George Dana Boardman. On the voyage she died, and was buried at St. Helena.

Judson tarried in America for nine months only, and returned to four years more of labor. On a sea voyage for recovery from illness, he died, and was buried in the ocean.

All the foreign-mission effort of the churches in America is due under God to Mr. Judson's persistent determination to preach to a heathen people. Who can estimate the reflex influence upon the churches, in their home work, resulting from this enlargement of their faith and hope of "the heathen for His inheritance"?

Among the Burmans, more than seven thousand have been baptized, and hundreds more have died in the faith. There are sixty-three churches, and nearly two hundred missionaries and teachers. Deep down in the Burman heart the light of God's truth and salvation is shining.

Mr. Judson exemplified the power of Christian faith and of personal consecration, under the most fearful trials and tormenting distresses. Only the grace of God could have given endurance to any mortal placed as he was. A man of prayer, he remains one of the heroes and martyrs of the church.

THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Rev. Richard Neagle, *Rector*.

At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Pleasant Street, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10.30 A.M. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. John J. Coan, treasurer of St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, a former resident of Malden; and the deacon was the Rev. Hugh J. Cleary, a native of Malden. The Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey and the Rev. William J. Casey, resident assistants of the parish, officiated as subdeacon and master of ceremonies, respectively. The Rev. Richard Neagle, Permanent Rector of the church, was present in the sanctuary.

The music was rendered by the regular church choir, Mozart's famous Mass being sung, and by the boys' sanctuary choir, which sang the responses.

After the gospel, the Rev. Thomas Scully, P.R., of Cambridge, a former pastor of the church, 1863–1867, ascended the pulpit and preached the anniversary sermon.

SERMON BY THE REV. THOMAS SCULLY.

Acts vi. 7. — And the word of the Lord increased, and the number of disciples multiplied in Jerusalem exceedingly.

Dearly Beloved Brethren: — I appreciate most highly the honor I have of addressing you on this happy occasion, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of your city. After an absence of thirty-two years I come to you at the urgent request of your beloved pastor, to add my voice to the chorus of congratulations and well-merited praise which this jubilee celebration calls forth from the citizens of Malden, and to join with you in praising and thanking Almighty God for the spiritual and temporal favors which He has bestowed upon you.

Malden is, indeed, to be congratulated on her growth and her prosperity. From a town of a few inhabitants she has developed into the large and flourishing municipality which we see to-day, with its happy, comfortable homes, its many schools, and its centres of busy industrial life. This vigorous and healthy growth is to be attributed, under a benign Providence, to the energy and industry of the people of this city, but still more, I think, to the beautiful union and good-will which binds together the citizens of Malden, both Protestants and Catholics, for the defence of good order and public morality, and for

the promotion of honest government and industrial success. As citizens of this beautiful and enterprising city, you have good reason to be proud; and it is right that your wise and zealous pastor has joined your hands and hearts with your fellow-citizens, to make the great jubilee what it should be, a grand manifestation of the union of Malden's citizens, — a union that has been the source of so much good in the past, and that is rich in its promise of greater good in the future.

As Catholics, too, you have good reason to rejoice and to be proud on this occasion; for the development and progress of your city has been accompanied by a corresponding development and progress of Catholicity among you. And while the freedom, the order, the prosperity which you enjoy have had no small share in bringing about the marvellous growth of our church in this city, at the same time we do not hesitate to say that the Catholic Church has done much to produce the happy and prosperous condition of the city of which you are so proud. No state, no city of our Union, could attempt a true and worthy celebration commemorative of its honorable career without generously recording its indebtedness to the intellectual, industrial, patriotic, and religious life of its Catholic citizens.

It is the thought of the undying life of the Catholic Church which should be uppermost in our minds to-day, the great festival of Pentecost. For on the first Christian Pentecost our church began its work in the world. The church was established by Jesus Christ for the purpose of carrying on to the end of time the work of teaching and sanctification which He began. It was to go into the whole world, to make known His doctrines to all nations, to impart to men's souls the supernatural life of grace, and thus make them worthy to share in the glory won for them by the shedding of His blood. "Going into the whole world," He said to His chosen Apostles, "preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Having intrusted to His church this high mission, Jesus Christ bestowed upon it all that was needed to execute His commands. To His Apostles and their successors He gave His own authority. "As the Father hath sent Me," He said to them, "so I send you." And again: "He that heareth you, heareth Me." They were to preach His doctrine, in His name and with His authority. And that it might never teach aught but His truth, He promised to it His own unfailing assistance: "Behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world;" and He promised to send it the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, to abide with it forever.

To carry on the mission of sanctification Christ left with His church His Sacraments, those outward signs which were to be the channels of divine grace, by which sins were to be forgiven and super-

natural life was to be nourished and made strong. Moreover, Christ gave to His church an indivisible unity by choosing one of His Apostles to be its visible head. To this Apostle He said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church;" "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven;" "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep."

In union with Peter, the other Apostles formed the teaching and ruling body of the church, and only in union with Peter's successor, the Bishop of Rome, were the successors of the other Apostles to exercise this office. On Peter and his successors Christ bestowed the power and prerogatives which He had given to His church as a whole. The occupant of Peter's chair was to possess supreme authority as teacher and ruler of the church, and his teaching voice was to announce with infallible certainty the truths which had been divinely revealed.

The church thus constituted as a visible society of men on earth, with Peter as its head, endowed with infallible teaching authority, and possessing the means of sanctifying souls, was to remain on earth to the end of time.

The promises of Christ never fail, and He has promised to be with His church even to the consummation of the world. Built by Him on Peter, the rock, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And that it might possess this undying life, He sent to His church, on the tenth day after his ascension, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, of holiness, and of life, who was to remain in its bosom forever, guiding it in its mission of teaching and sanctifying mankind, and preserving it from all error, and imparting to it His own Divine life.

Armed with these powers, and confiding in these promises, the Church of Christ, on the morning of Pentecost, faced the world in order to win it to God. Peter preached to the multitudes gathered in Jerusalem, and at his words thousands accepted the yoke of Christ. The apostles preached in the streets and in the synagogues the message of salvation through Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and in a short time "the word of the Lord increased, and the number of the disciples was multiplied in Jerusalem exceedingly." From Jerusalem and Judea the infant church went forth into every part of the known world delivering its message of truth and salvation to the peoples of all nations, and all tongues, and everywhere the word of the Lord increased and the number of the disciples was multiplied.

In vain did the power of Rome attempt its destruction. The blood of its thousands of martyrs but added to its strength and hastened its progress. The Roman Empire itself, at length, bowed before the Cross of Christ, and acknowledged the truth and authority

of the church. And, when that empire fell, and the vigorous people from the north formed new nations within its provinces, the Church of Christ went out to meet them, won them to the truth, and through her scholars, her monks, and her saints made of them the powerful civilized nation of Christian Europe. This triumph was not achieved without a struggle. At every period of her history the onward march of Christ's church has been opposed by the world. The Master had foretold this. The world would hate His church because it was not of the world. And so in the beginning all the force of Pagan error, vice, and superstition was directed against the religion of the Crucified. Then came the heresies to prevent her teachings, and schisms to destroy her unity, and the efforts of emperors, kings, princes to make her the subservient tool of their passions, and scandals among her children; but the church lived on, faithfully discharging the mission intrusted to her. No hostile power could destroy her, for she is indestructible. Her enemies may bar her progress for a time, here and there, may drive her at times from one field to another, but sooner or later they must yield before her. "Have confidence," said Christ to His Apostles, when foretelling the persecutions and trials of His church. "Have confidence; I have overcome the world." The history of nineteen hundred years is a record of continuous struggle between the church and the world, and the fulfilment of Christ's promise, "The gates of hell shall not prevail." The church has learned the one word, "conquer," from the Divine founder, and knows not defeat. Nothing is more certain than that the life of the Catholic Church cannot be destroyed, and every human institution opposed to her will fall.

When in the Providence of God the New World was discovered a new field was opened to the ceaseless activity of the Catholic Church. She sent her missionaries from Catholic Spain and Catholic France, and long before Protestant colonization of these shores began, the Catholic faith was preached and Catholic missions were founded here in America. It was the beginning of a growth and an expansion of the church as marvellous as that which the Old World had witnessed. There were difficulties to be faced, there were persecutions to be endured, especially in the English Protestant colonies, yet the hand of God so shaped events that those difficulties were overcome, those persecutions ceased, and in the genial atmosphere of American freedom the old church has displayed so much vitality and has attained so large a growth as to be a cause of wonder to the world. This is indeed the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes.

With the advent of American Independence the Catholic Church of the United States began to organize her hierarchy. In 1789, Pope Pius VI. founded the see of Baltimore with John Carroll as its bishop. In 1808, Pius VII. erected the Boston see, and John de Cheverus was

St. Mary's Catholic T. A. Society

PURITANS AND INDIANS

consecrated its first bishop. His pastorate embraced all New England. Two priests assisted him in administering to his scattered flock of a few hundred people, and the Catholic Indians of Maine. To-day the Catholic Church of New England counts one archbishop, seven bishops, and over fifteen hundred churches and chapels, thirteen hundred and forty-seven priests, and at least one million five hundred and fifty thousand regular church attendants.

Who were they through whom God has exalted His church here in our own country, especially in New England?

Not the rich, nor the powerful, nor the influential; but the poor, persecuted, downtrodden children of Catholic Ireland. The tyranny of England had made use of every means which hatred and cruelty would devise to force the Irish people to abandon their faith. But, though robbed of their goods, though reduced to want and starvation, though hounded even to death, they never wavered in their loyalty to their church. Their faith was to them a treasure to be kept at the cost of every earthly possession. It is now more than half a century since they began to leave their native land in large numbers to escape British tyranny. They brought with them no riches but their strong arms and willing hearts, but they brought pure and untarnished that faith which had been tried so severely. Through them and their children God has caused His church to flourish on American soil. They are now numbered by millions, and this broad land is filled with the monuments of their faith.

In the early days of Irish immigration to this country, a few of the immigrants who had settled in Malden and the adjoining towns of Medford, Melrose, Wakefield, North Reading, Stoneham, and the greater part of what is now Everett, were organized into a parish, and the Rev. John Ryan was appointed by Bishop Fitzpatrick to be their pastor.

Forty-six years ago this holy, learned, and zealous Irish priest gathered the few Catholics of his flock into a small hall in Malden. In 1854, Father Ryan had collected sufficient money from his generous congregation to partly purchase this valuable property, and on Christmas Day of that year celebrated Mass in the basement of this church, as originally designed, and dedicated the parish to the special protection of the Immaculate Mother of God. The arduous work of a large and scattered mission soon told on the health of Father Ryan. To attempt in those days to build a brick church in a country parish was too difficult an undertaking. The Catholics were few and poor. He lived, however, to see the church built, but heavily in debt. Father Ryan was a true shepherd of his flock and a brave soldier of the Cross. He was a safe leader and prudent counsellor of his people in the distressing days of Know-nothing bigotry. His long and severe

infirmities did not prevent him from going long journeys at night to administer to the dying the consolation of the Holy Sacraments. He died, honored and revered by his fond people, February 26, 1863.

Thirty-six years ago, the first week of March, 1863, I was sent by the bishop to Malden to succeed Father Ryan, and I remained here until May, 1867, when I was ordered to go to Cambridgeport to organize a new parish. My four years of pastorate in Malden were years of peace, contentment, and happiness, and I have regarded them as among the happiest of my life. I came to Malden from the war, where I had served as chaplain to the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment. I had spiritual charge of all the towns embraced within the original limits of the parish. I said Mass every Sunday and Holyday in South Reading, now Wakefield, and in this church. Nearly all have passed away who then came here Sunday after Sunday, and are now, I trust, with the blessed in heaven. Their children and their children's children are here, true to the religious principles of their fathers, proudly professing their faith, and generously supporting the works of their holy religion. Nothing could be more generous than the aid given me by the fathers of many families here in endeavoring to straighten out the legal and financial entanglements of the parish property. What changes in these thirty-two years! Where I was alone there are now laboring seventeen priests; and the little flock of those days has swelled to thirty thousand souls or more.

My successor was Rev. John McShane. His stay was short, as was that of Rev. Michael Carroll, who came after him. In 1868, the Rev. Thomas Gleason became pastor, and remained here until 1882. During his pastorate the parish developed rapidly. Houses arose on all sides and fields gave way to streets. The number of parishioners increased greatly, requiring the appointment of two assistants to the pastor. Father Gleason enlarged the church, built a new parochial residence, and made many improvements. But his greatest work was the establishment of the school of this parish, in which the children receive the priceless blessing of a good Catholic education.

In 1884, Rev. Michael Flatley took charge of the parish. This good priest lived here for twelve years, and I can safely say he lived in the hearts of his beloved people. He was kind, gentle, and charitable. His love for the beauty of God's house made him undertake the task of renovating and decorating the whole interior of the church. Like his immediate predecessor, he loved children and built for them a splendid brick schoolhouse, with a large hall and well-furnished class-rooms. Under his direction the Total Abstinence Society became one of the most flourishing in the Archdiocesan Union. Realizing the necessity of erecting another church and school on the other side of the railroad, he secured a valuable property for that pur-

pose. In the very prime of life he died suddenly, lamented not only by Malden, but by the archdiocese, to which he was an honor because he was a model priest.

I will not pretend to speak of your present worthy pastor, who came to you shortly after the death of Father Flatley. God knows that the wish of my heart is that he may live to celebrate amongst you and your children the golden jubilee of his priesthood.

It is pleasing to me that after this long separation of thirty-two years I can come back once more to my first parish, where still live some of my beloved and best friends, and find as my successor, Father Neagle, a learned, zealous priest, and patriotic American citizen, whose brave Irish father, my comrade in the Civil War, died on the battlefield in defence of the Union and for the honor of its flag. The parish debt has been reduced fifty thousand dollars since he became your pastor, while religious fervor has increased.

Carry away with you from this grand celebration of Malden's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary deep sentiments of love of country and thankfulness to God for the peace, happiness, prosperity, and freedom that you enjoy.

Value your membership in the Catholic Church as more precious than the whole world, as it is your union with Jesus Christ. Let your lives be in accord with her teaching, — sober, honest, truthful, and modest, — that you may be worthy to celebrate for all eternity with Jesus Christ and His Saints your own triumph hereafter in heaven.

THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEARTS.

Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, *Pastor.*

At the Church of the Sacred Hearts, Main Street, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated, the officiating clergymen being the pastor and his assistants, the Rev. Timothy J. Holland and the Rev. Jeremiah J. Lyons.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Denis J. Sullivan of West Lynn, formerly assistant at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden. The subject of the sermon was *Growth Towards God;* and the text was from Matt. vi. 33: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his glory." The preacher congratulated his former home upon the occasion of its celebration, and said the city should be proud of its eminent exemplars of trusteeism in wealth and of its high types of manhood, both lay and clerical. The people should rejoice because of their spiritual and temporal prosperity; and the sermon was con-

cluded by a fervent expression of the speaker's wishes for a continuance of those blessings and for that better growth that leads towards God. A special musical program was sung by the choir.

MAPLEWOOD METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. John R. Cushing, *Pastor.*

ADDRESS BY THE PASTOR.

Matt. v. 14. — A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

The long expected hour, radiant everywhere with preparations for this commemorative day, is here. Let us worship and give thanks while we recount in concise speech the glorious record of His leadership.

At first, I wish to bear my appreciative testimony to the solid worth of that splendid work of art and love, the *History of Malden*, by Mr. Corey. Its thorough scholarship, its indefatigable research, with authoritative reference and quotation, its fidelity to fact, its careful discrimination of material, its purity of language and eloquence of diction, together with its loyalty to the spirit of our fathers, entitles its author to the highest local honors in this Feast of Days. Let me pick out, here and there, a picture of those historic epochs, around which cluster the events which have made us what we are.

The first picture that attracts our attention is that of Pioneer Life. The early settlers had a hard struggle with the new conditions of life. Whether at Jamestown or at Plymouth or Providence, it was a story of endurance and privations, which at times grew pathetic. The founders of our town were men and women of hardy stock, simple ways, limited education, but strong religious convictions. The tale of their ways, weaknesses, worth, and wealth will always be both fascinating and instructive.

Their homes had little in them to attract the newly married couples of to-day. One of them is lifted into everlasting remembrance because it "had a cubbord and bedstead in it." Nor ought we to forget that there was a time when the cheap house-builder had not appeared. Your pastor spent four years of his early life in Shrewsbury, in a house then known to be one hundred and fifty years old, whose oaken timbers of twelve by sixteen inches in dimension turned modern nails when a few repairs were made. The ridge-pole of that house was larger than any timber in our modern dwellings.

How little our ancestors knew of the beautiful in music, painting, or sculpture, or of the treasures their fathers had left in the museums

and galleries of the old world. Our historian refers to "the destitution of æsthetic sense," — to the "few tunes which they painfully sung in a high and unnatural key in the dreary meeting-houses which matched the tunes they sung."

But their hearts were as true as steel; for we read that the small-pox had raged among the Indians, that they died by the hundreds; and the names of Elias Maverick and his wife are mentioned, who buried thirty bodies in one day. It is said that they, with others, went among the sick and dying, "exhorting them in the name of the Lord." Later we read that they were the ancestors of the selfish, cruel, unprincipled men, the treaty makers and the treaty breakers of our modern life, whose wrongs done to the innocent and helpless Indian races are an everlasting blot upon our civilization.

"Alas! for them — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry."

Bishop Whipple says in his preface to H. H. Jackson's *Century of Dishonor:* "It may be doubted whether one single treaty [made with the Indians] has ever been fulfilled as it would have been if it had been made with a foreign power."

Look now upon a sweeter scene, — The Founding of a Church. The first requisite to a town government was the founding of a church, "for in it lay the roots of all secular as well as ecclesiastical authority." Out of the church came the town and the state. Church members alone could vote and hold office. William Sargeant and students from Cambridge preached to the scattered flock in 1648; but May 11, 1649, O. S., marked a new epoch in our civic life; for the agreement of the inhabitants was ratified by the General Court, and the men of Mystic Side were "granted to be a distinct towne, & the name thereof to be called Mauldon."

And now begins a painful and, at times, a pathetic story of conflicting opinions, stubbornly defended, of heartburnings, troubles, and schism, illustrating the truth that a man believing himself to be conscientiously right, like Saul, who verily thought he was doing God's service when he persecuted the church of God, is the worst antagonist and the most bitter foe in the world. I fear that a few of those old mantles have fallen upon modern shoulders. The men who sigh for "the good old times" do not know for what they pray. May the Lord forgive their ignorance. The former days were *not* better than

these. Nor was the piety of our ancestors one whit more pure or spiritual than our own. On the contrary, they lived in the type and shadow of Old Testament doctrines and teachings. Their inner life was darkened by their conception of God, and their thoughts "seemed to have been set in a minor key." As Mr. Corey remarks, "Even the hopes or certainties of a blessed immortality were transmuted in the alembic of their gloomy minds into denunciations of wrath to the children of men." No wonder that a revolt from the stern Calvinism of those ancient days appeared about one hundred years later in Methodism (1766), Universalism (1770), the doctrines of the Free Will Baptists (1780), and the Unitarian forms of religious thought (1785–1815).

The First Church of Malden contended for the independence of the churches. "Its members asserted the freedom of individual thought, limited by conscience and the Word of God." The names that appear upon the records of the church of our beloved town are worthy of high honor: Marmaduke Matthews, Michael Wigglesworth, Joseph Emerson, Peter Thacher, Adoniram Judson, and Gilbert Haven, — men whose names and influence can never die.

The third picture is The Country School. The glory of our New England life is found in the fact that church and school go hand in hand. It was a happy thought to reproduce that ancient structure upon the High School grounds, as an object lesson to Young America.

My first experience in swinging the pedagogic birch was in a similar house at the head of Lake George. Standing in the centre of the room one might almost touch every pupil in the school. One grows sad in the remembrance of the poverty of time and appliances of the old-time school.

Next come to us pictures of The Country Town. The evolution of the town from "an uncouth wilderness" brought the usual accompaniments of civic life. The public house, or tavern, with its sometimes unsavory record; the licensing to sell "bread and beare;" the town-meeting, — a school for rising applicants for public honors and office; training-days and husking-bees; "raisings" and ordinations; all played their part in forming colonial life.

One item of information is given in the *History of Malden*, which may be as new to some in this congregation as to me. In 1767, there were found thirteen negroes who were reckoned as a part of the valuation of the town. "There were forty-eight negroes in Malden in 1764–65," says our historian, "many of whom were slaves." It seems that "slavery was here from the beginning, and remained under the protection of the law until after the Revolutionary period." Under the date of May 18, 1663, is found an order of the General Court relative to the servant of Job Lane, who had been found guilty of

"running from his master;" and in 1667, a negro boy is sold to Job Lane. The world does move, but slowly.

Now look upon a fifth picture, one of Loyalty. I quote freely from the *History of Malden*. The Boston Massacre had come and the country was aflame. "At length, November 2, 1772, Samuel Adams, standing on the floor of Faneuil Hall, offered that celebrated motion which, in the words of a recent writer, 'gave visible shape to the American Revolution, and endowed it with life and strength.'" On January 5, 1773, the men of Malden met to consider a circular letter addressed by the citizens of Boston to their brethren, and "their own duties in this crisis." Said the letter, "It is more than time to be rid of both tyrants and tyranny." The men of Malden answered, "With our best blood and treasure;" and to their representative they said: "It is our firm, our deliberate resolution, rather to risque our lives & fortunes than to submit to these unrighteous acts of the British Parliament." Then appears in the records a series of patriotic papers, — "a series of which Malden may well be proud to her latest day."

As a spot upon the brightness of this patriotic picture, let me call attention to the survival of a species of *genus homo* which, it is believed, has left our city for the city's good. He was known in Revolutionary days as "Tory." Later, in the time of the Civil War he was called "Copperhead." In Cleveland's time his sobriquet was "Mugwump," while in our own day he is recognized as an "Anti-imperialist." But the breed is all the same. The Grand Army of the Republic does not hesitate to call him "Traitor;" and a veteran of the Grand Army ought to know the article when he sees it.

Every boy who has studied the history of the United States knows that one of the principal causes of the Revolution was the enactment of the Stamp Act by the British Parliament in 1765. The colonists were terribly indignant; and, not being represented in Parliament, they took the ground that "taxation without representation is tyranny." The day appointed for the act to go into effect was universally observed as a day of mourning. Bells were tolled and funeral processions were everywhere. Great meetings, and great speeches by Samuel Adams, James Otis, Patrick Henry, and John Adams aroused the people and alarmed the British government. The repeal of the Stamp Act followed, and there was a great rejoicing. In Malden, the Tory element rallied its forces, and by vote the town refused to "pay for the powder spent at the Rejoyceing for the Repeal of the Stamp Act."

Time fails us to tell of the parts played in those stirring days by the army and the navy and the men whom Malden gave to that heroic

struggle. Waters and Thacher and others, and earlier in civic life, Joseph Hills and John Wayte are the names of the leaders whom memory will not willingly let die. All honor to these fathers of our city and commonwealth. Their memories are immortal. For what they were and what they did, we meet to-day to do them reverence. Ages hence shall repeat their story, even as we now recall Thermopylæ and Marathon.

The courage, the self-denial, the endurance, and the faith of our fathers had their sources in the word and truth of God; and they obediently followed the pillar of His leadership.

We have spoken of the beginnings of church life. Here the history of our own church ought to be noted, for it was the first organization in East Malden, and the third of the Methodist Episcopal societies in the town.

The first meeting was held by Father James Blodgett, a Methodist local preacher, in the year 1837, at Linden in a private house, occupied by Mr. Samuel Burrell, on Salem Street, near Beach Street. During the winter of 1839–40, a great revival followed, reaching most of the families in this part of Malden. In 1840, thirty-five of these converts joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the centre. Among them was Mrs. Lydia Reagh, who organized, in 1843, the first Sunday-school held in Maplewood. Joseph Cheever was superintendent; but for some unknown reason the school was not long-lived. In 1850, a second attempt was made in the schoolhouse built on the spot where the present Grammar-School building stands. Sanford B. French was the first superintendent, and Wilbur F. Haven was the second.

Preaching services were begun by local preacher Staples of Lynn. He was followed by Rev. Edward Otheman of Chelsea, and he in turn by local preachers Blodgett and Poole of Lynn, who alternated in preaching. These brethren started and completed the movement to build a Methodist Episcopal Church on the spot where the present edifice stands. On April 7, 1857, the original proposition was made and signed by Joshua Webster, William R. Fernald, and James F. Eaton, looking to giving land and building a meeting-house. The deed of Webster and Fernald was signed May 15, 1857; and the church was probably organized between the above dates. The building committee consisted of Silas Anderson, William R. Fernald, Edward Fuller, George Barker, and John Everson.

The church edifice was dedicated in 1858. In 1861, it was destroyed by fire; and it was rebuilt in 1863, during the pastorate of Rev. L. P. Frost. During the winter and spring of 1889–90, under the pastorate of Rev. Seth C. Cary, this latter chapel was raised, new vestries added, an organ-loft built and the main auditorium renovated,

St. Mary's Catholic T. A. Society

FLOAT

new pews put in, and extensive repairs made at a cost of about fifty-five hundred dollars.

The Ladies' Aid Society was organized by Mrs. Lydia Reagh, president, Mrs. Henry Oliver, and Mrs. Jane Fuller for the purpose of furnishing the first church. Their successors in honor and office have done a great work. Mrs. E. E. Buckminster was president for several years, and Mrs. Evelyn M. Campbell, the present presiding officer, has held that position for about eighteen years. In February, 1899, this society purchased the pipe-organ which is now in the church.

Among the names of the class-leaders who have served the church at various times, I find those of James Blodgett, William J. Buckminster, John A. Spofford, and Levi W. Rockwell; while those of Edward Fuller, Charles H. Wise, Arthur Bayrd, Samuel Jordan, Thomas Reagh, Edward T. Rawley, Fred H. Towns, and Moses Holbrook appear among the trustees, the latter having been president of the board for several years.

The pastors who have served the church, in addition to those already named are: —

Erastus O. Haven, 1858.
H. P. Andrews, 1861.
Wesley C. Sawyer, 1865.
John W. Hamilton, 1868–69.
C. C. Wilbor, 1871.
Isaac H. Packard, 1874.
Charles N. Smith, 1876–77.
R. W. Allen, 1878.
J. H. Emerson, 1881–83.
Seth C. Cary, 1887–89.
J. White McCammon, 1892.
L. W. Adams, 1894–95.
Charles H. Sewell, 1859–60.
L. P. Frost, 1862–64.
Stephen Cushing, 1866–67.
James Trask, 1870.
R. W. Copeland, 1872–73.
Charles Young, 1875.
George H. Clarke, 1876–77.
S. L. Rodgers, 1879–80.
Joseph Candlin, 1884–86.
James W. Fulton, 1890–91.
Henry L. Wriston, 1892–93.
John R. Cushing, 1896–

Let us now consider, for a moment, some of our advantages and responsibilities as "citizens of no mean city."

The advantages of country life to a physical constitution have rarely been questioned. A farmer's life for a boy seems theoretically ideal. Pure air, green fields, wholesome food, simple habits, good homes, few excitements, all tend to the development of the sound body for the sound mind that is to be. But, when childhood days are gone, there is no field for discipline, or action, or enjoyment like the city.

When Robinson Crusoe was *alone* on his far-famed island, he could go to bed when he pleased, with his boots on or off. He could do his washing on Wednesday just as well as on Monday; eat his breakfast at night and his dinner the next morning, or *vice versa;*

and nobody cared. But when his man Friday appeared, the situation was completely changed. There were mutual rights that must be respected; duties that must be reciprocated; and laws, written or unwritten, that must be obeyed.

The civilization of our fathers was simple; ours is complex. The *old* civilization was individualistic; the *new* is collective. That was the age of homespun; this is the age of the factory. Then men were independent; now they are dependent. The typical family then was a little world in itself; now the world is rapidly becoming a great family.

New adjustments bring new duties. As a town grows from forty persons to forty thousand, the problems in the one case are wholly unlike the other. Our city is an illustration in point. First, the settlement; then, the church; then, the school. Allotments and taxes follow. Then the courts, registration of deeds, highways, police, town crier and tithingman, sewers, libraries, works of art, transportation, provision for the sick and the poor and the dead, and the long list of industrial, municipal, and national adjustments which marks the growth of a settlement, a town, a city, a state, a nation.

Consider the advantage of mutual helpfulness. One alone cannot well build a church or carry on a school. One cannot build a bridge or launch a ship. Note the resources in our city for the enrichment of every life within it: libraries; literary associations; art and architecture; the best means and models for the cultivation of the intellect; the study of wise benevolence; and the inspiration of spiritual attainments, — facilities inadequately found in the ordinary country life. Hither throng the ablest men and women of the land, famous in their varied professions. Here are culture and refinement at their highest mark.

The city is the storehouse of the country's capital. Here are settled the great questions of policy and politics, trade and transportation, fashion and finance, books and business, press and post, navy and nation, streets and schools, vice and virtue, crime and criminals, that confront the world.

The best of everything, and the worst as well, flows to the city as water runs downhill. Here the intellectual powers find great stimulus. Men learn without study, becoming educated by induction, as it were. Here the individual is developed insensibly by the intelligence which floats upon the air he breathes. He grows dextrous and self-relying. He acquires tact and shrewdness by personal contact with men and things.

Hence the responsibilities of dwellers in cities become momentous. The press, the politicians, and the pulpits of the city largely control the country. The churches of the city are indeed lights in the world.

They ought to be world-models as well. They are sacredly bound, in the divine economy, to be first in every holy enterprise, the most intelligent, the most liberal promoters of every good work. How else can we explain the fact that God has sent hither vast peoples?

Take the city of New York for example, where there are sixty thousand Italians, forty thousand countrymen of John Huss, thousands of Chinese, to say nothing of the Irish, French, Dutch, and Scandinavians. Why are they here? Let history answer. God called Israel out of Egypt. He inspired the heart of Columbus. He sent a Vermont missionary to Manila a year ago; and He holds us responsible for the opportunities at our very doors. These nations are His children. They are here to build with us the commonwealth of the twentieth century. They are here to be Americanized. They are here, not to destroy our Christianity, but to be evangelized by its power. "To whom much is given, of him shall be much required."

This is not the time to discuss methods of work; but it is a time to look the future fairly in the face as citizens of a Christian city, and to pray mightily for the enduement of power from on High. The Methodist Episcopal Church faces the century with the cry, "Two million souls and two million eagles in the next three years!" Nothing like it was ever heard before. No battle-shout of ancient knight ever rang out its challenge more triumphantly than do our leaders this day. Brethren, let us stand together for our part in the conquest of this world for Christ. Then shall our translation be peaceful, serene, and bright from this "city of homes" to our home in that city whose maker and builder is God.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).

REV. FREDERICK EDWARDS, *Rector.*

THE two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, falling on Whitsunday, was observed in this church with services appropriate to the ecclesiastical and civic occasion. The church was decorated within and without in red and white, the colors of Whitsuntide, relieved by wreaths and festoons of laurel. The chancel was hung with banners, on which were painted seals commemorative of the civil and religious history of the day. These were as follows: the seals of the city of Malden, of old Maldon, of the county of Essex in England, of Massachusetts, of England, and of the United States. On the ecclesiastical side were the emblems of St. Paul and the Trinity, and the seals of the Bishop of Massachusetts, the Choir Guild, and the archbishop-

rics of York and Canterbury. Back of the altar was a dorsal of ferns, sprayed with white stocks, against which flamed vases of red and yellow tulips and carnations.

The service in the morning consisted of Morning Prayer and the celebration of the Holy Communion, the musical portion of which was of a high order and was most effectively rendered. The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Cunningham, vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, England.

In the afternoon, there was a service for the children, with appropriate music and recitations. An original paper — *A Sunday Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago* — was read by Miss Edith James, and an historical address, of which a brief abstract is here given, was delivered by William B. de las Casas, senior warden of the church.

SERMON.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, D.D.

Vicar of Great St. Mary's, and Fellow of Trinity College, England.

Hebrews xi. 10. — A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

On the other great festivals in the Christian Year we call to mind some of the events in the life of our Divine Lord when He sojourned on earth: His birth, as on Christmas Day; His resurrection on the first Easter; and His ascension into Heaven. But on Whitsunday we thank God for His unspeakable gift, — for that living Spirit which carries on in all places and for all ages the work which Jesus Christ accomplished in the little land of Judea long ago. His sacred Presence there *convinced* of sin: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," said St. Peter; the convicted accusers of the sinful woman slunk out one by one, while His gaze was averted. They dared not face it. And He convinced of righteousness, too: He spoke as one having authority; He had the words of eternal life. And that divine power is working still; it is not a thing of the past. The power of the world to come was brought by Him to bear on men's hearts and lives; and still through His Spirit the same work is done; the old truth comes home from time to time with intense force. Through God's Spirit we may all experience the same sense of guilt before God and the Son, and the Power of God to save, as was burnt into the very soul of the weeping Magdalene or the penitent thief by the words of the Incarnate God.

Whitsunday is the pledge of God's power to give all men and all races the same opportunities of personal religious experiences as were

vouchsafed to those who companied with our Lord long ago. This festival ought to make us feel the need and the duty of attaining to deep personal conviction, like that of St. John, or St. Peter, or St. Paul, since God has given us the opportunity. We are so apt to forget the importance of personal religion, personal conviction, personal faith. We need to cultivate a horror of sin as a contagion we guard our own minds against, and a sense of our own infinite littleness in the presence of God. Our religion is so apt to be a set of opinions that we feel to be useful maxims for society, important ingredients in civilization, etc., or an adjunct, like good manners, that is an appropriate habit to wear among men, to a Christian community. But whenever we lose the sense of personal religious needs, and cease to make personal efforts after religious progress, there is a danger lest our religion should become mere formalism, — a formal acquiescence in principles or practices that have no power. There was need to protest against the spirit of formalism in England under Elizabeth and the Stuarts, as the Puritans did. But the danger of formalism is persistent. It is not necessarily involved in adherence to any religious system, and there is no profession of faith, however spiritual, that gives immunity from this blighting influence. It may by God's grace make the most simple external observances real by using them as the vehicles of personal devotion; or, on the other hand, we may hold the most broad opinions in a formal manner, as things we acquiesce in, but which fail to make a deep difference to ourselves in our own lives. If we rely on God's promise, pledged to us personally in Confirmation, to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask, then assuredly we may seek to-day for a greater measure of that best gift, with this special desire in our minds, that God would so move our hearts that all our expressions of belief, and all our confession of sin, and all our songs of praise and adoration shall be more habitually filled with deep conviction and personal devotion.

It is not uninstructive to note the conditions which prepared the Apostles for the reception of the promised gift. The promise is to us, as it was to them, to us and to our children and to all that are afar off, as truly as it was to the Apostles; perhaps if we would follow their example of obedience and of conscious association, we might inherit a fuller measure of the blessing that was so richly bestowed on them at Pentecost.

The Apostles had got their instructions from the Lord, and they carried them out; they were to stay at Jerusalem and to wait; and their obedience had its reward. And we would do well to make simple obedience the very corner-stone of our religious life, — faithful compliance with our Lord's command, "This do in remembrance of Me." Sunday after Sunday, the church offers the sacrifice of praise

and thanksgiving, and shows forth the Lord's death till He comes. But how few there are, of those who profess to be Christians and to take Him as their Master, who love Him enough to obey Him in this very little thing! How can we hope to have our own life guidanced and strengthened by Him, if we neglect to come into His presence and to thank God, as He bade us do, for His exceeding great love in dying for us? We must begin to keep His commandment; we must obey, if we love.

And there was to be association, too, as well as obedience; they were to wait together; when the Gift was vouchsafed they were found with one accord in one place. In the Old Testament times God's spirit was given to Moses, alone at the Burning Bush, or on Mt. Sinai; to Elijah when the sense of his utter loneliness was strongest; and God cheers and blesses times of solitude still; but the promise is made, not to the hermit only, but to the company of the faithful. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of you;" the agreement of disciples is put forward by our Lord as a condition of blessing in prayer. We need not cultivate an isolated Christianity or a solitary spirituality; we are to seek Christian fellowship as the divinely instituted condition of personal progress in the religious life; not to take our own way and follow our own religious devices according to taste and temperament, but to abide in the Apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and breaking of bread, and prayers; the more we love the brotherhood, and habituate ourselves to intercourse with those who are waiting for the Lord, the more completely may the personal character be infused by that environment of faith, and earnestness, and devotion.

And Christian fellowship is not merely a tie with the men of our own day; we may enter into the thoughts and aspirations of the saints of all ages; we may seek to follow their good examples. The occasion which is drawing the thoughts of so many strangers sympathetically to Malden to-day illustrates this deep truth. This week you are feeling keenly the civic enthusiasm that is kindled by the memory of a long and honorable past. The character of a city, the tone of a community is indeed a thing to be proud of; it is a great practical force for good. We know that in regard to every young man who starts in life there is a question as to the place where he was born and bred, and that the reputation of the community where he was reared, with its probable impress on his personal habits, is a thing we all take account of. It is important to work for the good name of a civic community now; and nothing does more to raise the tone of any town than to cherish the memory of worthy ancestors and to look back on the blameless record of many years. A good name is as good as a heritage — aye, and better, too. The

worthy lives of your forefathers are a constant reminder of personal duty to-day; and therefore it is that you do well to meet here and thank God for the memories of the past, — of the good men furnished with ability and living peaceably in their habitations, who were honored in their generation, and the glory of their time. Some have left a name behind, and some there be which have no memorial, but whose righteousness has not been forgotten. And while you are feeling the glory of your long heritage and the aspiration of long memories so strongly, will you not resolve to make use of the same ennobling principle as it applies in another sphere, not only in civic but in church life, not only in regard to secular good citizenship, but in regard to your Christian calling to life in a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God? It is no mere principal place of which the epistle speaks, but a spiritual community, with noble traditions and an unending future, a city resting on the one foundation laid by Jesus Christ, and builded by the witnesses of His Apostles, with all the glorious companionship of martyrs and heroes, of those who have struggled and those who have suffered for the faith that is theirs and ours.

As we look back on the history of any civic community, we feel how much the life and interest of men in bygone generations differed from ours. Their struggle for existence was not the same as ours, for we have entered into their labors. The arrangements about five-acre lots, and shares in the meadow and the common, all tell of a life that is quite unlike that of a flourishing town to-day; but it is not so in the deepest aspects of human life, in the Communion of Saints. Man's relations to the Eternal abide while the ages pass; there is the same reality in sin, the same truth of pardon, the same effort after progress, the same pledges of God's eternal love, — their experience was ours. In these experiences we may be at one with all our fellow-citizens in the Christian Church. Our great High Priest has carried with Him to the Heaven of Heavens a sense of our infirmities, and the Saints of God have known what it is to struggle with sin, what it is to aim at coming nearer and nearer to God. If we too strive as they did, we too shall inherit the blessing. Encouraged by their example, let us seek for a new fulfilment of the old promise by obedience to our Lord's commands, by abiding in the Apostles' fellowship. Let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, but cherish habitual intercourse with our neighbors who wait for the Lord; let us lift up our hearts, too, to the cloud of witnesses that compasses us about. So shall we run our course with patience, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

THE OLD CHURCH.

Abstract of an Address delivered by William B. de las Casas.

On October 17, 1861, ten people associated themselves together to form Grace Church, the first Episcopal society in Malden. At first they worshipped in private houses, then in a small hall, and finally, for the most part, in the hall over the station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, which then stood at the corner of Pleasant and Summer Streets.

About the year 1865, regular services were discontinued; and the worshippers met only at long intervals. On Easter Sunday, 1866, a service was held in the old Methodist meeting-house, in which is now the office of the *Malden Evening Mail*. On January 13, 1867, regular services were renewed, first at private houses, then in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in Waite's Block, where is now the office of the *Malden Mirror*, and finally again in the hall over the Boston and Maine Railroad station, until the present church was built.

On April 21, 1867, these worshippers organized under a special act of the Legislature as St. Paul's Church and Parish, and absorbed the outstanding legal rights of the former Grace Church. Rev. George P. Huntington was the first rector. He began his ministrations here, while yet a deacon, April 17, 1868, became rector, May 25, 1869, and resigned on account of ill health, October 4, 1884. He was succeeded by Rev. John Milton Peek, who was elected, February 22, 1885, and resigned, September 1, 1887. Rev. George Alexander Strong was the next rector. He was elected, October 15, 1887, and resigned, September 1, 1890.

Rev. Samuel Richard Fuller took charge of the parish, January 12, 1891, was elected rector, April 18, 1891, and resigned upon terminating his connection with the church and diocese in May, 1896. Rev. Frederick Edwards, the present incumbent, was elected rector and took charge of the parish, December 1, 1896.

The early years of Grace Church were years of hard work in a then unfruitful soil. The struggle for existence was almost as hard in the first years of St. Paul's Church and Parish; but the patience and faithfulness of the first rector laid a broad and strong foundation. Growth was slow, but sure, for many years. Earnestness and simplicity in teaching and the conduct of the services and the temporal affairs of the parish characterized the work of each succeeding rector; and now, under the present rector, a more rapid growth has resulted. St. Paul's Church promises to be one of the strong churches of the city in the near future.

First Battalion Cavalry, M. V. M.

THE PARADE

Corner Salem and Sprague Streets

LINDEN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Rev. E. Stuart Best, *Pastor.*

SERMON BY THE PASTOR.

Acts xxi. 39. — A citizen of no mean city.

Rhetoricians, when they wish to avoid anything that looks egotistic or bombastic in their style, often express a positive idea in a negative form. It was so with St. Paul in our text. Wishing to favorably impress the officer, who was leading him into custody, with the dignity and grandeur of his birthplace, he speaks of himself as "a citizen of no mean city." All the Greek and Roman historians, from Xenophon to Strabo, confirm the statement of the Apostle; for by its wealth, grandeur, and intelligence, Tarsus was ever considered the rival of Antioch and Athens.

What St. Paul affirms of his birthplace, we may to-day with some degree of propriety apply to our own municipality, and rejoice, on this the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, that we are "citizens of no mean city." We have everything of which Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, could be proud, and hundreds of other things of which the people of that old city never dreamed. We have churches, schools, libraries, hospitals, literary and benevolent institutions, and mercantile and manufacturing establishments, which cannot be surpassed by those of any city of its size in our commonwealth; and if unsurpassed in Massachusetts, they have no better in the world.

Where is the secret of our success and prosperity? Geographically, our nearness to the capital of our commonwealth has led us to catch the overflow of the population of the crowded metropolis, and has made our city a city of homes. But this is not enough to account for our rapid growth and wonderful development along all the lines of municipal prosperity. In 1881, when Malden first received a city charter, her population was twelve thousand and three hundred souls. It is now, eighteen years after that event, thirty-three thousand, — showing an increase of twenty thousand and seven hundred, or nearly a threefold increase. But nearness to a great city will not always account for the rapid increase of a smaller one. We have known of once thriving towns stripped of their trade and their prosperity, and blighted because of their nearness to overshadowing cities, and left to decline and wither on their outskirts. We must look further than location, or any other material cause, before we can account for our prosperity. Moral, not material, factors have mainly wrought these favorable results. The founders of our city, like the founders of all New England, were men of strength, integrity, patriotism, and in-

dustry. They were this and much more than this. They were men and women of fervent piety. They feared God and wrought righteousness, and thus proved that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

James Russell Lowell has said: "Find me any spot ten miles square on the surface of this earth, where human life and property of every kind has the strongest protection; the place where society is the most enlightened and congenial; the place which you would select to establish your home and bring up your family, and I will show you that all these advantages grow out of the Christian religion."

We thus see that prosperity of every kind has its root in religion. In its ultimate analysis, it will be found that religion of some kind is necessary for the existence of society. Indeed, without it humanity must perish and in a few generations be swept from off the face of the earth. France, at the close of the last century, made the rash experiment of trying to get along without religion. Atheism was fast driving the nation to destruction and chaos. Soon France was forced to return to her religion, and, bad as it was, found in it the only escape from utter ruin.

We look around to-day, with an honorable pride, upon all that makes our city beautiful, peaceful, and prosperous; and we give praise for all these blessings to Him who on the cross redeemed mankind, and with His life purchased all the blessings which give us joy in time and hope beyond the grave. It is the Christian conscience of the community which has driven the rum traffic from our midst and has erected a rampart of ballots around us, which, like the dikes of Holland, preserve our fair land from the waves which rage around us. It is something to boast of this day that never, since the passage of local option laws, has this city allowed the rum-fiend to legally set foot upon her soil to blight the fair heritage which we hope to hand down to our children without the presence of one accursed saloon.

It is to the Christian religion we owe the eminent men who are doing so much for the public good and shed a lovely lustre upon the city of their choice. Of the many of whom honorable mention might be made, we select two from the constellations of the present, and two from the luminaries of the past. The Hon. Elisha S. Converse, donor of our magnificent public library, whose intelligence and piety have led him to secure for the present and future generations a fountain of health and joy, whose refreshing streams are flowing deep and wide, and will continue to deepen, widen, and grow away beyond the power of human intelligence to estimate.

The next, his Honor, the chief magistrate of our municipality, Charles L. Dean, a man meek and powerful, like the great Jewish

legislator; a man of few words, but of mighty deeds, who brings things to pass without noise or show, whose gentleness has made him great.

Of the past, there are two fixed stars that first arose in Malden; and still they shine with increasing splendor and every land rejoices in their light. There is Adoniram Judson, the great apostle of Burmah, whose learning, eloquence, and zeal, his self-sacrifice and heroic endurance, the Christ-like devotion of his life to God and humanity mark him out as a man of whom Malden may be proud, while the noble army of martyrs, to which he now belongs, may glory in his achievements. The influence of his holy life is as deep, enduring, and powerful as the ocean in which he rests. Of Tarsus, it can no longer be said that it is no mean city. Time and war have brought desolation to the metropolis of Cilicia. The only thing that gives it interest now to the civilized world is that it was the birthplace of St. Paul. So it may be with Malden. It may have its decline and fall like other places of historic fame; but never will redeemed Burmah or the Christian world forget that Malden was the birthplace of Adoniram Judson.

The other name, dear to many of the living and cherished by the saints above, is that of the Christian scholar, philanthropist, reformer, and orator who was born in this city. His grave is with us, a hallowed spot, dear to every lover of his country, his fellow-men, and God. Bishop Gilbert Haven, as Father Taylor used to say, "had a heart as open as a sunflower and as big as a sugar hogshead."

Next to Garrison and Phillips he was the mightiest of the giants who broke the fetters on the limbs of three millions of slaves, transforming them from chattels into American freemen. Well did these colored brothers remember their benefactor; for the suffrage of their ministers, in our general conference, raised him to the episcopacy of the Methodist Church. His name is with us still as ointment poured forth. His death was a glorious translation from time to immortality. Where some encounter "death's cold flood," he declared, "I see no river here. I am floating away to God in a sea of light." A little poem [by E. Stuart Best], a tribute to his memory, published in several of the religious papers at the time of his death, may tell us how greatly he was loved and his loss lamented.

IN MEMORIAM.

GREATHEART THE SECOND.

Greatheart! thy work is done;
Thy rest is nobly won;
And thou art blessed.
The Son of God hath come;
Safely He led thee home.
Rest, brother, rest.

Greatheart! all o'er the lands
Both white and sable hands
In grief do wring.
We miss thy words of cheer,
We miss thee, brother dear,
Sad songs we sing.

Greatheart! we 'll not complain,
Thine the eternal gain;
Why should we sigh,
When severed loved ones meet
Where saints and martyrs greet,
In ecstasy on high?

Greatheart! at eventide
A light doth still abide,
Bright on thy way.
It lights the valley's gloom,
It glows within the tomb,
And brings the day.

Greatheart! thou art not dead,
Beyond our vision fled
A seraph bright.
No more from flying wing
Shall falling feather bring
News of thy flight.

Greatheart! thy foes are fled,
See! their grim king is dead,
To reign no more.
Comrade, the battle 's fought,
Onward to victory brought,
Conqueror and more.

Greatheart! a crown is thine,
Jewelled by hands divine
For thine own brow.
He who was crowned with thorns
Thus all his saints adorns:
Receive it now.

Greatheart! a pilgrim band,
We watch thy waving hand
Beyond the sea.
We 'll breast the flowing tide,
Eager to reach thy side,
We press to thee.

As we look through the lustre of the present to the dim past of two hundred and fifty years, and try to imagine how the accumulated forces of the present may make the future still more glorious, we feel like saying with the Psalmist, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Let us acknowledge the debt we owe to the past by transferring to the future, with accumulated interest, the property and principles from which emanate all the blessings that we this day celebrate and enjoy. We sum them all up in one word, — *PIETY*. "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people." If the greater comprehends the less, we are strictly logical when we say, "Righteousness exalteth a city, and sin is a reproach to any and all of its citizens." Keep sin out and we are safe. Somebody brought over to the Scotch colonists in New Zealand some seeds of their national emblem, the thistle. Those seeds were distributed and planted carefully in their gardens; and in that salubrious climate and fertile soil the thistles grew to enormous size and multiplied with alarming increase. Their winged and wafted seeds filled the air and rooted themselves wherever they fell. At first the Scotch people cherished them and wept over them as admired mementos of their native land; but soon the question arose, "How can we get rid of these noxious weeds? They are destroying our sheep-walks; they ruin all our fields." The lesson of the illustration is this: Keep sin out and we are safe. Keep sin out of Malden and it will soon be a second Eden, growing in beauty, splendor, and power, until the millennium dawns and Jerusalem the Golden comes down "from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

FIRST UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. L. Fletcher Snapp, *Pastor.*

At this church a musical service was rendered by the church choir, during which Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional* was effectively read by the well-known elocutionist, Edwin M. Shepherd.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

By the Pastor.

Were a stranger to pass through our city to-day it would be easy for him to tell by the gala display and sundry inscriptions that we are beginning the celebration of one of our great municipal birthdays. Perhaps the first impression as to our age, judging from the newness of the buildings and the first-class condition of our streets and parks, is that we are beginning the celebration of our first centennial. For surely there is nothing apparent to the eye of a casual observer which would denote great antiquity in our municipal life. But this impression is soon dissipated when the stranger's eye catches the legend "1649–1899." Then he knows that the freshness and newness of life and habitation about him has a foundation of a quarter-millennial standing.

I can imagine him then ejaculating, "Well, well, but where are the footprints and the landmarks of the ancient life of this new and beautiful city?" And so eager is he to peruse another chapter of the fathers that, as he reads the placards here and there, a veritable world of "ye olde style" and quaintness in the days of the fathers opens up to him, and he breathes the atmosphere of two hundred and fifty years ago. But I dare say that his mind dwells more on the goodly things and happy events than upon the folly and burdens of that day.

From a stranger's impressions we may get our cue for the retrospection we are beginning to make.

It is a wise and generous disposition of biographers to preserve and emphasize the good and noble deeds of a life rather than to place upon record the despicable and weak things which sooner or later find themselves written in the nature of most every career, as a badge of man's imperfection. There is enough of the vain and weak in the present time to be a menace and warning to all who might be moved by the portraiture of the dark side of the past. I would not have you infer that the city of Malden has a dark side for which she should be ashamed. She has not. But she has had her common allotment of

strife and difficulty, which, in many instances, if dwelt upon, would not make our retrospection as joyful a one as it may otherwise be. There is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance." This is a time "to laugh and to dance;" for weeping and mourning would not be in keeping with the brilliant festoon, the gala parade, and the sound of triumphant music. There are those who make use of a time of this sort to rake over the old coals of dissension and strife, and give vent to the pent-up bitterness of their hearts. But this is a sad misuse of a rare opportunity.

It would be an unnatural thing for friends who had been enemies once in the line of their ancestry or association to dig up the hatchet at the time of their reunion, and fight again the battles of old factions and feuds. These should lie deeply buried, and a hearty hand-shake should take place over their graves.

It was a custom among the ancient Jews that every fiftieth year was a Sabbatical year, a year of Jubilee, when "instead of the thorn should come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier should come up the myrtle tree." In that happy year, all schisms and strifes, debts and bonds were forgotten. Slaves were liberated and debts were cancelled, and the rich shared their wealth with the poor. To the high and low, to the rich and poor, to the bond and free, it was a year of good-will, and of charity and peace.

This is a Jubilee in the life of the city of Malden, and happy it is; but far happier it would be if more of the Hebrew spirit could enter into its celebration, — to such an extent, at least, that no one would be allowed to go hungry, or illy clad, or scantily sheltered when there is so much rejoicing. In a city of so much wealth, such strong institutions, and such large-heartedness, the only sadness which should find a place in our hearts in this time of our Jubilee is that which may accrue from any indication that our present methods and institutions are inadequate to the demands of our city.

It is not my intention to give an historical sketch of the life of Malden, for I do not assume an historian's rôle, however humbly; but what observations I make shall be to me of a striking and moral import, founded upon the best authority available.

Shakespeare has written that "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

The city of Malden had no princely nor brilliant birth, nor was prestige, wealth, and prosperity forced upon her, neither can we say that she has achieved greatness.

I have in mind three characters: one having had a goodly birth, yet withal thriftless and ambitionless, and consequently marked by a dearth of achievement; the second, of a humble or proud birth, as it may be, who, through native force and brilliance or sheer luck and good fortune,

could scarcely restrain the bestowing of honor and prosperity upon him; the third, of an ordinary birth, of commonplace ability, yet possessed of an enterprise and determination such as, notwithstanding much difficulty and embarrassment, has forced the issue of a good and successful, yet ordinary life.

To the last of these characters, I would liken the life of Malden. Historically, she was not born great, as the town of Plymouth; nor has she had greatness thrust upon her, as the town of Lexington; nor has she achieved what we might call greatness, though she has achieved that which might be better than greatness.

That which has made our nation great among nations lies in the genius of democracy. The strength and sinew, the marrow and bone of our great commonwealth is the spirit of public opinion which emanates from the common people. According to our traditions, neither the high nor the low are dominant. The power of our country is not in its adornments nor in its frizzled edges, but in the warp and woof inwrought with a common heritage and a common life.

Such a greatness is the achievement of the city of Malden, standing as a wise and sober civilian to defend the right and spurn the wrong, to send her sons to the wars when great principles are at stake, to stand for peace and prosperity throughout the land. In this may her bulwarks be formidable and insuperable, and her towers of mighty strength and lasting endurance. May her good name, as that of a good and wise though common yeoman, be proclaimed abroad in this our great anniversary time.

Malden has had her allotment of pioneering, of homespun careering, her share of slavery, of warring with the savages and with inimical civilization. She has had her struggles and strifes, her heartaches and failures; but she has had her brawn and good-will, her self-denials and chastenings, her determination and industry, her opportunities and achievements.

Once a colonial settlement which struggled for existence, she is now a city of thirty-three thousand souls. From a school-room measuring 16×20 feet, she has now magnificent institutions of learning, which are nowhere excelled for the purposes to which they are dedicated. From the stocks and pillory of public disgrace, the city now helps to maintain industrial schools and reformatories. From a common parish meeting-house, she has now many prosperous churches, laboring in their own peculiar way to fulfil the mission to which God has ordained them. From the influence of a few embittered factions, she has now, other than the great religious organizations, many non-sectarian societies, secret and open, which contribute in peculiar ways to the welfare and prosperity of the city. From the solitary gong on Bell Rock, there is heard now the siren, and fog-horn, the

chimes, the peals of clocks, and the buzz of wheels impelled by the subtle electricity. Instead of the lonely post and stage, there are now the animated wire and fiery trams, — the insignia of a new era. All these proclaim a great and wonderful transformation.

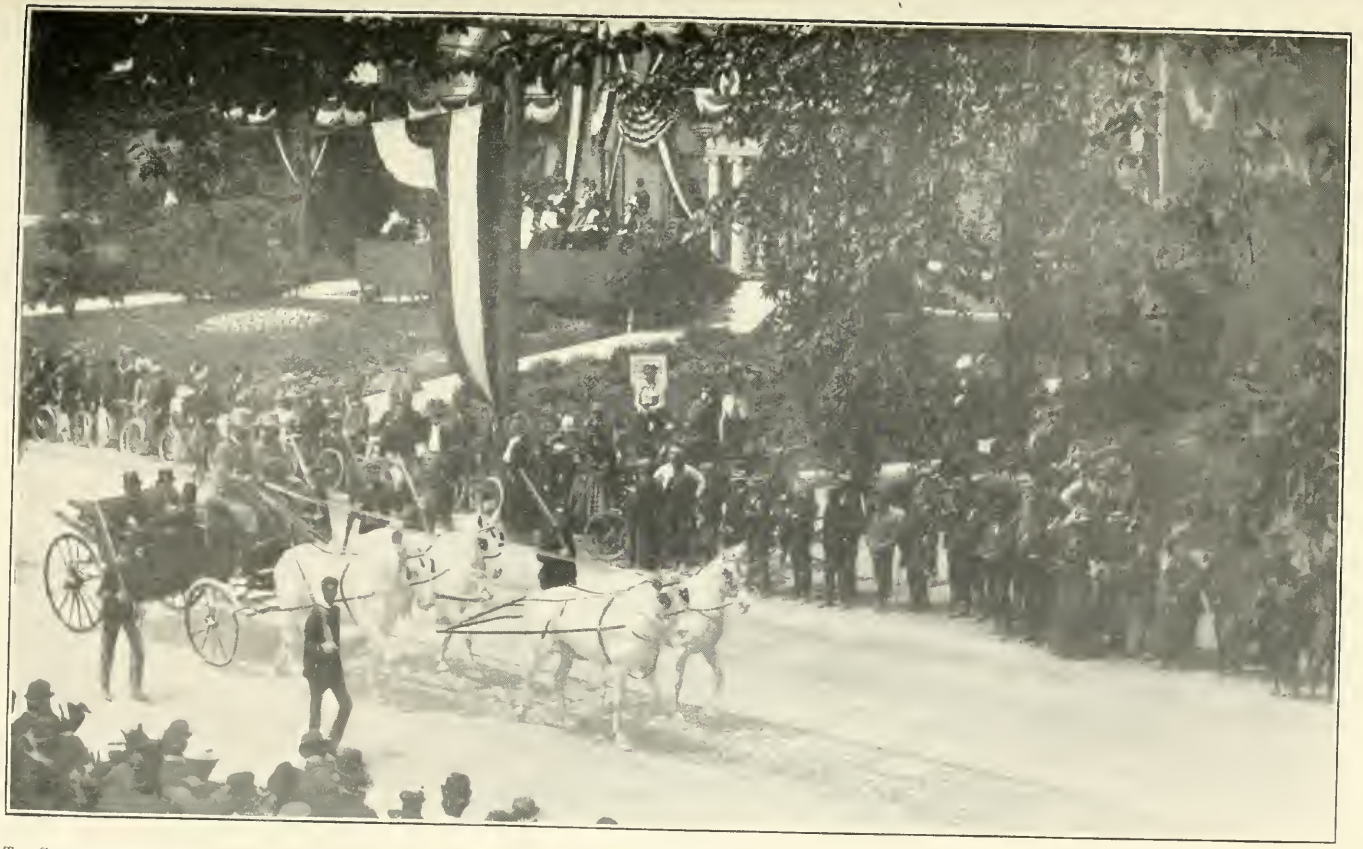
Yet old things are not done away, even though they have subserved their purpose. As we unlock the old chest and unfold the old silken gown and stocking of a distant ancestry; as we listen to the "tick-tock" of the ancient clock; as we finger the flint-lock of the frontiersman, and look with interest upon the silhouette of a grandsire, — so, as a city, we again review the signs of olden times, and follow in our memorials the hazardous trail of our forefathers. We catch the spirit of the jocund simplicity and ingenuous hilarity of "ye good olde tymes" when we thus "drink again from the well that is by the gate of Bethlehem."

In eulogy and in demonstration, we again span the distance of time and events between the old times and the present, and alike rejoice in the quaint joy of our fathers and the felicity which we experience in having commendably profited by our worthy inheritance.

The incipiency of Malden was not unlike that of many of the early towns of New England. Her settlers were from among Governor Winthrop's people. For nearly two decades, she was a part of the town of Charlestown, and perhaps would be yet, but for the mystic sheet of water which so often gives to the people on either bank their peculiarity and differing purposes.

Those indomitable people were as sturdy as the oak. In no way did they show the test of hardships more than in their religious zeal. Cheerfully they rafted the Mystic River or walked upon its ice, through snow and rain, to their meeting-house in Cherton, or Charlestown, where the word of God was dispensed to them. How they would have laughed at the delicate people of to-day who cannot go a half-mile to church because of a little rain or a threatening shower, or because the day is bright enough for a drive. In their homespun apparel, with musket, powder-horn, and psalm-book ready at hand to protect them alike from dangers seen and unseen, from foes of the heart and foes of the flesh, they would sometimes trudge for fifteen or twenty miles for the meat and drink of the spiritual life.

> "So once for fear of Indian beating,
> Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting, —
> Each man equipped on Sunday morn,
> With psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn,
> And looked in form, as all must grant,
> Like the ancient true Church Militant."
>
> (Trumbull, in *McFingal.*)



THE GOVERNOR'S CARRIAGE

THE PARADE

There is a church in the Back Bay, overtowered by a lofty apartment-house, which is really the birthplace of the ecclesiastical life of Malden. The First Church of Boston was the organized body of the little band of Charlestown; and after the lapse of two years from the organization of the First Church of Boston, from its fold the church of Charlestown was organized. Out of the fold of Charlestown, the church of Malden was organized, thereby making, in direct lineage, the ecclesiastical history of Malden to spring from the fourth oldest religious body in New England, — none having the priority, save the churches of Plymouth, Salem, and Dorchester, and not more than ten or eleven years at that.

If to-day we were to hold a service in commemoration, such as our fathers held in "ye olde Meeting Hous," with its usual appointments and accessories, I fear you would grow restive, if not bitter, before we could get through with it.

In the first place, our honored parish committee, otherwise deacons, would seat you all "as betokens your dignity," reserving for themselves a raised pew in front of the pulpit in order that due decorum be maintained. If any of you stood higher in the life of the community on account of wealth or official position, you would be brought forward to the front seats of honor, as betokens your dignity, and the rest of you would be seated in commoner pews nearer the rear or the front, as betokens your dignity in the eyes of the deacons, until all of you should be duly seated. Nor must you be envious, nor offer any protest, for the parish decreeth that you must be seated according to "ye discresing of ye deacons." And then, not having a Sunday-school, after the manner of the fathers, I could consume one, three, or five hours in giving you some goodly advice and admonition concerning your habits and conduct. Then after one or two prayers, hymns, and benediction, you could regale yourselves from your frugal repast prepared on Saturday. After half an hour, or an hour, you should return with due decorum in the afternoon for a similar chastening and admonition concerning the errors of your ways. And if any of you should prove delinquent in the words of my teaching, or in attendance, or in supporting the meeting with wood, corn, or hay, you would be duly punished by fine, if not disgraced by being deprived of the rights of a freeman by excommunication.

In all this we see that the dominance of the church in the beginning of New England life was a lingering of the union of church and state in Mother England. I read from Mr. Corey's history that "the gathering of the church was the beginning of political life; for in it lay the roots of secular as well as ecclesiastical authority. Out of it came the town and state; and on its usages were based the usages

and forms of primary assemblies, elections, and courts. Church-members were the only freemen of the colony." To this custom is also due the line deftly and mystically drawn between the church and parish. And I believe it to be an improvement, as instanced by the action of many churches, to do away with this line and make the church and parish virtually one; thereby obviating many difficulties and misunderstandings, which in this "work-a-day" life and usage are perpetuated as customs of the fathers; and which, like many other things which have subserved their purposes in days gone by, are of no real use to us any longer.

We should not be hasty in changes, specially in radical changes, yet when other parts of our new machinery demand, we should use the hardened steel ball-bearings instead of the hand-wrought rusty and creaky axle of iron.

Now, inasmuch as we are not holding a service according to the old-fashioned ways, and I have not at command even so much as one hour for "ye breaking of ye seals," I will conclude with a moral concerning the name which our city bears.

In 1638, the town of Charlestown voted that the land which now constitutes more or less of the township of Malden be reserved "for such desirable persons as should be received in, — such as may come with another minister." This land was designated as that lying "at the head of the five acre lots and running in a straight line from Powder Horn Hill to the head of North River with three hundred acres above Cradock's farm."

It will suffice us to assume that what we now know as the city of Malden occupies at least a considerable part of this designated plot of land; and we may likewise assume that in due time after this land was set aside "*desirable persons*" occupied it, seeing they came for the most part from the true and tried settlement of Charlestown. And, too, these desirable persons, through more or less difficulty, eventually succeeded in bringing a minister with them. The organization was effected and the town named.

Now it seems that the person of greatest dignity, Joseph Hills, had the honor of naming the town from his old home in England — Maldon. In this name our city has a heritage which dates back to the beginning of the Christian era. The town of Maldon in Essex, England, was, if the historian is accurate, the ancient Camalodunum, once the capitol of Cunobeline, or Cymbeline, — an old British king, — and the seat of the first Roman colony in Great Britain. Cymbeline flourished in the fourth year of the Christian era. This Roman colony was established by the Emperor Claudius, and the Saxon population gave it the name "Mael-dune," Mael signifying "a cross" and Dune

"a hill." So in our name we have a heritage alike from the Romans and the Saxons. The hand of Claudius and the hand of the ancient Britisher is laid upon us, not to impart a burden, but a moral truth with no uncertain sound, and one which shall redound to our municipal and ecclesiastical glory, if the lesson thereof would be the tocsin of our future thought and feeling.

How natural and suggestive is the name of the first spot in the initiative of our struggling city, — the name of "Bell-Mont Hill"! the hill upon whose summit the bell spoke to the people, and gathered them together, alike for religious or worldly counsel; the bronze throat hard by the humble meeting-house where the people's Cross was made one with their Shrine?

Was it a mere coincidence, or the wisdom of Joseph Hills, that this place was called Mael-dune, Malden, — "the Cross upon a Hill"? Whether by design or accident, through the Bell Rock, we have received a lesson worthy of municipal pride from the heart of Cymbeline and Claudius.

Nor may the city of Malden, the Cross upon a Hill, have received her name in vain. May she stand for what the highest principles of Christianity stand: for labor and love; for perseverance and achievement; for truth, justice, and temperance. May her very name be the "IN HOC SIGNO VINCES" of her future life, as lasting and as solid as the native rock from which the tocsin and the call were alike sounded. And in other Jubilees of her existence, those great birthdays in her life, amid flying flags and triumphant pæans, the insignia of industrial and political progress, let there be heard the not uncertain salutation of peace and good-will from the spirit of the Bell, — from the Cross upon the Hill.

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LINDEN.

Rev. Albert Danker, Ph.D., *Rector*.

At this church, the rector preached an historical sermon at the morning service, after music appropriate to the occasion rendered by the surpliced choir. It being Whitsunday, the Holy Communion was celebrated.

MALDEN.

An Abstract of a Sermon Preached by the Rector.

1 Kings viii. 57. The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us, nor forsake us.

While our own Malden is celebrating her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the ancient mother town of Maldon in County Essex, Eng-

land, is approaching her one thousandth birthday. Our own fair city appears but as a babe in swathing bands compared with such an antiquity, reaching nearly ten centuries into the past. Much time could be taken in detailing the quaint customs existing in our mother town, but present day affairs usurp our attention.

How our town has grown since the early colonial days! What changes have come, ecclesiastical and civil, since the far away times when the old bell on Bell Rock called the early settlers to prayers! Few cities in the neighborhood of Boston exhibit the material growth of our own fair municipality. Industry and thrift characterize its inhabitants; its churches are many and well filled; its public schools have every modern convenience for training the young; while every year adds to the growth of its population. *Esto perpetua*, be our prayer; and may the Good Lord's benediction forever lighten upon us in all its breadth and fullness!

But another great anniversary, which must not be forgotten, is celebrated to-day, besides our two hundred and fiftieth commemoration. On this day, Whitsunday, three hundred and fifty years ago, the first Prayer Book, that of Edward VI., was set forth for use in the Church of England, a priceless heritage and a well of perpetual grace to mankind.

In the epistle for to-day, the festival of the Descent of the Holy Ghost, we read that the Apostles were all with one accord in one place upon the Day of Pentecost. This is a striking picture of the love as brethren, and of the harmony, unity, and concord which should always animate our community and the Church of Christ.

Herein lies our strength as a parish and as a city, each working together with the other, and sinking individual opinions and disagreements in labors for the general good. "United we stand; divided we fall." If God be for us, no one can stand against us.

Remember to-day our sainted ancestors in church and state, and the long line of venerated dead who cemented the fabric of our civil and religious liberty. Peace to their souls! May they ever rest in Paradise, guarded by the eye of Almighty Love, until the resurrection of the just.

King Solomon tells us in the text at the dedication of the temple, "The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers." Here is a stimulus and encouragement for us to-day. Then close up the column, brethren and fellow-citizens, link tight your hands, stand shoulder to shoulder; and filled with bright faith and glowing zeal, you shall see the church and our dear city towers of strength, by God's blessing, in the generations to come.

Services of a commemorative nature were held at all the churches and chapels in the city. At the Linden Congregational Church, Rev. J. Cris. Williams, pastor, the discourse of the morning was based on John iv. 38: "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors." The thought emphasized was, our relation to the past and future, in which we are debtors to the past and creditors of the future; and a concise view of the history of the town was presented. The fine quartet of the church rendered appropriate selections, and a poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Emeline W. Pratt of Revere, was read.

The Progressive Spiritualist Society held a service in the evening, at which historical addresses were made by the president, William M. Barber, and by George H. Ryder, and others. Mrs. Clara L. Fagan, in an interesting address, spoke of the leading families of the old town and related incidents in the lives of those who have passed away.

CELEBRATION BY THE FREE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

OF THE PARISH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

At 1.30 P.M., the children of all grades, from the grammar school graduating classes to the little ones of the kindergarten, numbering in all over eleven hundred, assembled in the schoolhouses on Highland Avenue, and forming ranks marched out to the sweet music of the *Adeste, fideles*, played by the band of the Working Boys' Home, Boston. In orderly ranks, with perfect discipline, they proceeded to the Anniversary Building and quickly filled the seats on the stage and the side galleries.

The weather during the day was unpropitious, and a heavy rain was falling when the exercises were concluded; but the forethought of the Sisters of Notre Dame had caused all precautions to be taken to ensure the protection and comfort of the little ones.

It was a beautiful sight when the long galleries were filled, the girls dressed in white and many of the boys in soldier and sailor suits; and the admirable order which was maintained by the children was the subject of much comment. No more important and interesting meetings than those of the schools on Saturday and Sunday afternoons marked the celebration; and both were occasions long to be remembered by those who witnessed as well as by those who participated in them.

An immense audience of the parents and friends of the children, graduates of the schools, and others, filled the vast auditorium to

overflowing. His Honor the Mayor, members of the school committee and of the city government, and other invited guests occupied the front gallery facing the stage.

The program was carried through with promptness; and its several numbers were received with much applause. The tableaux were presented with effect by the girls; and the military drill by the School Cadets, and the oar and foil drills were received with enthusiasm. The band of the Working Boys' Home of Boston enlivened the exercises by its well performed selections. The order of exercises was as follows: —

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Opening Chorus — "What is the Land we love so well?" *Young.*

Prologue. — Recitation. — "The Story of our City is the History of our Land."

Part I. — Discovery.

Recitation. — "Columbus."

Part II. — Settlement.

Puritan Maids in Dialogue and Song — Pocahontas — Maryland Girls in May-Pole Dance — Quaker Maidens.

Part III. — The Dawn of Freedom.

Recitation. — "The Independence Bell."

Dialogue. — "The Thirteen Original States."

Part IV.

Rebellion — Peace — Union Forever.

The Call to Arms — Military Drill by School Cadets — Young Sailors in Song and Oar Drill — The Goddess of Liberty strikes the Shackles from the Slave — Uplifting the Starry Banner — Furling the Rebel Flag — Peace and Friendship.

Chorus. — "There is only One Flag in this Land." *C. K. Harris.*

Part V. — Closing Scene.

The Goddess of Liberty, and, grouped about her, Peace, Progress, Civilization, Education, Fine Arts, Science, Faith, — the Guardians of Freedom and of our Fair City.

Recitations. — Liberty's Hope. The sturdy lads and maidens true, trained in our schools. (Foil Drill by the Boys.)

Song. — "Star of the Nation." *Belden.*

Recitation. — "E Pluribus Unum." (By the Girls.)

Chorus. — "My Native Land." (By the School.) *F. Abt.*

ADDRESS OF GEORGE H. CONLEY.

Member of the State Board of Education, and of the Board of Supervisors of Schools, Boston.

Fellow Citizens: — The patriotic exercises we have witnessed and the patriotic songs and utterances that we have just heard must gladden the heart and inspire the soul with sentiments and emotions of love and devotion to that land of freedom which we claim as "our own, our native land."

Truly, a sense of our country's greatness, a sense of the great interests involved in our splendid inheritance, should kindle enthusiasm in every breast, and should furnish the highest motives to noble character and exalted virtue. But, as a rule, we are apt to regard our possessions, peerless and priceless as they are, so much as a matter of course that they make little impression upon our minds. We are so accustomed to them that they affect us no more than do the glories we witness in the heavens above us; and in the enjoyment of such rights and privileges as have hitherto been unexampled in the history of the world, we are only too apt to remain indifferent to the obligations which these involve.

On such occasions, however, as this day affords, the feeling of pride in local achievement is wont to arouse a sentiment of pride that expands to state and nation over achievements similar but grander, — so grand, indeed, in the cause of humanity and civilization as to challenge the admiration of the world. And through this generous pride in home, in state and nation, a deep sense of our obligations must be awakened to God, to country, and to our fellow-men. We cannot fail to be reminded on such occasions that true Americanism means more than pride in achievement, and more than the possession of great dominion and boundless resources in country and people. With equal rights and equal opportunities for the full development of every citizen, it means also positive and inalienable duties for every citizen. It means that the rights we assert and maintain involve duties that we must render, not alone to country, but to mankind, for the people of light and leading in freedom are the van of civilization and progress in the leadership of mankind.

In the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the settlement from which this city has grown, no more fitting expression can be given to the gratitude, loyalty, and devotion of the people than from the lips of the children who have been taught to love and revere this land of opportunity and freedom. Assuredly, the youth taught to know the history of his country, taught to reflect upon the nature of its institutions, to realize their value and

their cost in treasure and blood, will part from his heritage never while life remains. It was so with the Persian and Spartan youth, who were taught to revere and love their country with love of truth and justice; and thus down through the ages it has always been that patriotism has sprung. It is, as historians assert, from the habit that men acquire of identifying themselves with their country's fortunes, in the past as in the present, and of looking forward anxiously to its future destinies, that all civic virtue and all patriotic self-sacrifice have sprung.

In the form of government which Providence has given us, the character of the government is sure to reflect the character of the people. It is impossible for it ever to be better than they are. A citizen, to be a good citizen, must be imbued with the love of country, and serve his country in protecting its rights and in maintaining its laws and institutions.

Soon the children attending school will become the people, and the sovereign people. As intelligence and morality are the sole conditions of national well-being and of national life, we know that every good citizen will add strength to the state, and every unworthy citizen will weaken it. Good citizenship, therefore, should be an all-important aim in the education of the young.

Boys and girls at school to-day are not there merely for the information and mental attainments they may acquire; but they are there to become men and women, dutiful to God and helpful to the state and to humanity. Mere intellectual culture is not enough for a people who rule, — for a people who constitute and administer the government. The self-governed must be self-controlled by an intelligence guided and controlled by morality and conscience. Hence, every school and every college should be the inspiring source of intelligent moral manhood, — the true type of good citizenship and genuine patriotism.

The early framers of the laws of Massachusetts had this in view when they enacted the statute which specifically enjoins upon all instructors in the commonwealth "to exert their best endeavors to impress upon the minds of the children entrusted to their care and instruction the principles of piety and justice, a sacred regard for truth, love of country and humanity," and all other kindred virtues, "which are the basis upon which a republican constitution is founded." Throughout the schools of the country, however, we hear a constant demand for the more adequate teaching of morals, and especially with reference to the making of good citizens. How this demand can be met in all cases is a difficult question to answer.

It is well-known that the most important means of moral training is by example. In the consideration of the public good and the wel-

THE ARTILLERY — "ROUGH WALKERS"

THE PARADE

fare of mankind, innumerable moral examples are found which are used to influence moral action ; but more than frequent reference to the examples of the noble and good is required to kindle moral enthusiasm. The living example and immediate intercourse with the upright and virtuous are assuredly the strongest influences in moral training. For children, indeed, there is no other morality but what is visible. Surrounded by a moral atmosphere, they breathe in, as it were, an instinct of honor and morality.

The moral teachings of the school, to be truly effective, must be supplemented and enforced by the influence of Christian homes and by the teachings and influence of the church. These are the forces, allied together and coöperating together in moral training, that will effect the results to be desired.

The value and influence of a true Christian home is assuredly great, but the influence of the church is even beyond that of the home, for the church is the great teacher of morality. She, as none other, can stimulate enthusiasm for duty and right, and fit men for true freedom. The main effort of true religion is to impress upon men the principles of morality. To sever morality, then, from religion is to set aside the sanctions and restraints that are regarded as most sacred and potent. Washington must have had some apprehension of danger to his country from such a course when he said, "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

Instruction in the duties we owe to God and our fellow-men ennobles and sustains character and enforces the noblest duties of patriotism. Religion and patriotism, in spirit and essence, indeed, are one. The forms may vary, but the principles are the same. The genius of our country, while it forbids the spirit of the proselyter and the partisan, smiles upon the life of the patriot and favors the influence of the spirit that is drawn, not from the theories of men, but from the precepts of the Sacred Scriptures of God's revealed truth.

On the altar of our country, consecrated to humanity, we must sacrifice selfishness and selfish ambition. No man has attained, nor can attain, to the dignity of true American citizenship until he has learned to put aside selfish motives, until he has learned to work and labor earnestly and steadily in the spirit of humanity's highest law, "each one for others and for all."

To the school, the home, and the church, therefore, must we look for the preparation of the men of the future, — the men of light and leading for noble, patriotic service. May this sacred alliance, this noble trinity, — the home, the church, and the school, — weld together and assimilate the people in national brotherhood to perpetuate our

glorious charter of equal rights and equal opportunities to the ages yet untold.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Te Deum Laudamus.

SCHOOL AND AUDIENCE.

Holy God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before Thee!
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in Heaven above adore Thee:
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising!
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

Lo! the Apostolic train
Join Thy sacred name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

UNION RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

AT THE ANNIVERSARY BUILDING,

AT 7.30 P. M.

THE persistent rain, which had been falling at intervals during the afternoon, did not deter large crowds from gathering around the Anniversary Building long before the hour which had been announced for the opening of the doors; and the vast auditorium was soon filled to its utmost capacity. Long lines of people were turned away, and moved towards the First Church, where an overflow meeting was to be held, and to the First Baptist Church, where a service in memory of Adoniram Judson was to be given. Both churches were completely filled, and the three congregations were the largest which have ever been gathered at a Sunday evening service in Malden.

At the Anniversary Building the anniversary chorus occupied the rising seats at the rear of the speakers' platform and, with the brilliant decorations, formed a most effective background as seen from the auditorium. The chorus, under the direction of the veteran leader, Obadiah B. Brown, rendered the musical portion of the program with precision and a controlled and well-sustained power that gave full promise of the admirable work which it accomplished on the succeeding day.

The meeting was under the management of the following —

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Rev. Henry H. French, D.D., *Chairman.*

Rev. James F. Albion.	Rev. Alberto A. Bennett.
Rev. Frederick Edwards.	Frank J. Bartlett.
Charles E. Mann.	Tenney Morse.

The exercises began at 7.30 P. M. by an Orchestral Introduction (Largo, *Handel*), which was followed by —

THE INVOCATION, BY THE REV. J. CRIS. WILLIAMS.

Linden Congregational Church.

Almighty and ever blessed God, Thou who art infinite in goodness and boundless in love and compassion: we invoke thy blessing upon this audience. Bless the singing, the reading of the Divine Word, the speaking, and the hearing. We invoke Thy blessing upon our beloved city. O God, we seek of Thee "a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." We ask it for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

CHORUS.

Mozart.

Glorious is Thy Name, Almighty Lord; all the angels stand round about Thy throne. Let all nations bow before Thee, and declare Thy wondrous works. We praise Thee, we give thanks to Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee for Thy great glory. Blessing and honor be to Thee for evermore.

RESPONSIVE READING BY THE REV. FREDERICK EDWARDS.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

I will magnify Thee, O God, my King; and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever.

Every day will I give thanks unto Thee; and praise Thy Name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and marvellous worthy to be praised; there is no end of His greatness.

One generation shall praise Thy works unto another, and declare Thy power.

As for me, I will be talking of Thy worship, Thy glory, Thy praise, and wondrous works:

So that men shall speak of the might of Thy marvellous acts; and I will also tell of Thy greatness.

The memorial of Thine abundant kindness shall be showed; and men shall sing of Thy righteousness.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages.

Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him; yea, all such as call upon Him faithfully.

The Lord preserveth all them that love Him; but scattereth abroad all the ungodly.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh give thanks unto His holy Name for ever and ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

HYMN.

Tune, *Duke Street.*

Announced by the Rev. Joseph P. Kennedy,
Belmont Methodist Episcopal Church.

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy Name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

SCRIPTURE LESSON READ BY THE REV. JOSEPH M. SHEPLER,

Assistant Pastor Centre Methodist Episcopal Church.

ISAIAH XII.

1. And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.

2. Behold, God *is* my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH *is* my strength and *my* song; he also is become my salvation.

3. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

4. And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.

5. Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this *is* known in all the earth.

6. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great *is* the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

The Prayer, by the Rev. James F. Albion, of the First Parish (Universalist), was followed by a Response (Benedictus, *Gounod*), sung by Master Frank Rogers. "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest."

THE OFFERTORY ADDRESS BY THE REV. EDWIN H. HUGHES.

Centre Methodist Episcopal Church.

My Friends: — We must all be impressed by several characteristics of this gathering. I speak not as an accurate historian, but certainly as a safe guesser at facts, when I say that we are now met in the largest religious service ever held in the quarter-millennium of our city's history. When in the meeting of ministers we were planning for this occasion, the question was raised whether we could expect to have this Anniversary Building filled with people. I expressed the opinion that we would need to provide for an overflow meeting, — an opinion justified by the sight of the many hundreds who have been unable to find room here to-night; but one of my

fellow pastors, whose name I shall mercifully withhold, said that we could not expect to crowd this great place, and, in explanation of my large claims, said: "Oh, Mr. Hughes, you 're an enthusiastic Methodist." To-night I feel like a prophet not without local honor. Beyond my hopeful words, the people have come hither. From Everett's line to Melrose, from Revere's border to Medford, we have turned toward this place, — a high place, we may safely say, whither the tribes have come up, the tribes of the Lord, to the testimony of our wide Israel.

We must all feel, too, the thrill of the larger fellowship. If ever before, since the various branches of the church were established in Malden, all Protestant denominations have so largely closed their doors on Sunday morning or evening to meet under one roof, the fact has not been made known to me. It makes me think, in contrast, of a few lines in Whittier's *Miriam*, which I am fond of quoting. The poet tells how he and his friend had gone one Sunday afternoon to the crest of a hill overlooking the village. They stood there until that time of reverence, —

> "When at last the evening air
> Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer
> Ringing in steeples far below,
> We watched the people churchward go,
> Each to his place, as if thereon
> The true shekinah only shone;
> And my friend queried how it came
> To pass that they who owned the same
> Great Master still could not agree
> To worship Him in company."

If Mr. Whittier were still alive and had seen the out-pouring crowds of people, notwithstanding the down-pouring torrents of rain, — people coming from various altars to gather at this one shrine, — he would surely feel that we were nearing the millennium of religious unity.

But our common heritage of religious life should express itself in helpfulness toward a common service to our city. Therefore our gathering has a third characteristic: so far as I know, it is the only meeting in our celebration in which we are to be asked to do aught in the sweet name of Christian charity. We have recently instituted in Malden the Associated Charities. This organization is already proving itself of good effect and is doing a splendid work in our midst. All the money received in our offering to-night, over and above the amount required to pay the expense of this service, will be devoted to the noble purposes of the Associated Charities. I urge

you, then, to be most liberal. Gathered in this genial and generous atmosphere, let us open our purses widely and express practically the fine human interest seen in the thousands of happy faces in this building. If the sound of clinking be not heard in the offering, let it be only because paper money rather than metal money falls upon the plates. Let each person present claim with a glad heart his share in this anniversary giving. The ushers will now receive your evening offering.

An offering was here gathered by the ushers, with substantial results, for the benefit of the Associated Charities.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY THE REV. HENRY H. FRENCH, D.D.

First Church.

My Friends: — It becomes my high duty and privilege to welcome you to this extraordinary service, to-night. Nothing but an occasion out of the common order could warrant us in abandoning our customary places of worship, and uniting in this strange place on a Sabbath evening for service together. But we feel that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of our city is an event so unique and so important as to justify the innovation; and our hope is that thus the whole celebration that is before us may receive a genuine religious impress. The reflecting mind can hardly help contrasting that early day of small beginnings, two and a half centuries ago, with this rich, opulent, powerful day in which we live; and the devout mind exclaims, "What hath God wrought!" But God works through agencies always; and only as he finds men willing to coöperate with Him does He produce such splendid results. There seems to be a great law underlying all human progress and prescribing the manner by which man or nation comes into the possession of the best things. Death is evermore the gateway to life. The ground must be bruised by the plow and torn by the harrow before it will bring forth corn and wheat for the sustenance of man. Plants and flowers yield their richest virtues only when beaten and crushed. The purple grape must suffer violence before it gives up its ruby life. Lower animal forms, by the thousand, are sacrificed to the higher forms, and only so can the fittest survive.

And as we rise in the scale of being the whole structure of civilization is found to be built upon the toil, the hardships, the sacrifices of the few. So it comes about that every nation of history has had given to it, as from the hand of God, some great ideal to work into the fabric of the world at any or all cost. This is a people's

only patent to nobility; the only excuse for its existence. Having this, it is immortal till the work is done. Thus the Semitic race has cut deeply into the heart of mankind the religious idea; the Greek, that of beauty and art; the Roman, that of law and order.

But it was left for the Anglo-Saxon to carry forward to successful issue the idea of civil and religious liberty; and the men for God's hour and God's work were at hand, — men who feared nothing but God's frown, who, persecuted in their native land, made the seas a highway, harnessed the winds of Heaven to be their servant, and, after weary days and perilous nights, anchored by our stern and rock-bound coast. These men came with an idea which they were ready to water with their blood and warm with their ardor, and so make regnant in the earth. And they went about it instantly. In the cabin of their little ship the compact was made that was destined to make a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Perhaps they builded better than they knew; but we ought to thank God for the peculiar type of national life begun on that immortal day. The type might easily have been something other. For two streams flowed forth from the strife of the Reformation which inevitably meant two kinds of government. And both the streams found their way to these shores.

The one came from Catholic France, the other from Protestant England. The first found a stronghold to the north in the colonies of the French; the second made its home at Plymouth Rock. But both could not abide so nearly together. A conflict for the supremacy was inevitable; and on the Heights of Abraham before Quebec it was finally decided that that type of national life untrammelled and unfettered by alliances between church and state should prevail.

And we ought to thank God, too, that the democratic and not the aristocratic idea was seized upon so grandly and so clearly by the fathers. Here again there was an opportunity to copy others and blunder. For a colony in the South, at Jamestown, was already thriving when the Pilgrims landed, and that colony was in its essence aristocratic. The majority of the settlers there belonged to the aristocracy. They came, not to work, but to seek adventure and gold. They were ready for anything but toil. Consequently, some class system was inevitable, which opened the way for that *monstrum horrendum*, American slavery, the virus of which had to be cut from the life of the nation, two centuries afterward, at tremendous cost. And nobody can doubt that the seed which grew to be powerful enough to uproot aristocracy from the soil of the nation was planted amid prayers and tears by the men we are here to honor to-night, who believed in a Democracy. But I must not tarry longer upon these

INDIANS — ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC T. A. SOCIETY THE PARADE

matters. Those early days were days often of religious controversy and contention. These are days of peace. We meet together in unity and Christian love, illustrating the apostolic motto, "One Lord, one faith, one Baptism." The Puritan and the Ritualist are both here; the radical and the conservative sit side by side. The name of *Lawrence* is an honored one among us, in church, in state, and in the commercial world. And I now have the honor of presenting to you Bishop William Lawrence of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS BY THE RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, D.D.,

Bishop of Massachusetts.

THE PURITANS.

One great object of such a celebration as this which you, citizens and brethren of Old Malden, are entering upon is to get at the heart of the men who were in the beginnings of the community, — to reach down into the principles of their lives.

In the next few days you will hear much of the customs and manners of the New England Puritans, some of them picturesque, others hard and uninviting; you may catch a glimpse of their dress, their furniture, and their architecture.

Interesting and important as these studies are, they do not strike the deepest notes of the Puritan character.

On this Sunday evening, at the beginning of the celebration, I want to call your thoughts away for a while from the present to a short study of the past, wherein we may catch a few notes of the essentials of the character of the Puritan, and then with the present New England before us, I want to suggest how the character of the Puritan may take its place in the life of the people as we approach the dawn of the twentieth century. What were the elements of character that founded the colony of the Old Bay State and the ancient hamlet of Malden? How shall these same elements of character enter into the development of the commonwealth of Massachusetts and the prosperous city of Malden?

I must ask you first to go back with me many centuries and patiently trace the uprising of the Puritan.

The people of northern Europe were of a different temper from the southern races. The cold winds of the northern seas had toughened their fibre, and in giving them red blood had also endowed them with that strong, free, self-confident spirit which, though at times brutal and sensual, was also noble, and with a love of truth and justice. There was a spirit of independence, a love of liberty which,

if restrained, broke out in lawlessness, but was withal fine and mighty.

Over such a horde of hardy, roving men in Germany and Britain there had been gradually spread, through the influence of missionaries, scholars, and soldiers from Rome, the system of religion and state which, adapted to the temper of southern Europe, had been silently and unobservedly cast upon the people of the North. Success in controlling these unconscious and ignorant forces tempted the church to press the system harder and more thoroughly into the lives of the people.

Germany was the home of the Teuton and Goth. In Britain there had come a fusion of races that betokened might and independence.

In time, the rumblings of discontent beneath the pressure of the system of the Latin races began to be heard. From England first, the voice of John Wycliffe was heard as far as Rome; and in response to the command for silence he put forth the English Bible. Then Germany answered by the life and martyrdom of John Huss, the Morning Star of the Reformation. Soon Luther met the power of Rome with his response: "I can do nought else. Here stand I. God help me. Amen." From that hour, the movement of the North was on foot. It was not a mere religious revolt, not a mere protest against Rome and priestcraft, it was a revolt of the free, independent, and vigorous spirit of the North against the system of the South; it was the break of modern life from mediævalism. The issue in England came when that great and brutal, but sometimes noble, King Henry VIII. reached the throne; and his passions became the means by which the people of England shattered the supremacy of the Pope and the reign of mediævalism in England.

There are two events which stand forth in my mind as most significant in the development of the English nation and its world-wide empire.

The first occurred just three hundred and fifty years ago this very day, Whitsunday. In the reign of Edward VI., in response to the pressure from the people and leaders of the church, the Book of Common Prayer, which in substantially the same form has ever since been the Prayer Book of the Church of England and later of the Episcopal Church in this country, was for the first time used in the service of the churches. On that day, Latin ceased to be the universal language of Christian worship; and since that day, English, even in the Roman Church, strong, pure English, a "language understanded of the people," has become the vehicle for the utterance by the people of their deepest thoughts and aspirations.

The other event was the voyage of the "Mayflower," whereby through covenant, courage, and sacrifice a colony was founded that

has carried the march of English civilization across the continent, and is now encircling the earth.

With an English Prayer Book, and later a Bible not only translated but printed and open in the churches, and with the temper of Englishmen, it was only a question of time when many other traditions, habits, and principles which had their birth in southern Europe would have to go; and in the history of the seventeenth century we have the story of the rough and sometimes brutal, but on the whole just and reasonable, way in which an Englishman regains his rights and liberties. From the heart of England came the forces to make the nation great. Strong institutions and weak and stubborn kings fell before the will of the people.

To be sure, there were periods when the old order seemed too strong to be moved; when a self-confident king like James I. could for a time hold the reins of power, and when there seemed to be victory to his threat, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land."

There was victory, but not as he expected; for in harrying the Puritans out of England, he drove them across the ocean, upbuilt a great commonwealth, which in the days of George III. brought even England to her knees, and which stands as the leader in the movements of life and politics which James most dreaded.

Now we reach the point in history where the Puritan stands forth. As we watch him in Old and New England, and study his spiritual and martial battles, his theology and philosophy, his habits of life and serious face, the question bears in upon us with fascinating interest, What is the essential element of Puritanism?

We all know the popular impressions of the spirit of Puritanism.

For instance, we are told, doubtless you will be told in the next few days, that the Puritan was hard, narrow, bigoted, and a hypocrite. No doubt many of them were; we cannot begin to realize the pressure of hard conditions and unjust treatment that made them such. John Milton, John Hampden, and John Winthrop were, however, Puritans. Surely this is not true of them. A system has a right to be judged by its best expression, and not its worst. No! hard, narrow, bigoted, and hypocritical as many of the Puritans were, that was not an essential in the Puritan character.

"Ah! but they made of the Sabbath a day of gloom and spiritual tyranny; they spurned pleasure and sports; and under the guise of piety gave themselves up to backbiting and secret sins."

True again of some, especially in the later days of Puritanism, when its spiritual force was declining; but surely Cromwell was a Puritan and a sportsman and a lover of hawking and horses. He would put many a modern sportsman to the blush. Calvin, the

author of the hardest theology, played his games out of doors of a Sunday afternoon; and Milton was deeply touched with the spirit of humor and playfulness.

> "Jest, and youthful jollity,
> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides."

These lines were not from the Elizabethan poet, William Shakespeare, but from the Puritan poet, John Milton.

No! the spurning of pleasure and sport, which was at first the true and noble protest against the sensuality of the stage of that day and the looseness of morals, was not an essential element in the Puritan character.

"Surely he was morose and even cruel in his theology," we hear. "Have we not right here in Malden the life of our early pastor, the Reverend Michael Wigglesworth, and his tragic poem, *The Day of Doom?* Did he not write these terrible lines descriptive of the Judgment Day? Are they not rather barbarous than Christian?—

> "'They wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
> and gnash their teeth for terrour:
> They cry, they rore for anguish sore,
> and gnaw their tongues for horrour.
> But get away without delay;
> Christ pitties not your cry:
> Depart to Hell; there may yon yell
> and roar Eternally.'"

Yes! that is barbarous: it is the logical result of a philosophy which overwhelmed all thought in that age, which dominated the theology of Rome as well as of Protestantism. It is the song of a dyspeptic, hysterical, sickly minister, who, burdened with a hard and narrow life, yielded to his philosophy and ran his thoughts into rhyme.

Is Puritanism to be held accountable for a system of contemporary philosophy? And remember, too, that it was Cromwell who wrote to Parliament from the field of battle, "In things of the mind we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason."

Again we are told: "Independency in religion, hatred of bishops, spoliation of cathedrals, destruction of beautiful glass and statuary,—these surely were characteristic of the Puritans." Yes! In the revolt of their strong natures against much worldliness and idolatry of the church in the past, and some in their day, they did express themselves in rough and brutal ways. We must recollect, however, that it was

from the Church of England that Puritanism sprang forth; it was clergymen and members of the Church of England that formed the best material of our colony. Many of them had no desire to leave the church, but found themselves by the force of circumstances out of it. Then, under pressure of more ardent spirits and for the preservation of unity, they became more and more estranged from the mother church. There is a touch of pathos in the words attributed to Higginson as he sailed for Salem: "We will not say, as the Separatists are wont to say at their leaving of England, 'Farewell, Babylon; farewell, Rome,' but we will say, 'Farewell, dear England; farewell, the Church of God in England.' We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, but we go to practise the positive part of church reformation."

Independency, separatism, hatred of the Church of England, was therefore an incident, not an essential element in the spirit of Puritanism.

Again we recur to the question, What is the essential element of Puritanism? And my answer is, It was the desire of the individual man to stand face to face with God, and be judged by Him.

No pope, no king, no priest, ay, if necessary, no church, which will in any way stand between a man and his God!

The Puritan may have mistaken, as I believe he did, the office of the priest and the church, but he was right in his principle. He brought Christianity back to its fundamental fact, the essential relation between God and man.

On its harder side, the relation was of the sinner and his Judge; on the tender side (for there was a deep, mystical, and tender side to Puritanism), the relation was of the child and his loving Heavenly Father.

They had no idea where this principle would carry them; they marched like the Israelites of old in the way that God led them. That they should have been the pioneers of religious liberty, the expulsion of Roger Williams seemed to deny. That they should bring in the era of democracy! — John Cotton said that democracy was not "a fit government either in church or commonwealth."

Given, however, the essential truth of Puritanism, and you have everything, civil and religious liberty, democracy, the unloosing of the shackles of thought, speech, and action, — everything that has ensued to the end of this century.

Puritanism was but a temporary and local expression of the essential truth of Christ's religion. See how it worked in earlier days. A high-priest tried to shackle the thought and speech of Peter, but Peter's voice rang out as the voice of the later Puritans has rung again and again: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto

you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard."

A man brought into the presence of God, realizing his sin and his essential divine origin, discovers himself to be not richer or stronger or poorer or weaker than other men, but discovers himself to be a man, the brother in Christ of all other men. Here you have the germ of democracy and the truth of the brotherhood of man.

Allow a church or a state or any other organization to become so strong as to suppress the best religious aspirations, the reasonable opinions, and the moral sense of its members, and the soul that demands the right to stand face to face with God revolts.

Liberty, therefore, has been the watchword of the last three centuries, liberty to stand face to face with God, and to be judged, not by priest or king, but by God; liberty to act in church and state the full part of a man; liberty to think; liberty to speak; liberty to read the Bible; liberty to interpret the Bible; liberty to reject the Bible; liberty to study into the deep secrets of nature and proclaim the results, whatever may be the effect on theological thought; liberty to confess Christ; liberty to deny Christ.

We know what errors and sins, what foolishness and ignorance run riot in the name of liberty, but the movement has been great, almost sublime. The shackles of mediævalism have been gradually sundered. Spain, the country of Philip II. and Ignatius Loyola, has been driven back from Western thought, as well as Western coasts. The struggle must go on; for while man is man he will have to fight for liberty.

With all this said, is it not time to strike another note of the essential Puritan character, — the note of duty and of obedience to the higher law?

What are you going to do with your liberty? Our fathers no sooner gained their liberty from England and touched these shores than they began to build up a Christian community and found a Christian nation.

It is a little wearisome at times, is it not? to hear men who never think prate of the liberty of thought and the right of a man to express his thoughts, no matter how stupid or blasphemous they may be.

Liberty to vote as one pleases is a foundation-stone of Democracy, but it becomes a little tiresome to watch a man throw away his vote, year after year, in order that he may have the satisfaction of exercising that liberty.

Liberty to teach and preach is a truism for which the Puritan had reason to fight, but it is hardly worth while, if one thinks a different doctrine and preaches a different creed every week.

No! my friends, it is time that we come to more immediate and practical duties. What has the Puritan spirit of duty to do in the New England of to-day?

Two hundred and fifty years ago this was the purest English community in the world, purer than any in England, purer than will ever be again.

To-day, New England is a composite population, gradually fusing into a character. The basis is English, or Anglo-Saxon, then the Celt, the Scandinavian and German, the Italian, the Russian, the Pole. We want to carry the Puritan principle into the compound New England character; and the people, all of them, I believe, want and desire that principle.

For note this. While the people of Latin races have brought with them many of the traditions of southern Europe, the fact is that Puritanism, as expressed in civil and religious liberty, in an ethical religion and a sense of responsibility, has pushed steadily down through Switzerland to Rome; and in the hearts of the people and forms of government, mediævalism is almost overthrown. The people who have come here have, like our fathers, come to gain liberty of thought and life. They already have the essentials of Puritanism; they are religious.

Is it not time that we and they together, for we are one in civic and social interests, should dwell not so much on liberty as upon responsibility, our duty to upbuild a righteous nation? Distrust between Englishman and Italian, between Pole and German, will never do it. We must seek the deeper bond of a sense of duty and freedom through obedience to the higher law of brotherhood and fellow-citizenship, of God and a common service.

We are witnessing what lawless liberty is doing in the South to-day. It means liberty to lynch, to murder the innocent, to trample upon law and justice. Only through willing obedience to law and justice can there be true and permanent liberty. Only through the law may we become dead to the law, that we may live unto God.

The danger of personal liberty through lawlessness is in the North as well as the South.

Strong men want to be free to build up great fortunes; a noble ambition, if carried out under the law and a high sense of duty to the community. But suppose the law and the welfare of the community interfere with their purpose; still they are determined to be free to make their fortune, and by their strength and influence they enslave a legislature and lynch the rights of the people. This is the issue in states throughout the North that are condemning the lawlessness in the South. And in retaliation there are those among the people and legislators who, because they cannot reach the rich and lawless

through righteous laws, are ready to pass unrighteous laws to steal from the rich, simply because they are rich and a few of them are lawless. We want men who will appreciate and defend the rights of the poor as well as of the rich; and who will also defend the rights of the rich as well as of the poor.

What the people of this nation need, ay, what the people of New England need to-day is more of that homely, strong, and hardy sense of duty and that moral courage that our Puritan forefathers had. It were well if some of those who scoff at the Puritans' austerity and bigotry would catch a fraction of their mighty character and sturdy honor.

By righteous law, by self-restraint, by consideration of the rights of others, we gain the highest freedom. It is not our whims or passions, not our selfish ambitions or our material resources, but it is the Truth that shall make us free.

Whether we be by inheritance or birth English, Celt, Italian, or Russian, we are now one people, American. If we would be a free people, we must have government and we must have obedience to government; and it must be a "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Finally, what has the Puritan sense of duty and obedience to the higher law to do in the present religious life of New England?

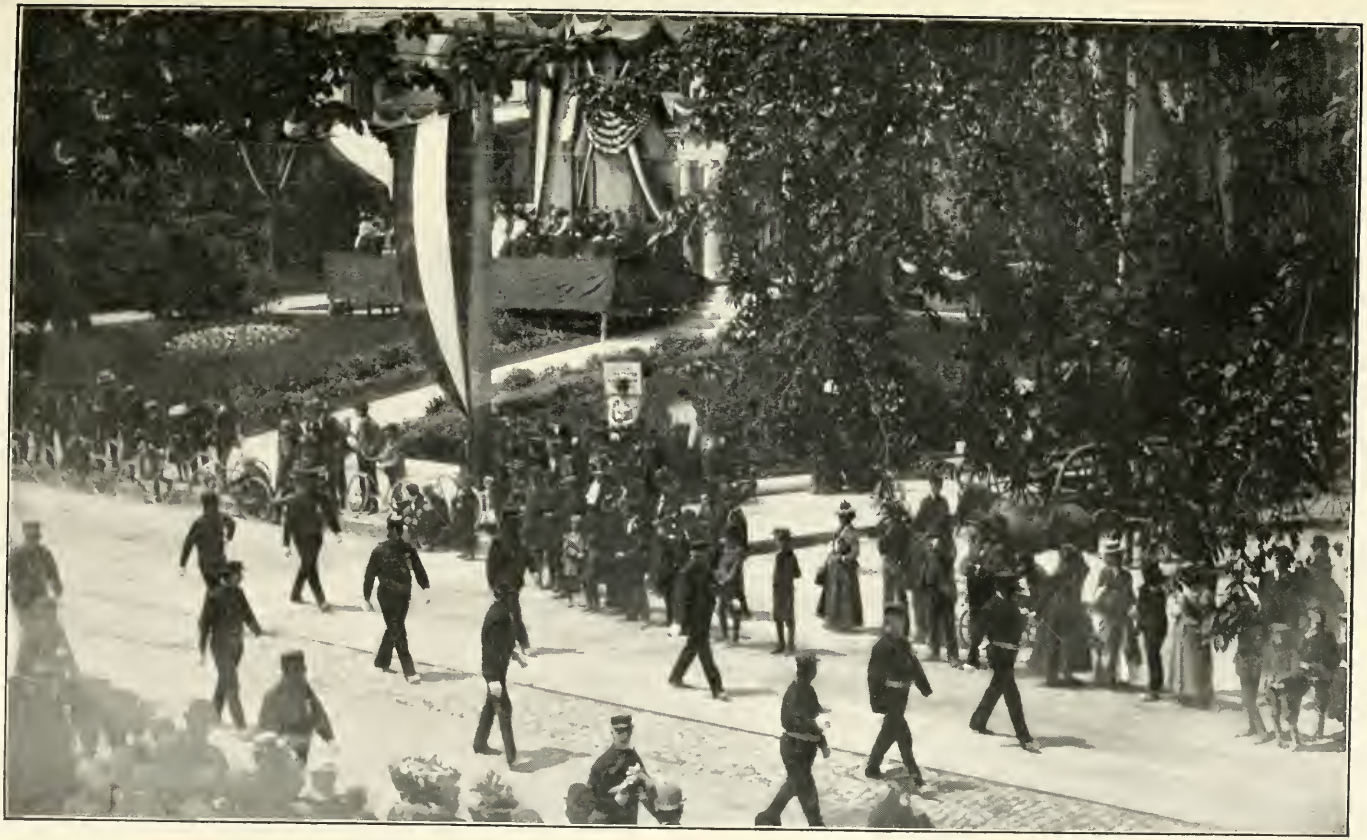
Freedom of religion has been the glory and the byword of Massachusetts. It has brought forth some of the richest fruit, and it has sometimes run to seed.

We are familiar with the bore who talks of the freedom of religion, and who, without religion himself, is a slave to his narrow prejudices.

We have among us a pretty large company of those men and women, whose fathers and grandfathers were of deep piety, who silently reject or loudly proclaim their freedom from the very religion that has given them what force and height of character they now have. Such people are like the spendthrift who has inherited his father's fortune, and who boasts that he has no use for the talents and enterprise which enabled his father to build up the fortune.

With all this said, the people of New England are at heart a religious people. They are athirst for the living God, and they welcome a living and united church.

In his fight for liberty, the Puritan broke from the English Church; then his church broke into parts, and with freedom we have had separatism, sectarianism, the strife of tongues, and a divided Christendom in the face of heathendom. I have no panacea of Christian unity to suggest. I believe that when it comes, no man will know the manner or the day of its coming. But that there is some approach



VETERAN FIREMEN (EVERETT)

THE PARADE

to Christian unity this very meeting to-night testifies. Think of it! the children of the Puritans, the members of the different churches, all joining together, inviting Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, in celebrating a Puritan anniversary, and having for their preacher, to name the essential elements of the Puritan, a bishop, — a bishop of the daughter church from whose mother the Puritan fled.

I pray and believe that at some future anniversary of Malden, it may be fifty, it may be two hundred and fifty years hence, the whole Christian Church, Roman and Protestant (if there be any such title then), will join together in common prayer.

At all events, our personal duty is this. By the checking of a sectarian spirit, by a larger charity, by an emphasis of the fundamental truths of Christ, by obedience to that higher law "that all may be one," we in the true spirit of the Puritan, in his best and deepest moments, want to draw near to each other in a common brotherhood in Christ. Thus in home and school and church there will be a united effort in the upbuilding of the character of the people, and a saving not only of the souls of men but the soul of the whole community.

Massachusetts is fortunate in having a history which is an increasing inspiration to the people. From the day that the "Mayflower" sailed into Plymouth Harbor, from the landing in Salem of John Winthrop, through the years of struggles with Indians and efforts for liberty, through '76 and '61 and '98, we have had a list of patriots, saints, and martyrs. To-night we are compassed about with "so great a cloud of witnesses." God help us to be faithful to our duty as they were faithful to theirs, and through us and our children may the prayer be answered, —

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

HYMN.

Tune, *Dundee.*

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

BENEDICTION BY THE REV. JOSHUA W. WELLMAN, D.D.

First Church, 1874–1883.

THE OVERFLOW MEETING.

At the First Church.

This meeting was addressed by the Right Rev. William Lawrence D.D., and the Revs. Edwin H. Hughes, Henry H. French, D.D., William I. Haven, and Frederick Edwards.

With the exception of the last two, the remarks of the speakers were substantially as delivered at the meeting in the Anniversary Building. The Rev. William I. Haven, secretary of the American Bible Society, was introduced by the Rev. Edwin H. Hughes as the grandson of the president of the day at the two hundredth anniversary of Malden in 1849, and as the son of the poet of that occasion, the Rev., afterwards Bishop, Gilbert Haven. Mr. Haven spoke briefly, somewhat as follows: —

ADDRESS BY THE REV. WILLIAM I. HAVEN.

It is a great pleasure to me to join with you in this great celebration of your city's life. Mr. Hughes has referred to my relationship with the president and the poet of your celebration fifty years ago. I well remember the impression made upon me by my distinguished grandfather, — an impression of dignity and courtliness, of awe and stateliness, mingled with kindness. And, of course, I could not forget the more varied impressions made by my father, who was the poet of your earlier celebration. It is a singular fact that, after journeys which took him all over the world and around the globe, he at last returned to Malden, the city of his birth, and here he died. He and my grandfather sleep together in the city of the dead which

our faith recognizes as really the city of the living. It is the larger of the two cities, and we should not forget it in these commemorative hours. The city of Malden has a peculiar place in my thought. About it cluster the memories of my childhood, and young manhood as well. A great history has been written in these two hundred and fifty years— a history which may well cause a great pride in all our hearts.

It is especially pleasing to me that the really higher life of the city is recognized in these religious services. For it is this religious life which gave the town its birth, and which will give it further life and significance. I join heartily in a God-speed for the city of Malden. I pray that her future may be lighted by the divine glory.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. FREDERICK EDWARDS.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

THE PURITANS.

Our thoughts to-night go back to the Puritans, to the good men and women who settled here in the early days and made our town. We are trying to imagine what they were like, what their traditions were, how they lived, and what they thought and did.

Now there are two kinds of imagination, which we may please to call the speculative and the historic. The one is in the air, the other on the ground. The first is almost altogether the child of our inventive faculty. With a few materials, selected at our pleasure, we create a picture to suit our mood, — the Puritan man and maid, in their peculiar costume, walking in some dark wood, or sitting in some quaint kitchen, with the lights and shadows deftly managed, and the character to suit our plot or fancy. This may be beautiful, but it is the product of art, and of such are many of our pictures of early memories. We paint them as we do our heaven, out of a few associations and much desire. They belong to our ideal world.

But there is another kind of reproduction, which runs along the ground. Two hundred and fifty years may seem a long time, and yet if you think a moment not so long after all. You can almost span them in the experience of your own life. Every one of you can remember in childhood some very old person, eighty or ninety years of age. Some of you will live to be that old yourselves. Before you pass away somebody will put in your arms a little babe, perhaps, which will live to be as old. There you have it. The lives of the three of you, the person you remember, your own, and the little child, cover a period as long as we are now celebrating, two hundred and fifty years.

Now that helps us amazingly in thinking of these early days. The old man that you knew was not so very different from the child you will hold in your arms. The education may be different, the conditions under which they live different, but they are both human, both use the same speech, both love, both perhaps marry and rear children. The differences are mainly external. There may even be a different cast to the thought or tone in the life, but the old man and the child are both fundamentally human, wonderfully alike, fixed in the image of God.

And even the external conditions in the life of your grandfather and your coming grandson will not be as great, in some respects, as you are sometimes led to imagine. The old man grew up before the steam car, the telegraph, and all these so-called wonderful inventions. But he knew the sun, the clouds, the open sky, the mountains, the sea, the changing seasons. He had his horse, his dog, his fowls. He ate, and drank, and slept, and ruminated upon these things; and they are ever with us and will be unto the end.

Such a consideration will help us to understand the Puritan, perhaps, a little better. He came here seemingly a long time ago. But he looked upon the same landscape of salt marsh, river, and hill, dealt with the same world. Pine-tree was pine-tree then as it is now, stone was stone. The rains fell, the flowers bloomed along the wayside in the same way.

We think of his conditions as primitive. Yet I think his cabins and clearings must have looked much the same as the little hamlets do along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick to-day, with the woods creeping down, the horse blinking over the gate, and the flowers growing up on either side of the door.

And there was the same difference between him and ourselves that there will be between the old man you remember and the child you shall hold in your arms before you go. His clothes were cut differently, his speech strange, but he was a man with thoughts and feelings like our own. We must remember that human nature had risen to as high a level in certain individuals by his time as it has since. Isaiah, Jesus, Plato, St. Paul were his inheritance. Chaucer and Shakespeare had written for him his English verse. Bacon had given his prose to the world; Milton had begun to sing. I question if there are abler men in Malden to-day than there were among those who founded these colonies, or if humanity will rise in individuals to greater heights than it had in those whom the Puritan knew as familiar names.

Three things have marked the changes of the world since the Puritan's day and will go on to mould the world during the next two hundred years. One is the amelioration of physical conditions. We

are masters of our world more than he was. We manage the light, and heat, and electricity better than he did. Our children will manage them better than we do. But let us dream no wild dreams. A railroad cutting will still turn up the primeval stones, bricks will be bricks, rain will fall, trees will grow in Malden two hundred and fifty years from now as they do now. But it will be no heaven.

Knowledge has increased and is more diffused. The masses are better educated. This will be one of the great moves of the future. They will be better educated still. I doubt, however, if there will be greater intellects than Plato's, greater geniuses than Shakespeare. But more common men will know more than they did in the Puritan's day or do now.

The same will be true in religion. Theology will make no inconceivable advance. Christ will still be Christ. There will be no more rugged, sterling characters than the Puritans. But the spirit of human kindness will be more shed abroad. There will be no better men, but there will be more of them.

I think we should be wiser if we pondered these things a little more. All progress is not improvement. The fact that we live in Malden in 1899 does not make us greater or better men than if we had lived here in 1649, or in Tarsus in the first century. Our comforts increase, but it is the same old world; our knowledge slowly grows, but it is the same old problem; our general advantages are greater, but it is the same human nature with which we contend, and sin is sin in us as it was in our fathers.

My friends, let us not pride ourselves too much because we can buy store clothes, turn on hot water in our bath-tubs, and ride to Boston for five cents. It is the man that counts, and these count for but little in the making of him. Better wear homespun, bathe in cold water, and walk to Boston, than to give up that strenuous inner life in which the Puritans excelled. It is well to improve on the Puritan's house, better still to improve on his schools, best of all to take his faith for which he sacrificed all that he had, and make it the quest of our lives, adding to the world's store where he lacked, in the diffusion of tolerance and Christian kindliness, which St. Paul called charity, and St. John love, and which Christ showed to be the perfection of the sons of God.

PROGRAM.

MONDAY, MAY 22, 1899.

8.30 A.M. PUBLIC REHEARSAL — Anniversary Building.
9.00 A.M. WATER SPORTS — Fellsmere Park.
9.00 A.M. BICYCLE RACES — Webster Park.
9.00 A.M. GAELIC FOOT BALL — Cradock Field.
10.00 A.M. TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS — Cradock Field.
10.30 A.M. BASE BALL — Cradock Field.
11.00 A.M. OBSTACLE RACES — Webster Park.

Also, During the Forenoon:

Children's Entertainments in the several School Halls and Public Halls.

RACE OF HOMING PIGEONS FROM ALBANY, N. Y.

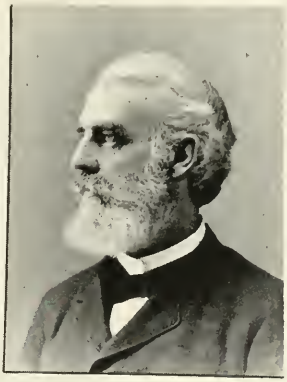
1.30 P.M. LITERARY AND MUSICAL EXERCISES — Anniversary Building.
1.30 P.M. WATER SPORTS — Fellsmere Park.
2.00 P.M. TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS — Cradock Field.
2.00 P.M. BICYCLE RACES — Parkway, Edgeworth.
4.30 P.M. BALLOON ASCENSION — Ferryway Green.
8.30 P.M. PROMENADE CONCERT AND BALL — Anniversary Building.

Dancing 10.30 to 1.00. *Continuous Collation.*

All Day — GOLF at Converse Links, Pine Banks.

Salutes at 6 A.M. and at sunset.

Band Concerts at several points and at Sports.



ARTHUR H. WELLMAN
Orator

J. LANGDON SULLIVAN, M. D.
Odist

DELORAINE P. COREY
President of the Day, etc.

OBADIAH B. BROWN
Chairman Musical Exercises

WILLIAM N. OSGOOD
Toast Master

EXERCISES OF MONDAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the clouds and rain of Sunday, which failed to dampen the ardor of any, but caused some fears for the success of the outdoor events of the next two days, Monday came with a promise of fair weather; and the clouds soon gave place to a clear sky and a cool breeze that were all that could be desired.

The day was introduced by the firing of bombs at Ferryway Green and the ringing of church bells, while the national salute was blown at the factory of the Boston Rubber Shoe Co. at Edgeworth. The rain of the preceding day had put the streets in good condition, and all nature was fresh and bright. The weather was doing its best for the celebration, and the city was clean, sweet, and busy. There was no loitering in the morning. All who could go out were early afoot, and incoming guests soon added their forces to the crowds which began to appear in the streets.

The city was in its gala dress. The decorations, which had been completed on Saturday, being of the best materials and securely hung, had received little damage from the wind and rain. All the principal buildings and many private residences in all parts of the city were decked. At the city hall, in the midst of elaborate furnishings, on either side of the city seal, appeared the portraits of the Hon. Elisha S. Converse, the first mayor of the city, and the Hon. Charles L. Dean, the present mayor. The High School, the Public Library, and the First Baptist Church, from their contiguity and advantageous position, presented a fine appearance in their holiday attire. All along in every direction the upper and lower squares and their approaching streets were bright with the national colors, festooned, twined, and floating in artistic designs or graceful carelessness; while a brisk breeze, keeping all in constant motion, added an impression of life and movement to the brilliant display. The moving crowd, the bright colors floating in the air, and the clear blue sky above made a picture which will not soon be forgotten.

Arches thrown over the principal streets at the city line welcomed incomers with words of hospitable greeting. A novel use was made of the poles and wires of the electric lines, which were dressed with

bunting so as to show in perspective arcades of bright colors. A notable display was made at the residence of Col. Harry E. Converse, at the corner of Main and Appleton Streets, in which was shown a series of twelve flags used in the colony and state of Massachusetts, beginning with the English Union Jack of the early days and passing through the several provincial and revolutionary types to the American flag of thirteen stars.

There was no lack of attractions from the beginning, and all classes found something to their liking. Band concerts at convenient points were early features; and the public rehearsal of the anniversary chorus, at half-past eight, found a large hearing. More were attracted by the games and sports at the several parks, and the drill exhibitions of Dodd's troopers; and the children crowded the halls which were set apart for their entertainment. All day the historic exhibit was filled to the utmost capacity of the rooms, and the number and interest of the visitors were maintained throughout the evening. The literary and musical exercises in the afternoon gathered an immense audience of those who had less interest in the more popular events of the day, and held them with undiminished attention to the close; while the concert and ball in the evening gave to the celebration the *éclat* of a brilliant social function.

Nor were the street scenes, if less brilliant, less enlivening than the official events. Our simple forebears, whose experiences were bounded by the festivities of a country training-field, would have contemplated with amazement the abundant possibilities of entertainment which were presented. Fakers and philosophers with long beards and pale faces, peripatetic peddlers with souvenirs and refreshments shrilly crying their wares, hand-organs and monkeys, soap-sellers and toy vendors — the scores of itinerants which a struggle for existence and New-English enterprise never fail to send to large public gatherings — penetrated the crowds in every direction; while the din of firecrackers, large and small, the snap of torpedoes, the hiss of toy balloons, and the dissonant toot of horns were audible evidences of a crowd which was intent upon pleasure. Vacant lots were covered with booths, sheltering stores of pink lemonade and sandwiches, air-gun and knife-throwing targets, or some of the many opportunities for refreshment or cheap amusement to which the onlookers were loudly invited.

Salutes of twenty-five bombs were fired on Monday and Tuesday at morning and sunset; and the bells of seven churches were rung on each day at morning, noon, and sunset.

ATHLETIC AND FIELD SPORTS.

At 6.03 A. M. twenty-six homing pigeons were liberated at Albany, N. Y., each bearing a message of congratulation from Gov. Theodore Roosevelt of New York to Mayor Dean. This contest for speed was arranged under the auspices of the Malden Homing Pigeon Club. The first pigeon arrived at the loft of the owner, George Horsman, at 10.01, and was followed about twenty-five seconds later by another at the same loft. The next bird to arrive was the property of Peter J. Carey, which came shortly before 10.02.

Soon after eight o'clock crowds began to assemble at the several parks, where the public sports were to begin at nine o'clock. The committee on games and sports had given much time and thought to make these popular features of the celebration of real interest and merit; and every precaution had been taken for the comfort and safety of both spectators and participants. Sub-committees maintained a careful supervision over the preparation and performance of the several sports, and every feature was carried out to a most successful conclusion. The prizes were sterling-silver cups, shields, and medals, bearing the city seal, which were of intrinsic value as well as beautiful souvenirs of the celebration. A cool wind and an absence of dust made the day an ideal one for outdoor sports.

WATER SPORTS. FELLSMERE PARK.

William H. Winship, *Committee in charge.*

Canoe Events. — Julius B. Waterbury, of the American Canoe Association, and Edward S. Stevens, *judges;* C. B. Ashenden, *starter;* Joseph Wiggin, *clerk of course.*

Swimming Events. — Peter S. McNally, *referee;* George S. Rich, R. F. Johnson, *judges;* John A. Leavitt, *timekeeper;* Walker A. Smith, *starter;* George T. Holm, *clerk of course;* J. F. Fletcher, *announcer.*

The forenoon was devoted to canoe events, open only to Malden, Melrose, and Everett, from 9.00 until 10.30 A. M., and swimming events from 10.30 A. M. to 2.00 P. M. In the afternoon a series of canoe events, open to all comers, was closed by a tournament at four o'clock. Special events during the day were exhibitions of fancy swimming by Peter S. McNally of Boston, the champion swimmer of the world, and John A. Leavitt of Auburndale, the champion half-mile swimmer of the world. Competition in the open swimming events was limited to the membership of the New England Amateur Athletic Union.

Canoe Events.

Single canoe race, ¼ mile, open to Malden, Melrose, and Everett. — Joseph Wiggin, first prize; Freeman F. Burr, second prize; Herbert G. Porter, third prize.

Tandem canoe race, ¼ mile, open to Malden, Melrose, and Everett. — Russell B. Wiggin and Russell P. Priest, first prize; Herbert G. Porter and S. D. Pierce, second prize.

Tandem canoe race, ½ mile, open to Malden, Melrose, and Everett. — Russell B. Wiggin and Russell P. Priest, first prize; Edward B. Stratton and Freeman F. Burr, second prize.

Open single canoe race (single blade), ¼ mile. — James H. Low [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], first prize; Daniel S. Pratt [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], second prize; Fred W. Fowle [Initou Canoe Club], third prize.

Open tandem canoe race, ½ mile. — Ernest R. Adams and Stedman Smith [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], first prize; Robert J. Bowce and William Caffrey [Lawrence Canoe Club], second prize.

Open single canoe race (double blade), ¼ mile. — Ernest R. Adams [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], first prize; Robert J. Bowce, [Lawrence Canoe Club], second prize.

Open club four canoe race, ½ mile. — Stedman Smith, stroke; Ernest R. Adams, James H. Low, and John B. May [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], first prize, defeating the Initou Canoe Club.

Open tournament canoe race. — John B. May and Daniel S. Pratt, Jr. [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], first prize; Ernest R. Adams and Stedman Smith [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], second prize.

Open hurry-scurry canoe race. — Daniel S. Pratt, Jr. [Wawbewawa Canoe Club], first prize.

Swimming Events.

Open tub race. — John F. Foran, Malden, first prize; Malcolm Williams [Boston Athletic Club], second prize.

Open single swimming race, 50 yards. — W. L. Garrison, Jr., Brookline, first prize; H. Holm, Brookline, second prize; R. McCormick, Brookline, third prize.

Open diving competition. — W. L. Garrison, Jr., Brookline, first prize; George P. Moore, Brookline, second prize.

Open plunge for distance. — George P. Moore, Brookline, first prize; R. McCormick, Brookline, second prize.

Open swimming on back, 50 yards. — Herbert D. Holm, Brookline, first prize; George P. Moore, Brookline, second prize.

Open relay race (4 men in a team). — George P. Moore, Capt.; W. L. Garrison, Jr., Herbert D. Holm, R. G. Fuller (Brookline Swim-

ming Club), first prize, defeating the Brookline High School Swimming Club.

Swimming race open to Malden, Melrose, and Everett. — John F. Foran, Malden, first prize; Edward B. Stratton, Malden, second prize.

BICYCLE RACES. EASTERN AVENUE AND THE PARKWAY.

Edwin F. Kelley, *committee in charge.*

John C. Kerrison, *referee;* Alonzo D. Peck, *starter;* George W. Dorntee, Irving N. Chase, George H. Wiley, *judges;* Harry W. Knights, *clerk of course;* John C. Kerrison, *official L. A. W. handicapper; timing* by Chronograph Club.

These races were placed under the charge of John C. Kerrison, and brought amateurs and lovers of the sport from long distances to the courses. The races of the forenoon, which were open to riders of Malden, Melrose, and Everett, of eighteen years of age and under, were run on Eastern Avenue at Webster Park; and those of the afternoon occurred on the Parkway at Edgeworth. The commonwealth, by a special action of the Metropolitan Park Commission, transferred the care and use of the boulevard below Pleasant Street for the occasion to the city of Malden. This was a unique concession and an act of courtesy on the part of the state authorities which is worthy of record.

Local Riders (forenoon).

Quarter-mile sprint race. — Won by Harry W. Clark; second, Ernest Odell.

Slow race. — Won by Ernest J. Rogers. Time, 1m. 55 2-5s.

Egg and Spoon race. — Won by John H. Stone. Time, 1m. 50 2-5s.

Half-mile (open). — Won by Ernest J. Rogers; second, Mat Clifford.

Tilting Contest. — Won by Ernest J. Rogers.

Amateur Riders (afternoon).

Mile open. — First heat: won by J. F. Moran; Arthur Kellar, second; E. J. Rogers, third; time, 2m. 37 3-5s. Second heat: won by Moses Cookson; C. S. Robinson, second; C. Brown, third; time, 2m. 30 2-5s. Third heat: won by Guy W. Phillips; H. F. Simonds, second; Harry A. Austin, third; time, 3m. 22s. Fourth heat: won by William Younie; E. B. Chaffee, second; F. B. MacArthur, third; time, 2m. 38 4-5s. Fifth heat: won by A. E. Miller; Lawrence Arnold, second; M. Carnes, third; time, 3m. 28 2-5s. Sixth heat:

won by Sam J. King; F. A. Morrill, second; time, 3m. 38 1-5s. Semi-final heats. — First heat: won by William Younie; Guy W. Phillips, second; time, 2m. 47 4-5s. Second heat: won by J. F. Moran; Arthur Kellar, second; time, 3m. 11 2-5s. Final heat: Moran, first by a wheel; Phillips, second; Cookson, third; time, 2m. 40 2-5s.

Slow race. — 100 yards: won by P. H. Dennan.

Two-mile open. — First heat: won by William Younie; E. B. Chaffee, second; Val Chisholm, third; time, 7m. 48 3-5s. Second heat: won by F. B. MacArthur; E. H. Baudett, second; Lawrence Arnold, third; time, 7m. 25 3-5s. Third heat: won by J. F. Moran; Arthur Kellar, second; H. A. Austin, third; time, 7m. 42s. Final heat: won by Moran; Kellar, second; Younie, third; time, 50m. 4-5s.

Tandem handicap, two miles. — Won by J. Maher and Gallagher, 30s., time, 5m. 49 4-5s.; Lind and Chisholm, second, 20s.; scratch team's time, 6m. 30 4-5s.

Team race, five miles. — Won by Chelsea Cycle Club (J. F. Moran, first, 7 points; Richard Cronin, fourth, 4 points; C. S. Robinson, fifth, 3 points; total 14 points); Dorchester Wheelmen, second (Arthur Kellar, second, 6 points; F. B. MacArthur, third, 5 points; A. G. Squires, sixth, 2 points; total, 13 points).

Five-mile handicap. — Won by J. F. Moran, scratch; E. J. Rogers, 30s., second; J. W. Lind, 1m., third; R. Cronin, 15s., fourth; T. Missett, 1m. 30s., fifth; William Younie, 45s., sixth; M. Cookson, 45s., seventh; E. E. Odell, 1m., eighth; time, 17m. 31 2-5s.

TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS. CRADOCK FIELD.

James McCarthy, *committee in charge.*

John Graham, of the Boston Athletic Association, *manager and handicapper;* P. T. Lowell, Peter Kelley, G. F. Ferguson, *judges at finish;* M. E. Webb, Jr., J. M. Shoemaker, *field judges;* Joseph B. Moran, *clerk of course;* J. W. Bowles, *starter;* B. B. Osthues, *announcer.*

The games of the forenoon were open to boys of the Malden, Melrose, and Everett high and grammar schools. Those of the afternoon were open to all amateurs.

Forenoon.

100-yard dash (for boys over 18 years of age). — Won by E. J. Hurley, Malden H. S.; second, E. McCarthy, Malden H. S.; third, J. H. Joslin, Melrose H. S. Time, 10½s.

100-yard dash (for boys under 18 years of age). — Won by H. F. Ells, Everett H. S.; second, A. C. Holden, Melrose H. S. Time, 10 2-5s.

100-yard dash (for grammar school boys between 10 and 16 years of age). — Won by W. H. Bullock, Everett H. S.; second, B. F. Provandie, Melrose H. S. Time, 11s.

325-yard run (one lap of track). — Won by H. N. Flanders, Malden H. S.; second, W. B. Howe, Malden H. S. Time, 44s.

Team race (between Malden H. S. and Melrose H. S.). — Won by Malden H. S. (McCarthy, Hurley, Baker, Flanders); second, Melrose H. S. (J. H. Joslin, C. H. Stebbins, P. P. Merrill, A. C. Holden). Time, 3m. 55s.

AFTERNOON.

100-yard dash, trial heats. — First heat: won by W. D. Eaton, Som. H. S., 7 yds.; second, H. E. Smith, N. H. S., 6 yds. Time, 10 1-5s.

Second heat: won by H. Dexter, B. H. S., 7 yds.; second, E. L. Doyle, C. H. A. A., 7 yds. Time, 10 3-5s.

Third heat: won by Joseph Doyle, St. J. A. A., 7 yds.; second, W. J. Holland, B. C. A. A., 2 yds. Time, 10 2-5s.

Fourth heat: won by R. S. Edwards, Bowdoin College, 6 yds.; second, E. Hines, St. J. A. A., 5 yds. Time, 10 1-5s.

Semi-finals. — First heat: won by W. D. Eaton, Som. H. S., 7 yds.; second, H. E. Smith, N. H. S., 6 yds. Time, 10 1-5s. Second heat: won by R. S. Edwards, Bow. Coll., 6 yds.; second, Joseph Doyle, St. J. A. A., 7 yds. Time, 10 1-5s.

Final heat: won by W. D. Eaton, Som. H. S., 7 yds.; second, H. E. Smith, N. H. S., 6 yds.; third, R. S. Edwards, Bow. Coll., 6 yds. Time, 10 1-5s.

440-yard run. — Won by M. L. Bernstein, H. A. A., 25 yds.; second, E. Hines, St. J. A. A., 15 yds. Time, 51s.

880-yard run. — Won by D. J. Buckley, C. G. A., 50 yds.; second, Dick Grant, K. A. C. of New York, scratch. Time, 2m. 11s.

One-mile run. — Won by E. P. Trott, Med. H. S., 35 yds.; second, J. J. Hallihan, C. G. A., 65 yds. Time, 4m. 41s.

Running broad jump. — Won by I. H. Joslin, Mel. H. S., 2 ft. 6 in., total distance 23 ft. 8½ in.; second, F. E. Connolly, E. B. A. A., 6 in., total distance 23 ft.

Running high jump. — Won by H. E. Smith, N. H. S., 7 in., total height 5 ft. 11 in.; second, H. A. Sidney, Mal. H. S., 6½ in., total height, 5 ft. 9½ in.

Three standing jumps. — Won by S. G. Ellis, Lynn Y. M. C. A., 1 ft., total distance, 32 ft. 9 in.; second, F. E. Connolly, E. B. A. A., 1 ft., total distance, 32 ft. 4 in.

Five standing jumps. — Won by F. E. Connolly, E. B. A. A., 1 ft. 6 in., total distance 54 ft. 6 3-4 in.; second, Bernard Doherty, Boston, scratch, distance, 53 ft. 4 in.

Putting 16 lb. shot. — Won by C. A. Leitch, Y. M. C. A., 7 ft., total distance 43 ft. 7 3-4 in.; second, A. H. Jaffreys, Chelsea H. S., 9 ft., total distance, 43 ft. 3½ in.

GAELIC FOOT-BALL. CRADOCK FIELD.

John J. McCormack, *committee in charge.*
P. D. Warren, *referee.*

This game was played during the forenoon, in the presence of an immense crowd, which showed much personal interest in the playing, by the Celtics, Capt. C. Carey, and the Young Irelands, Capt. T. Doherty. The time was one hour; and the summary gave the Celtics seven, and the Young Irelands one, giving the cash prize of fifty dollars to the Celtics.

BASE-BALL. CRADOCK FIELD.

Owen P. Doonan, *committee in charge.*
J. Connell and E. Murphy, *umpires.*

Owing to the time occupied by the Gaelic teams, this game, which was scheduled at 10.30, was not called until nearly noon. It was played by the Newtowne Club of Cambridge and a Malden picked nine, fully five thousand people witnessing the game. Malden outbatted the Newtownes, but lost the game through loose fielding; and the cash prize of seventy-five dollars was awarded to the Cambridge club.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newtowne	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	2	5	5–11
Malden	0	1	1	0	0	2	3	0	3	3–10

Time, 2 h. 30 m.

OBSTACLE RACES. WEBSTER PARK.

John J. Queneth, *committee in charge.*
George T. Ferguson, Malden Y. M. C. A., *assistant.*

Potato race. — Won by Charles Sweeney; second, J. F. Hallihan. Time, 34 3-5s.

Boys' potato race. — Won by John Spencer; second, J. H. Murphy. Time, 39 4-5s.

Everett High School Boys — Ancient Hand Engine

THE PARADE

Sack race. — Won by E. H. Haynes; second, Charles Lucas. Time, 10s.

Three-legged race. — Won by Lucas and Hallihan; second, Murphy Brothers. Time, 5 3-5s.

GOLF. CONVERSE LINKS, PINE BANKS.

William H. Winship, *committee in charge.*

The first golf match that was ever played in this country in the exercises of the celebration of a town anniversary was played on Monday, and continued on Tuesday, at Pine Banks Park. Competition was confined to Malden players; and the tournaments were played by five ladies and fourteen gentlemen. The contest was close and exciting, the ladies' prize on Tuesday being won by one stroke at the last (eighteenth) hole, while that of the gentlemen was won by two up and one to play. The prizes were four sterling-silver cups, which were offered by the committee. As the game has been played in Europe for hundreds of years and is gaining popularity in this country, it is fair to suppose that in fifty years these cups may be brought out with much satisfaction as mementos of the games at which they were won, and of the celebration. The prizes were won as follows: —

Ladies' handicap tournament. — Miss Helen M. Weaver.

Gentlemen's handicap tournament. — Edward B. Horne.

Ladies' hole-play, scratch tournament. — Mrs. Clare Dutton McGregor.

Gentlemen's hole-play scratch tournament. — Roland Lesley Toppan.

BALLOON ASCENSION. FERRYWAY GREEN.

William W. Trafton and William E. Cochrane, *committee in charge.*

Prof. Clarence C. Bonnette and Mrs. E. L. Stafford, *aëronauts.*

No feature of the celebration was more successful than the ascension at Ferryway Green, which was witnessed by more than ten thousand people. The balloon was a new one, with a capacity of about forty thousand feet of hot air. To it were attached two parachutes, by which the aëronauts were to descend.

During the inflation, the Salem Cadet Band gave a concert; and hardly had Dodd's troopers, who had been exercising upon the ground, passed out of sight when, at 5.15, the signal to cut loose was given. The airship rose in perfect shape, but the parachutes became twisted,

which caused some apprehension among the spectators. When about five thousand feet high, Mrs. Stafford endeavored to cut loose, but failed in the attempt. To fill the contract, which called for one to descend from the balloon unless prevented by an accident, Professor Bonnette cut loose, descending rapidly at first, but more slowly as the parachute caught the air. He landed near the corner of Highland Avenue and Avon Street, where he was picked up and driven back to the field.

Meanwhile, it was evident that some accident had occurred to Mrs. Stafford and that she was unable to leave the balloon, which appeared to be falling in an erratic manner and threatening to capsize as the hot air escaped. It was feared that the balloon might collapse and fall rapidly to the ground; but the air escaped slowly, and the great bulk, becoming more steady, gradually descended and disappeared from the spectators on the field. It was afterwards found that by some complication the parachute could not be opened and released from its fastenings.

Street Commissioner George W. Stiles had followed the course of the balloon in his carriage, and found Mrs. Stafford safely resting on Highland Avenue, below Wellington. She expressed herself as highly satisfied with her trip. By their manner of meeting, it was gathered by the spectators that the aëronauts had experienced some anxiety since their departure from the field.

A "slide for life," which was included in the contract, was performed at a later hour in Central Square.

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

The children's entertainments, given during the forenoon of Monday, were among the most pleasing events of the celebration, if the enthusiasm of the crowds of children which filled the several halls may be taken in evidence. The committee, under the efficient lead of its chairman, Nathaniel W. Starbird, aimed to provide a series of light, popular entertainments, which would be of a high order and free from objectionable features. With the exception of the Oxford Musical Club, which appeared before the pupils of the High School, the entertainments were furnished by the J. W. Gorman Entertainment Co. of Boston. Each school had its appointed place of entertainment, and no pupil could be admitted to any other than that of his own school. Admission was given by souvenir buttons, of which over seven thousand were distributed. These buttons were round, in distinguishing colors for the several schools, with a white diamond

in the centre, bearing the city seal, around which appeared the legend: *250th Anniversary — May 22–23–99. Children's Entertainment.* The several schools were entertained as follows: —

HIGH SCHOOL HALL.

William J. Hobbs and Mrs. Frank J. Bartlett, *committee in charge.*

The High School. Badge, *the flag.* 10 A.M.

The Oxford Musical Club.

James A. Korman, *Bass soloist and pianist.*
Howard E. Tilton, *Flute and piccolo.*
Ralph L. Reinewald, *Cornet, violin, and mandolin.*
Arthur E. Thrasher, *Tenor soloist, banjo, and mandolin.*
J. N. Proctor, *Banjo and trombone.*

1	March.	*The Club.*
2	Tenor Solo. — "Mona"	*Mr. Thrasher.*
3	Flute and Cornet Duet. — "Titl's Serenade."	*Messrs. Tilton. and Reinewald.*
4	Descriptive. — "Down the Mississippi."	*The Club.*
5	Piccolo Solo. — "Sweet Birdie Polka."	*Mr. Tilton.*
6	Bass Solo. — "Asleep in the Deep."	*Mr. Korman.*
7	Banjo Solo. — "The Magic Waltz."	*Mr. Proctor.*
8	Descriptive. — "Ten Minutes with the Minstrels."	*The Club.*
9	Trombone Solo. — "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."	*Mr. Proctor.*
10	Tenor and Bass Duet. — "The Palms."	*Messrs. Thrasher and Korman.*
11	Cornet Solo. — "Old Kentucky Home."	*Mr. Reinewald.*
12	Descriptive. — "A day at the Circus."	*The Club.*
13	March. — Selected.	*The Club.*

OPERA HALL.

George Prouty and Nathaniel W. Starbird, *committee in charge.*

Centre, Coverley, and Oak Grove Schools.
Badge, *scarlet.* 9 A. M.

Faulkner, Greenwood, and Pierce Schools.
Badge, *purple.* 10.30 A. M.

Entertainment.

Louis Kelso Brennan. — *Singing humorist and impersonator.*
Phil and Hattie White. — *The Alabama pickaninnies.*
The new Edison Giant Phonograph.
E. M. Reed's Wonderful Acrobatic Bull Terriers.

NATIONAL HALL.

William H. Ruston and Mrs. George W. Walker, *committee in charge.*

Belmont, Converse, and Judson Schools.
Badge, *light blue.* 9 A.M.
Lincoln and Franklin Schools.
Badge, *olive.* 10.30 A.M.

Entertainment.

Prof. W. E. Floyd. — *Magical illusions and sleight of hand.*
Miss Jeanette Darrell. — *Female baritone vocalist.*
Jamie Leonard. — *Boy vocalist.*
A. E. White. — *Impersonator.*
John Barker. — *Comedian.*

COLUMBUS HALL.

Maurice Dinneen and Mrs. Peter J. McGuire, *committee in charge.*

Emerson, Free Catholic, and Kindergarten Schools.
First Section. Badge, *maroon.* 9 A. M.
Second Section. Badge, *pink.* 10.30 A. M.

Entertainment.

The Marshalls' Dainty Novelty Entertainers, introducing selections on a medley of instruments, including piano, violin, 'cello, sleigh-bells, zylophone, etc.

Frank G. Reynolds. — *Humorist and impersonator.*

GLENWOOD SCHOOL HALL.

G. Louis Richards and Mrs. Rufus H. Sawyer, *committee in charge.*

West and Glenwood Schools. Badge, *cerise.* 10 A. M.

Entertainment.

John Thomas. — *Humorist and impersonator.*
Fred E. Hansell. — *Whistling soloist.*
J. W. Bingham. — *Ventriloquist.*
Miss Louise Horner. — *Soprano vocalist and banjo soloist.*

COLUMBIAN HALL.

Frederick J. Smith and Mrs. Daniel P. Wise, *committee in charge.*

Maplewood and Ayers Schools.

First Section. Badge, *dark blue.* 9 A. M.

Second Section. Badge, *lavender.* 10.30 A. M.

Entertainment.

J. W. Maynard. } *Popular blind vocalist,*
C. E. Coffin. } *and instrumentalists.*

La Petite Blanche. — *The wonderful child artist in character songs and dances.*

George Channing Darling. — *Artist, caricaturist, humorist, and entertainer.*

LINDEN SCHOOL HALL.

George H. Fall and Mrs. Alfred H. Jones, *committee in charge.*

Linden School. Badge, *orange.* 10 A. M.

Entertainment.

Harry Bryant. — *Ventriloquist, humorist, and imitator of birds and animals.*

Frank T. Basic. — *Comique and novel instrumentalist.*

Charles Williams. — *Humorist and impersonator.*

Pete LaMar. — *Comic vocalist, yodeler, and mimic.*

LITERARY AND MUSICAL EXERCISES.

The literary and musical features of the celebration were prepared and presented by the committee on literary exercises and the committee on musical exercises. Though these committees were practically independent in matters relating to their respective departments, they worked together in complete harmony, and were amply rewarded by the results of their labors.

The committee on literary exercises held its first meeting on the evening of September 14, 1898, when an outline of the proposed exercises was made. It was decided to procure an original ode by competition; and the following notice was given through the local papers: —

"ANNIVERSARY ODE.

"The sub-committee on the ode for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Malden has decided to submit the writing of the ode to competition, open to any present or former resident of the city of Malden. The requirements are as follows: —

"Odes submitted must be not longer than four stanzas of four lines each; must be written to one of the three tunes, *Auld Lang Syne*, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, or *Fair Harvard;* and must be in the hands of the secretary of the committee, Rev. Edwin H. Hughes, 100 Washington Street, Malden, on or before February 1, 1899.

"The judges selected to decide the merits of the odes submitted are President William F. Warren of Boston University, Hon. Francis C. Lowell, Judge of the United States District Court, Boston, and Miss Annie H. Ryder, of Medford.

"Manuscripts, of which there must be three copies, should be written under a pseudonym, and should be accompanied by a sealed envelope, bearing without the pseudonym and within the real name of the writer.

"The following gentlemen compose the sub-committee: Rev. James F. Albion, Hon. Harvey L. Boutwell, Rev. Edwin H. Hughes."

In response to this notice, eighteen odes were presented; and the superior quality of many was a surprise to the committee. As they were submitted under pseudonyms, the name of no writer was known until the decision had been made. The judges acting independently, and not having met together, unanimously awarded the choice to that written by John Langdon Sullivan, M.D.; but the merit of others induced them to give honorable mention to those written by Arthur Mark Cummings, Francis J. Goodwin, Charles E. Mann, and the Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey. The ode of Mr. Cummings was sung at the gathering of the public schools to the tune of *Fair Harvard;* and it has been published with original music by A. Fred Hamnett.

The Rev. Theron Brown of Newton was selected as the poet of the celebration. Mr. Brown has been favorably known as a writer of odes for several public occasions and as a poet of much merit. Many of his hymns have been set to original music by different composers.

The choice of the orator of the day fell upon a citizen of Malden, the Hon. Arthur Holbrook Wellman, who has long been known in the political and social life of the city. As a scholar and speaker he possesses talents of a high order, and the respect and honor in which he

is held by all classes of the community rendered the selection one of the best, if not the best, that could be made.

The committee on musical exercises met for organization on the evening of September 12, 1898; and at a meeting held eight days later a comprehensive plan of procedure was adopted, which formed the basis of all future action. For the furtherance of its plans and the success which followed, the committee was largely indebted to the energy and experience of its chairman, the veteran musical conductor, Obadiah B. Brown.

The plan contemplated the gathering of a chorus of mixed voices of not less than two hundred and an orchestra of from forty to fifty performers. So far as possible, both chorus and orchestra were to be gathered from local talent, of which Malden was known to have an abundant supply. In carrying out the plan, the services of the choir-masters of the several religious societies were brought into action, and the best talent within their knowledge was invited to take part in the preparation. To these were added others who possessed the required qualifications of good voices and the ability to read music with readiness. The members of the orchestra were especially selected by the chairman, whose efforts were ably seconded by John W. Little of the committee, himself an instrumentalist of acknowledged ability. It was at first intended to put a church organ in the Anniversary Building, but that not being found expedient, a vocalion was substituted.

Invitations were sent out to those who were selected as members of the chorus and orchestra, which met with immediate and most gratifying responses. A chorus of the best material was organized, and Ephraim Cutter, Jr., of Melrose was chosen as conductor. Mr. Cutter is well known as the efficient musical director of the Amphion Club. On the day of the celebration, the chorus and orchestra consisted of —

Chorus: — Sopranos, 83; Altos, 70; Tenors, 36; Basses, 46; Total, 235. Orchestra: — Performers, 45.

It was organized as follows: —

Obadiah B. Brown, *Chairman.*
Ephraim Cutter, Jr., *Conductor.*
Ellen (Beale) Morey, *Organist.*

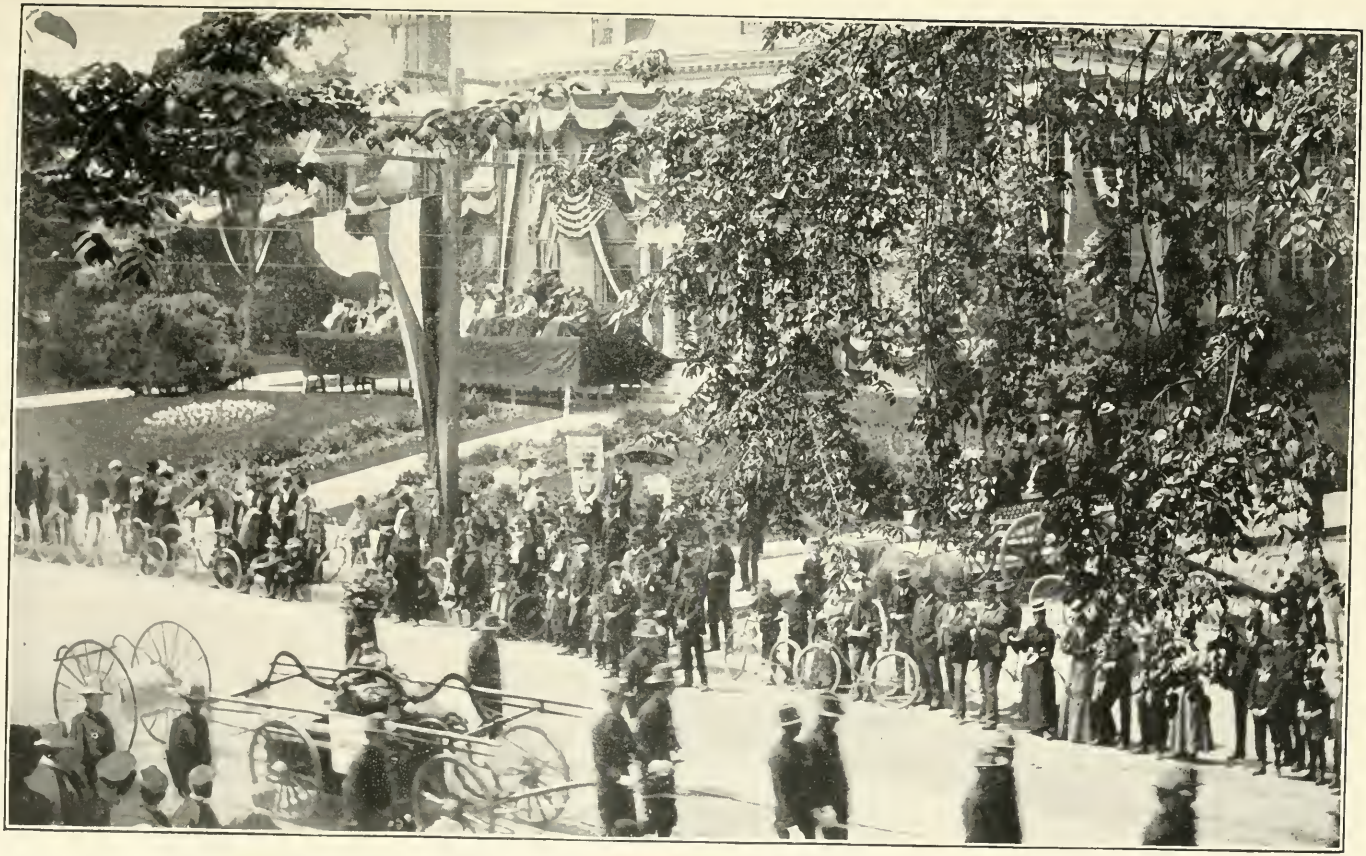
SOLOISTS.

Miss Katherine Hutchinson, *Soprano.*
Mrs. Homer E. Sawyer, *Contralto.*
Thomas L. Cushman, *Tenor.*
Frank R. Sircom, *Bass.*

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

Boyce, Agnes G.
Bradbury, Grace Sewell
Backus, Effie
Bentley, Mary
Bedlow, Harriet A. (Putnam)
Bardwell, Alice E.
Black, Alice G.
Campbell, Clara L.
Campbell, Estelle F.
Campbell, Geneve R.
Connell, Anna E.
Connell, Elizabeth R.
Clifford, Hannah
Connell, Margaret M.
Christopher, Mary E. (Pond)
Corbett, Abbie C.
Chatfield, Emma H.
Cormack, Mary R.
Carlisle, Florena (Hamblen)
Cox, Josephine E.
Connell, Annie L.
Elliot, Harriet V.
Etter, Jennie M.
Fernald, Florence M.
Fletcher, Minerva C. (Rockwell)
Flatley, Katherine
Fox, Alice L.
Green, Fannie (Mundey)
Gaffney, Elizabeth L.
Gaffney, Minnie L.
Goodhue, Florence D.
Goodman, Julia (Pierce)
Gibbs, Laura
Hutchinson, Katherine
Hildebrand, Elizabeth (Farrington)
Hawley, Augusta
Hanlon, Mary E.
Hill, Edith B.
Hall, Hattie D.
Hancock, Annie E.
Hollis, Mary J.
Holden, Martha E. (Starbird)
Hildebrand, Ida Jean
Holmes, Alice Marion
Kinney, Grace L.
Keeler, Kate T. (Buttrick)
Kendall, Helen B.
Lang, M. Estella (Pratt)
Lunt, Katherine W.
Locke, Mabel L.
Lucey, Delia E.
Malcolm, Carrie V.
Millett, Mabel R.
Morse, Lillian
McCarthy, Minnie
Morse, Hattie E. (Gould)
Moore, H. Elizabeth (Garrison)
Peck, Lila M.
Poor, Lina S.
Perkins, Jennie (Goff)
Prior, Fannie (Mitchell)
Perkins, Alice S.
Porter, Edith (Hamblen)
Phillips, Abbie M.
Quinn, Julia A.
Rich, Abbie M.
Richards, Grace
Rogers, Annie (Baker)
Rodgers, M. Flora
Richardson, Rosa E.
Sleeper, Nellie M.
Scully, Margaret E.
Stone, Edith M. (Fifield)
Sinnott, Lillian M.
Sargeant, M. Ella
Sargent, Marie F.
Stackpole, Henrietta M. (Pease)
Sargent, Edith L.
Whitmore, Carlotta Patti
Waitt, Mary S.
Woodside, Annie L. (Thomas)
Wadsworth, Louise E.
Wiggin, Ruth (Hollis)



HAND ENGINE ENDEAVOR, No. 3. NORTH MALDEN, 1846

THE PARADE

ALTO.

Annis, Flora K.
Ballard, Mabel E. (Thorpe)
Burnap, Grace B.
Bardwell, Bertha L.
Bacon, Grace E.
Bowlby, Elsie L. (Moore)
Bell, Harriet M.
Brown, Grace (Atherton)
Cox, Helen A.
Clark, Nellie L.
Clark, Mary A.
Currier, Agnes
Corbett, Grace P.
Collins, Emily Y.
Cate, Ella M.
Cleary, Frances (Fitzgerald)
Converse, Mary (Parker)
Collins, Alma J. (Kittredge)
Collins, Adelaide E.
Dillaway, Emma F. (Carlisle)
Davis, Cora E.
Ellingwood, Mary
Foley, Elizabeth M.
Fessenden, Mary L.
Gay, Helen M.
Geary, Agnes G.
Goff, Clara E. (French)
Hill, Clara G.
Hobbs, Isabelle A.
Holden, Bessie L.
Hathaway, Ida Sanborn
Hathaway, Ida E. (Sanborn)
Husted, Ada (Robertson)
Hawley, Marion
Hamblen, Frances W.
Huggins, Margaret J. (Crighton)
Howard, Marion L.
Ives, Ida (Washburn)
Jordan, Bertha L.
Jordan, Marguerite E.
Jenness, Phoebe
Kendall, Anna G. (Pike)
Kendall, Mary B.
Lunt, Elizabeth P.
Little, Emma M.
Lewis, H. Frances
Macdonald, Alice M.
MacArthur, Marie E.
McGann, Rosa A.
Nutter, Edna May
Newhall, Jessie E. (Crighton)
Nudd, Francelia A.
O'Donnell, Lillian
Parker, Minna W. (Ballard)
Putnam, Florence E.
Putnam, Eliza (Raymond)
Pratt, Clara R.
Quinn, Mary
Stebbins, Christine F.
Sawtelle, Vesta H.
Sargent, Ida A.
Smith, Alice M.
Swett, Fannie S.
Scully, Agnes V.
Stiles, Millie G.
Sawyer, Mary (Buckley)
Turner, Edith E.
Wiggin, Margaret E.
Wetherbee, Mabel F. (Putnam)
Zwicker, Charlotte L.

TENOR.

Atwood, Elbridge W.
Avjian, Armen
Blois, Asahel W.
Boyce, Wallace H.
Corbett, Henry D.
Corbett, John Marshall
Carlisle, Frank H.
Davis, King S.
Fuller, Hoyt E.
Flanders, J. Allen

Hamblen, William B.
Hanson, Charles H.
Hirtle, Wallace W.
Jeffrey, Frank F.
Jordan, Samuel E.
Kimball, John V.
Kimball, Charles B.
Mann, William A.
Moore, Chester M.
Miller, Elbridge G.
Pitman, Irving N.
Philimore, Horace
Phillips, Frank Elmo
Pierce, E. Everett
Parker, Henry M.
Quinn, Arthur J.
Robinson, Harry C.
Small, Fred W.
Sanborn, Harry C.
Sarkisian, Dickran M.
Tonks, Clarence H.
Treadwell, N. William
Treadwell, Edward D.
Walker, Hugh L.
Woodward, William F.
Woodside, Charles L.

BASS.

Aylward, John H.
Backman, Edward S.
Bowlby, J. Northrup
Burr, Freeman F.
Browne, A. Parker
Bacon, Walter E.
Bacon, Henry C.
Connell, James E.
Chadwick, F. Henry
Coggan, M. Sumner
Donovan. Daniel B.
Farrell, John M.
Foye, Fred M.
Goddard, C. E.
Goodwin, Fred W.
Garrity, Thomas J.
Gaffney, Frank J.
Grier, Matthew C.
Howard, William
Hathaway, James R.
Hartley, George H.
Hayden, Henry C.
Kimball, Charles W.
Langley, Arthur H.
Merrill, Albert S.
Munger, Edmund C.
Moore, Alfred G.
McManus, George E.
MacArthur, Edward L.
Pease, Alvin Fowler
Parker, John H.
Proctor, Arthur H.
Putnam, Otis Chandler
Ripley, Edwin F.
Richardson, Wm. Harris
Rice, C. Herbert
Ryder, M. Joseph
Stiles, Edwin Byron
Stackpole, Ellsworth
Sexton, James Henry, Jr.
Tarbox, Wm. Seaver
Upham, Henry W.
Welsh, Sylvester F.
Wilkins, Percy H.
Wiggin, Walter
Wass, Edward H.

Orchestra.

1ST VIOLINS.

Hoffman, Jacques
Nye, Harold E.
Turner, Helen Farrington
Pease, Ethelwyn F.

Horne, Ida M.
Hall, Frederick S.
Butler, Frederick C.
Marr, Joseph A.

2D VIOLINS.

Small, Florence A. (Hale)
Shute, Clara M.
Ives, Lois S.
Lansberg, Harold J.
Pettengill, John T.
Carver, Chester N.
Morey, Ernest Manuel

VIOLAS.

Jordan, Charles W.
Snow, Henry W.
Makechnie, Mabel W.
Ives, Charles Frederick
Moorhouse, Helen Isabel

'CELLOS.

Little, John W.
Andros, Annie A.
Moorhouse, S. Woodbridge
Spalding, Josephine (Hale)
Noyes, George L.

CONTRA BASSES.

Little, Blanche M.
Phelps, Charles H.
Milliken, John H.

FLUTES.

Homes, William
Munroe, Albert H.

OBOES.

Fischer, Paul C.
Ribas, A. L. de

CLARINETS.

Whitmore, Osceola A.
Brash, John B.

BASSOONS.

Post, Louis
Regestein, Ernest

CORNETS.

Wolcott, J. B.
Merritt, W. F.
Connors, Timothy, Jr.

HORNS.

Lippoldt, Louis
Schormann, Edward

TROMBONES.

Park, John
Ripley, A. B.
Hayes, F. G.

TYMPANI.

Perkins, Frank D.

The first rehearsal was held on the evening of April 12, in the hall of the Centre School building. Nine rehearsals were held, the last three in conjunction with the orchestra. A gratifying spirit of interest and enthusiasm was evident in the chorus, which ensured the final success of its work.

The committee in its report says: "The committee desires to express its hearty appreciation of the interest shown by the members of the chorus and orchestra in their prompt attendance at the rehearsals, in many cases at great personal inconvenience, and the enthusiasm with which they took up and carried through the work laid out for them. Especial mention should be made of those members who came long distances to assist us, from Everett, Melrose, Stoneham, and several from Boston.

"To Chairman Brown is due in no small degree the success of the undertaking. He has labored 'without ceasing' from the very first. The thanks of the committee are also due to those to whom were assigned the solo parts in the program. The work of the conductor, Mr. Cutter, was highly gratifying, and much credit is due to him for the admirable manner in which he handled both chorus and orchestra."

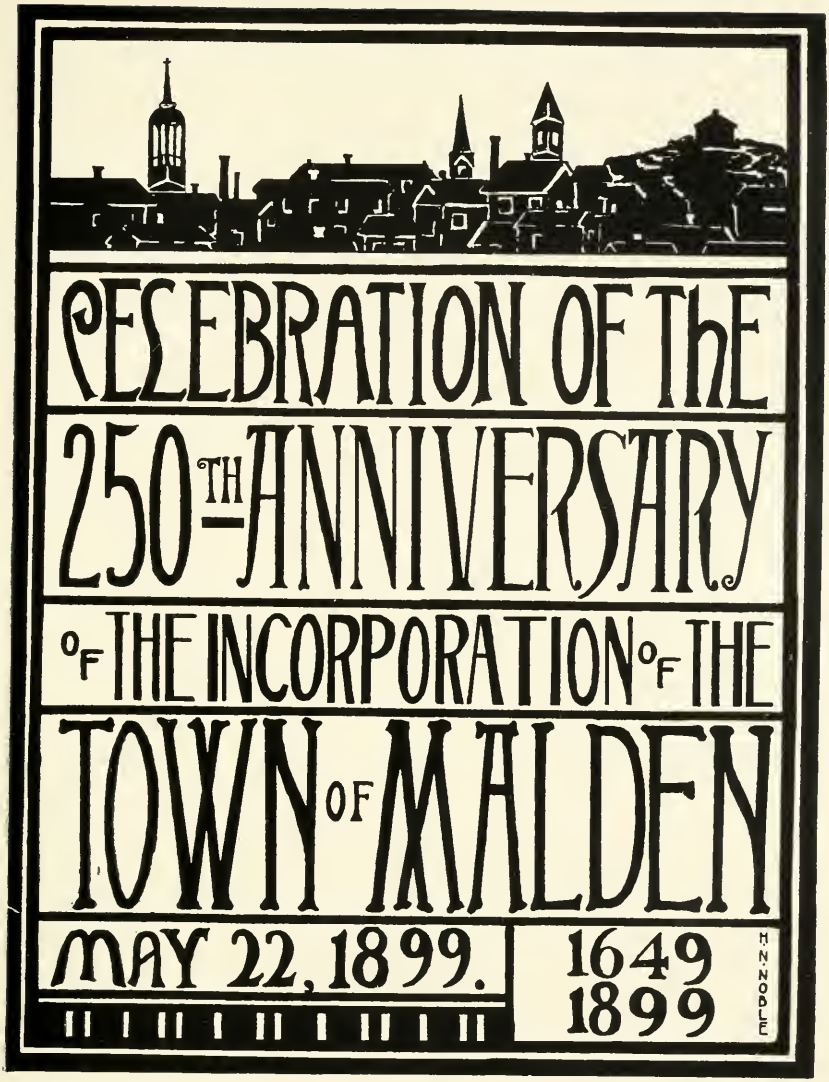
The chairman of the committee on musical exercises adds, in a supplementary report: "Our plans were laid with the idea of producing musical performances such as had never been heard in Malden; and in the results we were not disappointed."

A public rehearsal of the chorus and orchestra, which was given in the Anniversary Building at 8.30 on the morning of May 22, was largely attended and enjoyed, although other interesting features of the celebration were then claiming the attention of the public. At its close, the building was cleared and prepared for the public exercises at 1.30 P.M.

To the experience and admirable executive ability of William Robertson, Jr., who had been invited to act as chief usher, and his corps of efficient aids, was due the comfort and convenience of more than three thousand people who filled the hall. So careful and complete were the arrangements that no rush, which had been feared, was experienced at any time; and all comers were seated without inconvenience until the building was filled. The seats were free, except in a limited space allotted to invited guests; but as the pupils of the schools had their gatherings on Saturday and Sunday, and entertainments during Monday forenoon, children under twelve years of age were not admitted, unless accompanied by parents or guardians.

The cover of the order of exercises, which displayed a silhouette view of Malden and the town and city seals, was designed and executed by Henry L. Noble, a pupil in the ninth grade at the Faulkner School. A reproduction is herewith given.

Precisely at 1.30 P.M., the baton of the conductor announced the opening number, the solos of which were effectively and artistically rendered by Miss Hutchinson and Mrs. Sawyer, while the large and



PROGRAM TITLE (LITERARY AND MUSICAL EXERCISES)

powerful chorus showed how firmly it was held in hand by its conductor and how responsive it had become to the spirit of the occasion and the demands of the music. It was one of the finest musical renderings ever given in Malden.

SELECTION from "Athalie." *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.*

Heaven and the earth display, His grandeur is unbounded;
They declare He is God, they resound his endless fame.
He was Lord over all, e'er the universe was founded;
O praise ye Him in song, His wondrous love proclaim.
No hostile force injustice raises can silence His elect,
Who bow and sing His praises, for everlasting is His name.

From day to day His power and glory are resounded —
Each fruit He forms and stores with honied treasures;
He gives the lovely flowers their varied hues, —
Each night and day with constant care He measures.
Tempers the parchéd earth, cools it with evening dews,
And earth redundant crowned sustains each living creature.

His Honor, Mayor Charles Leroy Dean, then introduced the president of the day in the following words: —

Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Invited Guests: — It is my very pleasant duty to bid you welcome to these literary exercises, held in commemoration of the founding of the town of Malden in 1649, then comprising what are to-day the cities of Malden and Everett and the coming city of Melrose, with a population of nearly seventy thousand people.

It is a fortunate circumstance attending this anniversary that we have in our midst a citizen who has given long and faithful study to the history of Malden.

He was born in this community, and has witnessed a large part of its growth. Public spirited, but retiring, the friend and supporter of every good cause, I present him as an example of our best citizenship. He has contributed much to the welfare of the city, and we salute him to-day as its historian.

I have the honor to introduce Mr. Deloraine P. Corey as the president of the day.

THE PRESIDENT. — It is fitting that first of all we should recognize the Great Father whose providence has led our old town through storm and stress into the peace of the present. In the spirit of the fathers, who carried to the foot of His throne their joys and their sorrows, the Rev. Richard Neagle will invoke the Divine Blessing.

INVOCATION BY THE REV. RICHARD NEAGLE,

Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Almighty and Eternal God, help us to realize that we are always and everywhere in Thy presence, that we stand here now before Thee, in Whom we live and move and have our being, the Author of every good and perfect gift, from Whose bounty comes all that we have and all that we are. We thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, for the manifold favors and blessings which Thou hast lavished on us and on our fathers through all the generations, and we humbly pray Thee to continue Thy loving care and protection over us Thy children.

Bless all who are gathered here to-day, bless our whole community, our beloved commonwealth and country, and all Thy servants throughout the world. Enlighten and guide those who are charged with the responsibilities of government in city, state, and nation.

Protect and prosper us Thy people, but suffer us not to set our hearts on the quest and enjoyment of the things of this world to the forgetfulness of Thee and Thy holy law. Teach us to know and love the truth, to love one another as brothers, and to love Thee above all. Teach us ever to keep in mind why Thou hast placed us here on earth, — to know and love and serve Thee in this life, that so we may be fitted to dwell with Thee forever in the life to come.

We pray Thee, O Heavenly Father, in the name of Thine only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who with Thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, One God, forever and ever. *Amen.*

The impressive and beautiful *Sanctus* of Gounod followed the invocation, in which the sympathetic tenor of Mr. Cushman in its delicate renditions found its full effect against the heavier background of the chorus.

Sanctus from "St. Cecilia Mass." *Charles Gounod.*

"Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth,
Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua. Amen."

"Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Amen."

The President. — Since I came upon this platform, a telegram has been received from one whom we respect for his high office, admire for his private virtues, and in whom we are all willing to trust.

Executive Mansion, Washington, D.C., May 22, 1899.

Hon. Charles L. Dean, *Mayor, Malden, Mass.:* —

Please accept for Malden my congratulations upon the celebration of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

William McKinley.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, BY DELORAINE PENDRE COREY,

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

IT is a warm welcome and a hearty greeting which it is my privilege to extend to-day to the sons and daughters of this old town. Fifty years have passed since she called your fathers and mothers around the old hearthstone. Long has she looked for you, and with glad anticipation. If, like a fond mother, she sheds a tear to-day, it will be one of gratitude and joy.

There comes a time when, leaving the turmoil of life and its cares, we pause to review the dead years, to scan the present, and to forecast those years which hold somewhere for us the end of life and the mystery of the grave. Then comes that measure of regret or content, of doubt or of faith, which our lives have prepared for us.

So to us who abide in the homes of our fathers, and to you who have come to us and with your energy and prosperity have helped to make this later Malden, has come this day, when, leaving our accustomed vocations, our pleasures and our toils, we pause to greet those who have come back to the arms of the old mother, to the homes that knew them long ago, and to the graves of the fathers, — with them to review the past, to rejoice in the prosperity of the present, and to gather hope and strength for the coming years.

To you who from other homes have turned aside for a few brief hours to revisit the scenes of former days and to renew old friendships, Malden retains few of the features of the past. You miss the narrow lanes, the wide green fields, and the dark woods of your youthful days. You miss the fragrant wild rose and the sweet-brier by the wayside. For you the mill-pond gleams no more in the sunlight, and the salt tides come no more among the sedges and the flags of Harvell's Brook, where the blackbird built her nest. The rocky crest of Wayte's Mount seems not so near the clouds as in the days of your childhood; and the arethusa blooms and the cranberry ripens no more in Blanchard's meadows. The advancing tides of population have swept away the charms of the countryside. These things bring the memory of bright spring weather or of long, sultry summer days, when with light hearts you wandered over these fields and meadows, or, lying lazy and listless in the cool shade of whispering trees, you listened to the murmur of the wild bees in the clover, that came with the fragrance of new mown hay and the breath of the pines above your heads.

You look for the forms and faces with which memory peopies these streets and these homes, but you cannot see them; and if you ask for them, you find that you who seek and they who reply are but a few, —

a little remnant of those who were. They who are gone outnumber the living. The green grass and the daisies grow over them; and the pitying skies drop their tears of dew and of rain upon the sod that hides them from your eyes. Some sleep beneath southern skies, and the blue and the gray clasp hands above their quiet graves.

In some face, touched by the wrinkling hand of time, you may find that of the little boy with whom you played marbles or duck, or that of the elder lad who taught you to make a kite or a willow whistle, or to swim at Sandy, when the summer sun beat fiercely on Schoolhouse Hill, and the cool tides filled Malden River to the brim. In some sober matron, a grandmother now, you may find the little girl, whose bright eyes shone merrily over the rosy cheeks that rivalled the apples you gave her, when, with fervent zeal and palpitating heart, you loved her with a boy's love.

You drop a tear, perchance, for those whom you see no more, the dear ones, endeared by love, endeared by kinship, by friendship, and association, endeared by a hundred subtile ties, whose tenderness and strength you did not know until they were severed, and the lives they had bound to yours drifted beyond the mystery into the enfolding arms that hold them, still within the circle of your love and your highest and holiest aspirations.

You clasp the hand whose friendly grasp turns back the tide of years. You are girls and boys again. The old town with all the memories of the past becomes real; and as you dream, the sharp clang of the bell of the old brick schoolhouse — the true bell of Bell Rock, the bell that called the minute men on the morning of Lexington — sounds in your thoughts, and you scamper away to school with hastening feet and unwilling hearts. These dreams of to-day were the realities of the past, and there are tears behind your smiles because of them.

But we may not be sad to-day, we who are here to rejoice as we gather once more on the soil which our fathers won from the wilderness. Out of the past, with its tender memories, have come the prosperity and the peace of the present; and we would not lose one smallest part of all that lies hidden in it. Even though it comes to us with tears, we will hold it fast with present joy.

To another belongs the pleasing task to set before you the birth and growth of the town which has completed a quarter-millennium of its existence, — to speak of the discouragements and the triumphs, of the material weaknesses and the moral strength of those who came before us.

It is a humble story, but in the great scheme of life and progress it may be as important as the story of the birth and rise of an empire; for in it, in its own humble degree, may be found the operation of

forces that have made and unmade kingdoms and ruled the world. From the unpretending lives of common men, blindly reaching out for a hold upon better things, came great events.

Out from the crumbling crusts of stern and rigid creeds came the independence of the churches and the freedom of individual thought. The civil and ecclesiastical powers, stifling in their mutual servitude, burst the bonds which cramped them, and thenceforth walked together for the preservation of justice and liberty and the conservation of purity and truth. From the soil of the popular mind, made fertile by the blood of martyrs and harrowed by many woes, came a little plant that kings and rulers scorned; but it bore a bud, a groping wish for liberty, that blossomed into the freedom of a people and the growth of a great empire, whose farthest bounds we of to-day are powerless to measure, and in which may lie hidden the leaven that in God's providence and time may give abiding life and peace to the struggling nations of the earth.

An uncouth wilderness, traversed by wild beasts and more savage men; a few scattered plantations in the midst of a primal forest; a sparse gathering of farmers struggling, year by year, with the bitter problems of life; a little country town with some indications of growing industries and a promise of better things; a suburban and increasing community with the sounding wheels of larger industries and a people with a wider outlook and a firmer grasp upon the affairs of life; a prosperous city, herself the mother of cities, a city of homes where dwell abundance and content, whose people hold in honor the better things of life, a home of intelligence, of public spirit, and private benefactions, of good-will and peace.

Such are the successive pictures which appear in the story of the growth of this old town; and it is fitting that we welcome with loud acclaims and heartfelt joy the day which marks the close of her first quarter of a thousand years. In the enjoyment of present blessings, and in the anticipation of those that are to come, let us remember, with reverence, the lives and deeds of the fathers, who through privations, by hard and earnest lives, in pain and blood, laid deep upon the firm rock of puritanic faith and principle those civil, religious, and educational institutions in which lie the glory of the past, the pride of the present, and the hope of the future.

The ode which followed the address of welcome was written for the occasion by one whose brain and pen have contributed much to the enjoyment and interest of many local public events. The circumstances of its production are elsewhere stated. Its stirring lines were worthy of the day; and the familiar music, which for nearly forty years has held the power of exciting the enthusiasm of the hearer, and

has sounded above the din of many battle-fields, was rendered with spirit by the chorus, the immense audience rising and joining in the refrain with vigor.

THE ODE, BY JOHN LANGDON SULLIVAN, M.D.

Music, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Day of days, thy gala day is breaking, lovely Mystic Side;
Sun, with soft caressing splendor, shine from dawn to eventide,
Smiling on our happy city, like a bridegroom on his bride!
Praise God, our fathers' God;
Chorus: — Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Praise God, our fathers' God.

Joy-bells peal and cannon thunder, mirth and music crown the scene;
Choral anthems of thanksgiving rise the roar and crash between;
For the promise of the future, for the blessings that have been,
Praise God, our fathers' God; etc.

Praise Him for a steepled city, where the scattered cabins stood,
Din of labor, hum of traffic, where was once a silent wood;
Holy chime and chiding school-bell, praise the Giver of all good,
Praise God, our fathers' God; etc.

Praise him for the quenching of the fiery bolt that treason hurled,
For our sires' immortal Charter, for the flag they first unfurled,
Winning, while they wot not of it, freedom's battle for the world,
Praise God, our fathers' God; etc.

The President. — To one who, though not a native of Malden, was adopted by her in his youth and has ever since been her loyal son, has been assigned the duty of speaking of her life of two hundred and fifty years. Himself a descendant of a long line of Puritan ancestors, he has studied the lives and characters and has imbibed the spirit of the fathers. He who has served you in many honorable trusts needs no introduction to the people of Malden. To you, who have been long absent and are strangers to the later life of Malden, I have the pleasure of introducing the orator of the day, the Hon. Arthur H. Wellman.

ORATION, BY THE HON. ARTHUR HOLBROOK WELLMAN.

It would not be possible in the brief time allotted to this service, even were I fitted for the task, to recount, to any considerable extent, the deeds of those who have dwelt in Malden; but happily this is unnecessary. The history of Malden has been written by the loving hand of one of her own sons, and all who need to know concerning

those who once lived in the places we call our own will owe a debt of gratitude to the masterly work of our honored fellow-citizen, Deloraine P. Corey.

Without attempting, therefore, any ambitious project, may I ask you to follow me, as in a brief and somewhat desultory and fragmentary way, I attempt to trace the growth and development of the spirit of liberty in a New England town.

The story of the early settlements along our coast begins across the sea. The great virgin queen, although she made some advance beyond her predecessors, still held fast to the old and kingly view that it was perilous to the throne to allow more than one form of religion in the kingdom. There were many of her subjects who desired to use a simpler form of worship than that adopted in the royal church, and to place more emphasis on a godly life than had been customary.

Prior to Elizabeth's time, many of these men had fled to the continent to avoid persecution, and in her reign some of the Puritans, as they were then called in derision, asked leave to go to a "foreign and far country which lieth to the west from hence," that they might worship God as they were "in conscience persuaded by his word" they ought to do, but permission was not given, and they remained in England.

When, in 1603, James of Scotland took his seat upon the throne of the Tudors, it was hoped that, remembering the traditions of the land whence he had come, he would reverse, or at least modify, the policy of the queen who had signed the death-warrant of his beautiful but unfortunate mother, Mary, Queen of Scots. But the king soon showed how little relief the lovers of liberty were likely to get from him. "I will have none of that liberty as to ceremonies; I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion, in substance and in ceremony." "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land, or else worse." Thus spoke the king, and he was as good as his word. He forbade free discussion of religious matters in public, and those who for so many years had been looking forward to religious liberty in England reluctantly began to turn away from the land of their fathers. Some crossed to Holland and other European countries, among them those who afterwards came as Pilgrims to Plymouth; others waited yet a little longer in England, hoping against hope for better days, but things looked darker rather than brighter after the second Stuart had ascended the throne.

In 1628, the Council for New England made a grant to some men who desired "to plant the gospel" in the western land. It was under this grant that Endicott came to Salem. The party interested in the settlement seems to have grown larger, and in 1629 they were formed

into a corporation under the name of the "Governor and Company of the Mattachusetts Bay in Newe England." The territory covered in the charter was from three miles south of any part of Charles River and of Massachusetts Bay to three miles north of the Merrimac, and from the Atlantic on the east to the South Sea on the west. Others followed Endicott, and in 1630 Winthrop, having been elected governor, brought over the charter. He landed at Salem, but later explored the Mystic for a few miles from its mouth, and settled in Charlestown, whence he soon removed to Boston. Plantations sprang up in one place after another, and towns began to be formed, and soon people came over the Mystic from Charlestown.

Just when the first house was built on Mystic Side, or where it was located, is not known. Mr. Corey is convinced that it was in what is now Everett, either at Sweetser's Point or Moulton's Island. Be that as it may, we know that in 1640 there were houses in that neighborhood, and in 1648 dwellings were scattered from the Mystic near Charlestown (at Island End) to Wayte's Mount and beyond.

Let us pause for a moment to look at the little community. On the south, there was the marsh stretching down to the river; beyond, to the north, perhaps some open uplands, and then, with the exception of a clearing here and there, came the great woodland reaching away over the Middlesex Fells and the country beyond to Saugus, Reading, Woburn, Concord, and the unknown wilderness to the west.

This forest, filled as it was with wild beasts and inhabited by the strange, fierce race of red men, must have seemed vast and terrible indeed to the little band of pioneers who had camped on its borders. Of this forest we have left one solitary surviving tree, still reaching up into the sunshine, tossing with exquisite grace or battling with the storm in magnificent strength as it did a quarter of a millennium ago, — the only living thing which we have reason to believe has remained in Malden from the beginning of the town, — the Dexter Elm.

The approaches to Malden in those days do not seem to have been intended to attract travel. If the people from Charlestown or Boston came for timber, as they often did, they would most likely have taken a boat up Malden River to Sandy Bank; if in haste, they would have crossed either Penny Ferry or Winnisimmet Ferry, and have come by the winding path through Everett and by Bell Rock; or one might have gone up on the south bank of the Mystic to the ford near Cradock's bridge, and then followed the Salem trail, which led over a part of what is now Clifton Street.

It is impossible for us in these times of ease and comfort to realize the stupendous labors of the early settlers on these lands. There were the trees to fell, the stumps and stones to remove, the sterile soil to fit for cultivation, and the roads to build. Do not forget that

tools were few and rude; that horses and oxen were scarce, so that the great part of this work must be done by actual physical human labor. Surprise is often expressed that our roads were not made straight, but the wonder is that they were built at all, and the stone walls running along beside the winding ways are silent monuments to these early toilers.

All these facts must be taken into consideration when we view these men. Their lives were not spent in parlors, in studies, in elegant houses of parliament, or in great cathedrals. They wrung a scanty living from these rocky hills by the sweat of their brows, and had little time left for the elegances or the amenities of life.

The first step toward municipal existence in this little community was taken in 1648, when the organization of a church was suggested. As none but members of a church could be admitted to the corporation as freemen, or hold the more important offices, a town without a church was almost impossible. The church in Malden was probably organized a little before the town, which came into existence by an act consented to by the deputies just two hundred and fifty years ago yesterday.

The body which gave Malden its municipal existence was in form a private corporation, chartered by Charles I. The charter provided for a governor, a deputy governor, and eighteen assistants, all to be elected annually by the freemen. At first, all freemen attended the annual meeting, but soon of necessity the idea of deputies to represent them was broached, and thus arose the second branch of the legislature. While the government of the colony was in the hands of a business corporation, there is little doubt that the leaders were looking beyond mere profits to a wider religious liberty.

In the early months of 1649, great events had taken place in England. In the month in which Malden was incorporated, the news reached the colony that England's king had been led out of his palace at Whitehall to the headsman's block, and that great, rugged man of iron, Oliver Cromwell, ruled in his stead; and so it came to pass that for the first ten years in the history of the new town, the colony was left to do much as it pleased.

The number of inhabitants in Malden in 1649 could not have exceeded a few hundred, and they were certainly not rich in this world's goods.

The first act of the municipality was probably the holding of a town meeting. What a treat it would be had we photographs of the scenes in that meeting, with the speeches taken by a phonograph! We have not even a description of it, nor do we know where it was held. It may have been in the little meeting-house near Bell Rock, or it may have been in some farm-house. We may hazard pretty

nearly what was done. The townsmen or selectmen were probably chosen, also constables, men to see to hog order, fence-viewers, and very soon, if not at the first meeting, a deputy to the Great and General Court. Thus started the form of local government which, substantially unchanged, lasted until, in 1881, Malden became a city, under an act of another Great and General Court, which had taken the place of the private corporation of 1649.

The questions before these town meetings in early times for the most part seem trivial, and the money value at stake was certainly small. At a time when the highest legislative body in the colony heard and reheard the questions arising out of the capture of a stray sow, giving seven days to a single hearing of the case, when the governor made the matter the subject of an address and a pamphlet, when magistrates, deputies, and even the towns themselves joined in wild tumult over the tremendous issue, what was the size of the matters, think you, which were debated in the little town of Malden?

Without venturing to discuss whence came the town meeting, we find it growing up in New England as the most natural form of local government under the circumstances. These people had left their homes beyond the sea, partly, at any rate, because the right to meet and talk over their religious views had been denied them. They sought to found churches, modelled after a plan they believed they had found in the New Testament, and this plan was democratic to the core. As freedom in religion was first in their thought, the church usually preceded the town, as in Malden. Some form of civil government in each community was a necessity. The general government under the charter could do little for the several plantations, and so in convenient centres the freemen from the vicinage met to govern themselves. It is not likely that they spent much time in looking back into history to search for models to guide them. They simply made use of such ideas as came to their minds from their experience in England, and did what under the exigencies in which they were placed seemed most fitting.

Those early town meetings in Malden, — what were they but little groups of poor, unlettered men, clad in uncouth, home-made garments, come together in some roughly constructed building, located almost beyond the pale of civilization, in an unknown corner of the world, to discuss in language so crude we of to-day should probably be unable to comprehend it, the petty business of a little settlement whose total wealth was doubtless less than one hundredth part of that of many a single citizen of Malden to-day. Yet we look almost with reverence on these assemblies and those like them, which have done so much to mould and guide the destiny of our nation.

In these gatherings, men learned to think on public affairs; they

intelligently criticised the acts of those attempting to control, and they did it the more justly because they in turn might be subjected to like criticism. They learned to detect sham and hypocrisy; the demagogue did not thrive in open debate. Economy was a necessity; the strictest honesty was insisted on. It was an attempt at self-rule with the ideal always in mind that government was for the good of all the people.

Those who in these meetings had guided the affairs of a town successfully had mastered the fundamental principles of free government, and also gained confidence in their ability to put those principles into practical operation. This sturdy independence showed itself in the opposition which Andros met when he tried to tyrannize over the colony; and he, on his part, showed how fully he appreciated the tendencies of the town meetings by prohibiting any town from holding more than one meeting a year.

In every crisis of affairs, the trend of the town meeting was toward freedom. In days when there were no newspapers and few books to be had, the town meeting was an educational institution planted in every community, where were taught those things people most needed to know to help them to win civil liberty.

Let us make no mistake. A town meeting of ignorant, degraded, and vicious men would not have been a success. But our fathers were not such; they believed there was something more in life than taking pleasure or getting gain; they wished to found a state where they would be free to worship God in their own way; and this led them to feel that they must retain the power of government in their own hands.

They were deficient in many qualities of great value. But they had grasped grand, far-reaching ideas, and for them they were ready to sacrifice much which the world loves. To such men, the town meeting was a great opportunity. It was an apt and proper instrument in their hands to accomplish the ends they had in view. Without New England men, the town meeting would never have won its great renown; but had there been no town meeting, it is surely true that much of the unique glory of the land, of the Charles and the Mystic, of Plymouth Rock and Massachusetts Bay, would never have been.

The first important political contest in Malden related to a clergyman. One great object in securing a town government was that the people might have religious worship without crossing the Mystic. To secure a minister, however, proved no easy task. At least nine calls were given and refused. But in 1650, Marmaduke Matthews preached in Malden, and was soon after ordained as minister. This was not done without protests from different churches and magis-

trates, who had learned that Mr. Matthews was supposed to hold peculiar religious views. It was desired that the Malden people should "fforbeare ordination," but they, after requesting the objectors "to discover" to them "any sin either in Mr. Matthews or the church," and receiving no reply, went boldly forward.

Mr. Matthews soon preached sermons which were objected to by two of his congregation, who appear to have promptly reported to the authorities divers "weak and inconvenient expressions." The Great and General Court summoned Mr. Matthews to answer concerning "miscarriages of justice." The evidence seems to have related to the offensive expressions in the sermons. The two informers swore to what Mr. Matthews had said in his sermons. Mr. Matthews contradicted this evidence, and expounded his views at length, and five of the chief men of Malden stated under oath that what Mr. Matthews said as to his sermons was the truth.

Here, then, we find the Great and General Court trying the Malden pastor on intricate and abstruse problems of theology. So dark and deep were the points involved that no one at this day probably really knows, if any one ever did, what was the matter with Marmaduke Matthews. Under these circumstances, the legislature did what it has frequently since unwisely done (but never, perhaps, with less wisdom than in this case), — appointed a recess committee (possibly the first of its kind). Those who have followed the doings of such committees will not be surprised to learn that this particular committee convened at the famous tavern known as "The Shipp." A little later it was recorded that the colony had been put to "great trouble, charges and expenses in the hearing of the cause." Mr. Matthews was finally fined ten pounds for allowing himself to be ordained without sanction of churches or authorities, but as he had no property but books the fine does not seem to have been collected.

So far as this case was against an individual it has no great interest for us, but the Malden church was also summoned to appear for ordaining Mr. Matthews. The answer of the church is an able statement from the view of the Malden people, who seem to have been well-nigh unanimous in favor of the pastor, women as well as men taking part in the defence. They pleaded that they had offended against no law, and that "our laws allow eurie church ffree libertie of all the ordinances of god according to the rule of the scriptur and perticular ffree libertie of ellection & ordination of all their officers." The writers of this document showed their independence and their confidence that what they had done was legal. There seems to have been reason for this confidence. Joseph Hills, the first signer of the paper, had only a few years before been active in arranging for publication an edition of the laws of the colony, and was undoubtedly

First Corps Cadets, M. V. M. (1)

THE ESCORT

familiar with the laws from the beginning, and he must have known that he was supported in his contention both by the Body of Liberties and the Cambridge Platform. This able defence, which was apparently unanswerable, produced little effect on the court, and the members of the church were fined fifty pounds. It was levied on the estates of three of the leading men of Malden, who were empowered to collect a fair proportion from the other members of the church who had consented to the ordination and had not given satisfaction. No money has ever been raised in Malden with more difficulty than this fine. The matter came before the court many times within a period of more than ten years, and it was long after the offending divine had left Malden and the colony that the last ten pounds of the fine were remitted, and the matter brought to an end.

This contest was a significant one. After the charter was brought by Winthrop to Massachusetts Bay, at first the magistrates exercised large power, but soon we find the freemen asserting their right to elect magistrates and to make laws. It was the freemen who insisted upon the adoption of that magnificent code called *The Body of Liberties*. The spirit of the code is seen in its preamble. "The free fruition of such liberties, Immunities and priveledges as humanity, Civilitie and Christianitie call for as due to every man in his place and proportions without impeachment and Infringement hath ever bene and ever will be the tranquillity and Stability of Churches and Commonwealths. And the deniall or deprivall thereof the disturbance if not the ruine of both."

These men who thus pushed on to freedom came out of the local church and the town meetings, and the right of each church and town to govern itself rested in their minds upon the same foundation. The Malden people in the contest over Marmaduke Matthews were fighting for the independence of the individual church and also for local self-government. Heterodoxy was almost as unpopular then as it is popular to-day, so that the drift of opinion was naturally against Matthews; but nevertheless there was a very respectable minority of deputies who saw the real issue and stood by the cause of freedom.

And when, a little later, a law was passed, apparently suggested by the Malden controversy, providing that no one should preach without the approval of the four nearest churches or of the county court, the protests were so earnest and numerous that a repeal soon followed. There is no reason to believe that the men and women of Malden, who fought so stubbornly for the right of church and town to choose their own minister and manage their own affairs, ever yielded their opinions so much as one hair's-breadth. In the battle in Malden they lost, but in the wider and greater conflict, which reached into the future, they won; for the privileges for which they contended are

now the unchallenged rights of every citizen of Massachusetts and of the country as well.

Not many years after the departure of Mr. Matthews, another clergyman of a very different mould came to Malden, — the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth. He was a learned and devout man, as well as a faithful minister. He had, however, no sympathy with the unsound views of Mr. Matthews, and little charity for those who had befriended him. He was a friend of Cotton Mather, the aristocratic Boston divine, an upholder of the magistrates rather than of the deputies; a Puritan of the Puritans. He was the great poet of the colony, defending and expounding in rhyme the popular theology of the day. His masterpiece, under the poetical and soothing title, *The Day of Doom*, passed through ten editions, and winning marvellous popularity, took its place beside the Bible and the Bay Psalm Book, in nearly every house in the colony.

This man determined to blot out the last remnant of the evil effects of the teachings of Marmaduke Matthews; and so had Joseph Hills indicted by the grand jury for false beliefs. If the present population of Malden should be tried upon the same charges which were made against Joseph Hills, it is to be feared that there is not one who would escape condemnation.

It seems impossible at first blush that principles of liberty should grow under the influence of such a man, but they clearly did.

These Puritans of New England were not men to be held up as rounded and perfected specimens of humanity, to be the models of the ages. They lacked many things. There was in them little of the artistic sense. They saw God in the whirlwind and the storm, but the iridescent beauties of a flashing opal or the marvel of the landscape mirrored in a tiny dew-drop did not suggest to them that the mind of Him who had crowded the world with loveliness, most of it to fade unseen by human eye, must be scintillating with delicate, unearthly fancies of divine splendor. They cared not for the fine frivolities of life, — those kindly joys and pleasures which give so much of charm and flavor to human society. They saw truth, but not the whole truth, and what they beheld they clung to with a tenacity and intensity almost terrible. It is not wonderful that they were unsympathetic with those they did not understand, and unjust to those who opposed them. But in spite of their failings, which they were too honest ever to hide from the world, we have no right to forget that they had qualities which pushed toward light and liberty, and that they moved the world onward.

Calvinism, however much we may criticise it, taught the Puritans a high ideal of righteousness, gave strength and vigor to their character; it filled them with an overmastering love of truth, and made

them hate even the semblance of a lie with all the fierce intensity of their nature. "One who is afraid of lying is usually afraid of nothing else;" and so it came about that the Puritan, whether he was fighting the battles of freedom under Cromwell, was languishing in the foul dungeons of Laud, or wrestling with privation and want in the wilds of the Western wilderness, was ever lion-hearted.

You remember the story of Abraham Davenport. He was a member of the governor's Council in Connecticut, on the dark day, May 19, 1780. At noon it was as dark as night, so that men ate dinner by candle-light. The superstition of the time was such that men believed the Day of Judgment had come. The House of Representatives adjourned, and it was proposed to adjourn the Council. Colonel Davenport said: "The Day of Judgment is at hand or it is not. If not, there is no occasion for adjournment. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. Bring in the candles." There spoke a Puritan, brave and logical.

Calvinism, however much we may differ from its tenets, was always an appeal to the reason. The sermon was the chief form of literature which touched the people, and there was no hesitation in those days in preaching politics; but whatever the subject, the discourse was always an argument. However strange the teaching may seem to us, there was ever the recognition that every position taken must be supported by reason. Even the poetry of Wigglesworth is an attempt in rude rhyme to justify the ways of God with man. This unusual and extraordinary training of the reasoning faculty had its effect. These men, thus developed, went into the town meeting, or the House of Deputies, prepared to maintain what seemed to them to be right against all comers. Every law or proposition which affected public interest received the closest scrutiny. Under such a system public education developed as naturally and surely as the fruit follows the blossom. These men may have been narrow, but they were not shallow. They had high and noble ideals towards which they sought to move. Their task was a hard one, but they nerved themselves to duty by the thought that they were working in harmony with a divine, far-reaching plan.

After the death of Wigglesworth, no minister seems to have made any marked impression on Malden people until the Rev. Joseph Emerson came to spend here forty-six years. It seems a little strange that during the ministry of so wise and kindly a man there should have been so much of trouble and dissension. A most bitter contest arose over the location of a new meeting-house. The people in the south part of the town wanted it placed near Bell Rock, where the old church had stood, and the people of the north part of the town wanted it erected where the First Parish Church now stands. It does

not seem like a great question, but for five years the fight raged with a fury which seems incredible. Town meeting after town meeting was held. Parliamentary tactics were exhausted without effect. Arbitrators were appointed and decided in favor of the more northerly location, and the award was confirmed by the Great and General Court. But the southern party got the award, refused to record it, and actually got a vote taken in town meeting not to record the award which they were bound by honor as well as law to carry out. This brought the affair again before the Great and General Court. The Council took one course, the House another, though both bodies appear to have had the wisdom to see that the award should have been recorded. At this stage of affairs the southern party actually got the materials together and were proceeding to erect the building on the spot they favored, when the Superior Court of Judicature was appealed to, and promptly issued a mandamus ordering the southern party to stop erecting the building anywhere except on the location selected by the arbitrators. The Great and General Court was again appealed to, and the House set aside the mandamus, but with this the Council would not concur; the mandamus was thus left in force, and the meeting-house was built on the more northerly location.

A debate on paper followed between the Council and Deputies, and in it there was raised the great question as to how men under government should be secured as to property and person. Here were being worked out the fundamental propositions that liberty can exist only under law, and that "it is essential to the preservation of the rights of every individual, his life, liberty, property, and character, that there be an impartial interpretation of the laws and administration of justice," and that the judiciary shall be free from interference on the part of either the executive or legislative departments. Here was an apparently frivolous contest, — whether a meeting-house should be erected a few rods one way or the other. "What matters it?" we should say; but not so our fathers. They spared no pains till the best minds in the colony had applied themselves to the solution of the question, and the controversy had risen to a debate upon great constitutional questions. It is worthy of note that the justices of the Superior Court seem never to have swerved from the correct view of the case. Here we see being developed the independent judiciary of Massachusetts which has been such an essential safeguard of our liberties. May it remain untainted by corruption, and lifted above every selfish and ignoble influence.

It was somewhat more than a century after Malden became a town before trouble with the mother country began to assume serious importance. Prior to this, while England in theory claimed control on this side of the Atlantic, practically the laws had never been

severely enforced. Soon after George III. ascended the throne, in 1760, however, the British government undertook to impose taxes on the colonies. We can imagine the feelings of the people of New England — who for more than a century had been wont to gather in town meeting to debate and sift every item of public expenditure, who had opposed any colony tax levied without the consent of the deputies, because "it was not safe to pay moneys after that sort for fear of bringing themselves and posterity into bondage" — at being confronted by an impost placed upon them by the royal government, in which they had no voice. It was not a question of high taxes or of low taxes. The tea in the ships in Boston harbor would have been sold for less than the same article could have been bought for elsewhere. It was rather the idea that orders had been given by those who assumed to be masters to men who for long years had believed themselves to be free and had no mind to be slaves.

When, in 1765, the obnoxious Stamp Act was passed, Malden, after waiting seven months, passed a vote of moderate and dignified remonstrance and instructed her representatives "by all lawfull means consistent with our Allegieancy to the King and relation to Great Britain to oppose the Execution of it til we can hear the success of the crys and petitions of America for reliefe."

This was not the attitude of men carried away by a wave of passion. They had not even enough patriotism to cause them to forget frugality. The town appears to have been reluctant to instruct its representative to vote to pay citizens of Boston for injuries to their property suffered in the tax riots, and a motion to pay for powder used by some of the citizens in celebrating the repeal of the Stamp Act failed to pass. It is quite likely that these men, were they alive to-day, would oppose appropriations for fireworks for the Fourth of July, or even for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It should be remembered, however, in mitigation of their attitude, that the valuation of Malden in 1767 was less than two thousand pounds.

At this time there was no determination to break with England; only the feeling that any proposition which affected the interests of the colonists should be brought to the same test of public discussion, and a freeman's vote, to which they had so long been accustomed. They did not realize how far this simple plan was from the thoughts of the king, or that it was leading them straight on to the cry, "Liberty or Death!"

As one question after another more or less intimately related to the trouble with the mother-land arose, the Malden town meeting dealt with them as they had done with all other matters of public interest. They considered, they discussed, they voted.

In 1769, the deputy was instructed: "You are to use your best Endeavors, that our invalnable Charter Liberties, Priviledges & Immunities, dearly purchased by our Ancestors, and all the Rights derived to us from y^e^ invariable Law of God and Nature, be transmitted inviolable to the latest Posterity."

March 5, 1770, the meeting voted with a directness which showed a rising spirit of resistance, "That we will not use any foreign Tea, nor countenance y^e^ use of it in our Families, (unless for Sickness) till y^e^ Revenue Acts are repealed."

Before this time, in 1768, the Massachusetts Legislature had sent a letter to the legislative bodies in the other colonies, setting forth the importance of the issue raised by the acts of Parliament, that Massachusetts had petitioned the royal ministers for relief, and asking all the colonies to join in defending their rights. The governor of Massachusetts, acting under orders from beyond the sea, demanded that this vote should be rescinded. The legislature refused, and was dissolved. Malden sent a representative to the body which took the place of the legislature, which body, however, could do little save to protest against the unconstitutional acts of the governor and his adherents. It became clear that if the rights of the colonists were to be preserved, something must be done to supply the place of the legislature which had ceased to act. Governor Hutchinson had also clearly shown his desire to suppress debate in town meetings. Then it was that Samuel Adams moved in Boston town meeting his famous committee of correspondence. The plan was for each town in Massachusetts to choose a committee to correspond and confer with committees from other towns. It was but another step to correspondence between the colonies, and another to a continental congress. Malden chose a committee of correspondence, sent a letter of thanks to the city of Boston, and passed resolutions pledging the town to join "in y^e^ defence and support of our invaluable rights, Civil and Religious purchased by our ancestors at y^e^ expense of their treasure and their blood." Captain Ebenezer Harnden, their representative, was instructed to be loyal to the sovereign, but to exert himself "to the utmost in order to obtain . . . a confirmation of those rights and privileges, which to enjoy without molestation induced our forefathers to emigrate from their native land."

When the tea ships arrived in Boston harbor, Malden resolved, in language often since repeated, "That the inhabitants of this Town are ready at all times and upon all occasions to shed their best blood and treasure in defence of their just rights and privileges;" and it was also voted to support Boston in making a stand "against the illegal oppressions and exactions laid upon us by that which we once esteemed, our mother country, but which now seems at least to have

lost the tenderness of a parent and to have become our great oppressors."

The British government seemed bereft of wisdom. One oppressive measure followed another. The assembling of town meetings, except for choice of officers, was forbidden without the consent of the governor. The people, provoked beyond endurance, only gathered the more frequently, and resolutions grew stronger and more determined. In August, 1774, it was voted "That it is the opinion of this Town that the late acts of the British Parliament . . . are very unjust, unreasonable and cruel, and by no means to be submitted to." A little later it was voted, in giving instructions to a delegate to a provincial congress: "We need not inform you of our firm, our deliberate resolution, rather to risque our lives and fortunes than to submit to these unrighteous acts of the British parliament, which pretend to regulate the government of this province."

In October it was recommended that all inhabitants, save the aged and infirm, acquaint themselves with military discipline. The time for resolutions was drawing to an end; the hour for action was at hand. All was now preparation for war. The meeting of April 17, 1775, adjourned to April 20, but before that date events had occurred which so absorbed public attention that few were present, and another adjournment was necessary.

With the battle of Lexington war had now begun; and the same town meetings where abstract questions of right had been discussed furnished a ready means whereby an army was gathered, supplies were furnished, and protection provided.

All reverence for the old country was now rapidly disappearing. Independence soon became the great thought in the minds of the people. In May, 1776, one hundred and twenty-three years ago this month, in reply to a request of the legislature, Malden was the first town in the colony to speak in favor of complete independence. The vote reviews the relation of the colonies to England, tells how reluctantly they have been drawn to turn against her, and finally says, addressing their representative, Ezra Sargeant: "We have unbounded Confidence in the wisdom & uprightness of the Continantall Congress with Pleasure we recolect that this Affair is under their Direction and we now Instruct you Sir, to give them the Strongest Assurance that if that they Should Declare america to be a free & Independant Republick your Constituance will Support and Defend the measure to the last Drop of their Blood & the last farthing of their Treasure."

What would history have said to the people who talked thus if they had allowed themselves to be conquered? Eloquence is of little value unless it be sincere. These townsmen of ours, who moved so

slowly along the path of liberty, meant every word they uttered; and they lived and died as they talked.

Mr. Corey says that in 1776 the white inhabitants of the town amounted to but ten hundred and thirty individuals, and that two hundred and thirty-one, more than one in five of the entire population, represented the little town and upheld her honor in the army of the colonies. The graves of forty of these heroes are marked to-day in the old cemetery near Bell Rock.

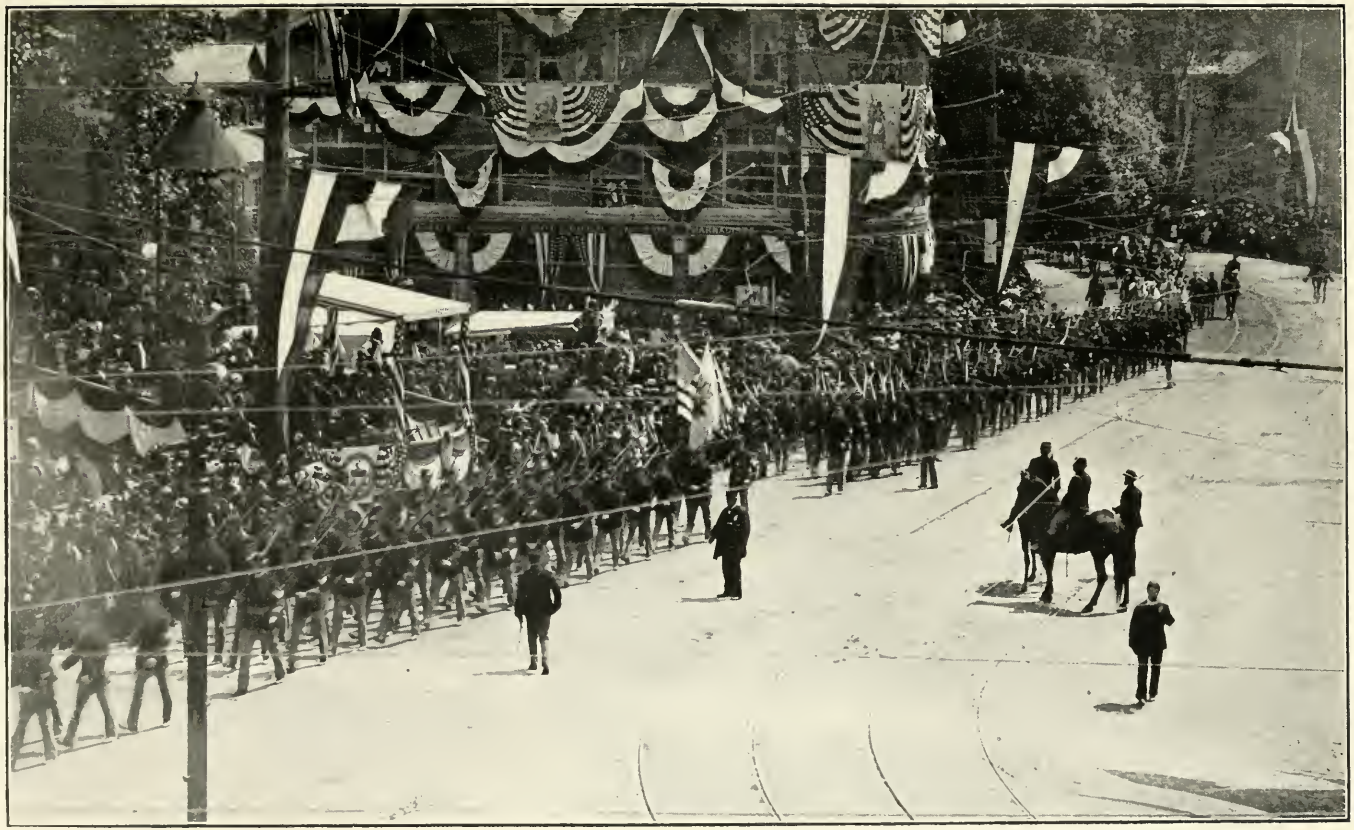
We cannot stop to recite the honorable record of Malden in the Revolution, or even to recall the names of her sons who fought for freedom on land and sea.

In September, 1779, assembled the convention which adopted the constitution of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Malden's delegate, chosen in a town meeting held in Charles Hill's west room, was very properly the Rev. Peter Thacher. He had been a foremost leader in all the stirring events prior to the Revolution, since 1770, and had probably written most of the ringing declarations adopted in the Malden town meetings; and now, when a new state was to be created, he was chosen to the great task of helping to frame its fundamental law; and he appears to have filled a large place in the convention. He did not get all he wished. His idea of democratic simplicity was offended by a governor addressed as "his Excellency;" but he was a man of sense, and Malden, undoubtedly with his approval, instructed him, if he could not secure amendments, to consent to that constitution which is now regarded as one of the most admirable documents of its kind ever devised by man.

Massachusetts thus, by the consent of her people in town meetings assembled, became a free commonwealth. A few years later, a constitution on similar lines was adopted by a convention representing the different colonies, and a new nation, the product of the development of the spirit of liberty among the common people, came into being, — "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people;" the grandest of human institutions.

Since the forming of the nation, the story of Malden has been for the most part that of quiet and gradual growth. Once a great question of human rights arose; and Malden, remembering how our fathers had adopted a constitution which made Massachusetts a land of freedom for all men, black and white, promptly resolved to furnish to her full proportion "the men and the means" to crush the rebellion. Some of the heroes who "fought to make men free" are with us yet, but of more it must be sadly said, —

> "On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead."



First Corps Cadets, M. V. M. (2)

THE ESCORT

The changes of two hundred and fifty years have been colossal. Malden has grown from a straggling plantation of a few hundred souls to a city of thirty-three thousand, and in the territory which was once within the limits of the town there are now more than seventy thousand inhabitants. Then a scanty population fringed bits of the Atlantic coast; to-day a nation, rapidly increasing beyond seventy millions in number, stretches from sea to sea, and, still further on, we possess Alaska, the Sandwich Islands, Porto Rico, and have responsibilities in Cuba and the Philippines, — an empire vast beyond the wildest dream of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, luxury was unknown among us, and magnificence was beyond thought. The wealthiest were barely able to procure the necessities of life. To-day, we are by far the richest nation on earth.

But expansion in territory and increase in wealth are far outshone by the extension of human knowledge and the enlarged reach of the power of man. What would have been the reception in the first town meeting in Malden of a statement that the time would come when man would talk with man two thousand miles away; when ships would cross the wide Atlantic in five days, and carriages without horses roll along a mile in a minute; when at breakfast-table people in Malden would read the doings of all the world up to within a few hours before? I fear the speaker, according to the old New England custom, would have been warned out of town, and quite likely assisted in his departure.

In the midst of all this advance, what has become of the spirit of liberty? Men sometimes speak as if we have now nothing to do but to enjoy what has been won for us by the bitterness of the past; as if the final struggle for liberty had been made. It is true that the deeds of those who first settled our land will never be repeated. There is no other such country on earth to be opened to civilization, and such events as those which gave our ancestors a peculiar preparation for their work will not again occur. But while scandals attach to elections to our highest legislative body; while offices are filled by machinations of those seeking their private gains rather than the public welfare; while great combinations of wealth close the avenues of trade to the common people; while corruption dominates the great cities, leading to boundless extravagance; and while men are hunted and exterminated like wild beasts, — it would seem as if our freedom was not yet perfect.

If we turn to the world at large, in how little of it do we find even a moderate liberty! Does it exist in France, where a Dreyfus is exiled to a lonely island, without even being allowed to hear the testimony or see the evidence presented against him? Does it exist

in Germany, where a thoughtless jest, supposed to reflect on the War-Lord who rules the land, sends one to prison? Or in Russia, where the Jews are persecuted, the Stundists are banished, and the worthiest citizen is liable at any moment, without a trial or a hearing, to be hurried to the frozen wilds of Siberia? The agonizing cries of the martyrs in Cuba and Armenia, not yet wholly stifled by the hurly-burly of the world, still ring in our ears. There is no proof as yet that the struggle against despotism has been ended on earth.

In battles for freedom yet to come have we no part? Is it wise, is it safe, even for ourselves, shutting the door of our palace of delight, to devote ourselves to pleasure or to lie down to rest? Freedom is a jewel which, if it be shut in a casket and locked never so carefully, will grow dim, but worn flashing on the sword in the midst of conflict grows brighter and brighter.

Some are devising plans that we may keep out of the world's strifes that are coming. Vain thought! to hope to live, and to escape the trials of life. Let us rather seek to honorably and faithfully do our part toward lifting the world to those heights whence can be seen the glory of that perfect truth which makes men free.

We have chosen the king of birds as the emblem of liberty, and it is significant that the life of the eagle from the time the parent bird "stirreth up her nest," and pushes out the young from the dizzy heights, is one not of inglorious ease, but of struggle and of conquest.

> "Oh, not yet
> Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
> Thy sword: nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
> In slumber: for thine enemy never sleeps;
> And thou must watch and combat till the day
> Of the new earth and heaven."

We cannot plan the march of the spirit of liberty as generals map out campaigns. Nations are guided by rules of destiny the human mind has never fathomed. When the Puritans came to Massachusetts Bay, they certainly had no intention of founding a new state, free from England's control. When they came together on the plantations to look after their common interests, they did not dream what the town meeting would do for the land. When the contention against taxation without representation began, how little of the great conflict before them did the colonists see! Up to the very dawn of the Revolution, Washington, Adams, and other leaders protested that they "abhorred the idea of independence." And when independence was won, at that critical time when the birth of the nation hung in the balance, how the wisest of men failed to discern the coming glory. And in our own time, when Abraham Lincoln was elected president,

he did not anticipate the proclamation of emancipation; nor when William McKinley entered the White House, did he expect that he should declare war against Spain and give liberty to Cuba and to many islands beyond the sea. The path which a nation travels, whether to ignominy or glory, is marked out by no human forethought. The record of the ages joins with the prophet when he says, "Thus saith the Lord. I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."

Our fathers did well the work given them to do. They failed to see with perfect vision; but they turned their faces toward the light, and with feet that never faltered, eyes that dimmed not, and as brave hearts as ever beat in human breasts, moved onward, believing they were doing God's will. With the progress of all the years gone by, can we do more? The future is to us, as it was to them, an unknown land, into which we journey, knowing not whither we shall be led.

> "We front the sun, and on the purple ridges
> The virgin future lifts her veil of snow;
> Look backward, and an arch of splendor bridges
> The gulf of long ago."

At the conclusion of the oration, which was listened to with marked attention and frequent applause, the orchestra and chorus rendered a march and chorus from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, —

> "Hail, bright abode, where song the heart rejoices,
> May lays of peace within thee never fail."

The President. — With Oratory and Music, Poesy came upon the earth. To the eloquence and power of the one she added the sweetness and rhythm of the other; and thenceforth the three swayed the world, arousing passion and inciting to deeds of valor, or quelling the storm and bringing peace and love. To-day they speak to us of the past; and as Oratory and Music have claimed our thoughts and charmed our ears, Poesy comes with sober thought or lighter play to bring her vision of the days of old. It is my pleasant duty to introduce to you the poet of the day, the Rev. Theron Brown.

OLD MALDEN.

By the Rev. Theron Brown.

You came from Camelot. What lingering strain
Of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Celt, or Dane
May tinge the blood you drew from England's breast
All traits were blended where they blended best,
When first at Mystic Side and Mishawum
You set the stakes of Yankee Christendom.

You came from Camelot, whose heights had seen
In arms the rugged hordes of Cymbeline,
And where the ground to every river's source
Bore the charmed hoof-prints of King Arthur's horse.
His noble Knights in vision waved God-speed
To the first exiles of their dauntless breed,
And gave your ancestry that faced the sea
Their lion-flag of power and victory.

Old Camelot! No Saxon tongue would hail
"Camalodunum" (with its Roman tail),
But "Meldune" saved its rude syllabic sound
Till English Maldon slewed its vowels round,
And in the century that learned to spell,
Your Malden tuned it like a minster bell.
You own four letters of a kingdom grown
In deathless romance to a fame full-blown;
You own all chivalry by Time's quitclaim;
You own the windfall of a town's good name.

You own the land. Your sons may study yet
The deed old Mrs. Nanepashemet
Made to your sires in legal white-and-black
For one-and-twenty coats to warm her back,
Twelve pecks of corn to make her breakfast mash,
And nineteen six-foot strings of wampum cash.
'T was a fair bargain; and no man shall say
Your founders stole the township where they stay.

They were God's yeomanry, the first who plied
Their plowshares in these acres wild and wide,
Went miles to mill and meeting, storm or sun,
Watched for sly Indians, and, with club or gun,
In the tall timber and the tangled brake
Fought bear and wildcat, wolf and rattlesnake.
Brave men they were, but men of slender cheer:
Their hope was narrow, and their faith severe;
Their eyes in Nature's glorious tints and lines
Saw not her poems, but her "warning signs."
On wrath and judgment year by year they fed;
They took John Calvin with their daily bread,
And drank, in hours forbid to fireside mirth,
The awful strains of Michael Wigglesworth.

In vain, to understand the mental loom
That wove the Malden parson's *Day of Doom*,
We search in modern thought of God or man.
The book was dreamed when dreams to nightmare ran,
When children's school-day glimpse thro' learning's prism
Stopped at the "Three R's," and the catechism,
And on the church's altars deep engraved
The Christ that punished hid the Christ that saved.
Blame not the rhymer, nor his horrors scorn;
He wrote for Puritans, among them born.
Ill half his life, and racked with daily dole,
A sick man's body ruled a sick man's soul,
And wrought his fancy to a solemn rage
That only softened with his healthier age.
Alive to-day to feel the hopes that glow
In the same scheme his vision filled with woe,
And taste the holier teachings that succeed
The stern soul-culture of his time and creed,
His pious heart would rue the moment when
Those fearful verses left his tragic pen.

In the old chapel ten yards long and wide,
Where Wigglesworth preached forty years — and died,
No other fire religion dared to use
Than pulpit zeal could kindle in the pews.
From fall to spring the air with stinging search
Shot Sunday agues thro' the Malden church,
Congealed their breath, ran races down their spines,
And curled the children up like porcupines.
Nay, later, when the missed communion board
In winter Pastor Emerson restored,
King Cold with hand profane usurped the spread,
And on the table froze the sacred bread!
The pastor yielded. No device was found
To serve the Eucharist the seasons round.
In vain, to save the rite, with sad desire
He thought of all expedients — all but fire.
Tho' Satan's covenant twins were sin and cold,
A stove in church was heresy too bold.
No less that worthy parson's heart was warm:
He knew alike to suffer and conform.
All praise of faithfulness and godly skill
Is praise of Joseph Emerson; and still
The great-grandfather of the Concord sage
Immortal stands on Malden's holiest page.

By one sly whim of fate a village boy
Who shared those shivering Sundays' doubtful joy
Grew up to conjure with his frozen hands,
And made a fortune selling warming-pans!
He left his mother church a round bequest,
But when the cynic's smile and witling's jest
Proclaim "Lord" Dexter, with his odd renown,
The proof of greatness born in Malden town,
You know another name no joker's fun
Has ever tossed in travesty or pun, —
A name whose serious weight is foolery's foil,
Whose lustre vindicates your pride of soil.
Yon ancient parsonage, where half a score
Of preachers housed a hundred years and more,
Became the birthplace of a world-wide man
When Adoniram Judson's life began.

At the gate of the golden East,
Where the Irrawaddy falls,
Stood a lonely Christian priest,
And watched by the dragon walls.

In the hour of his spirit's strife
Christ's Angel over the lands,
With a seed of the Tree of Life,
Had flown to his waiting hands.

With a zeal no peril would cool,
Forearmed for sorrow and stress,
He had come from the white man's school
To the brown man's wilderness, —

From the home of a faith too deep
For vows unmeaningly made,
To the temples of gods who sleep
In precepts never obeyed.

Far out of the West he came,
In the bloom of his brave young days,
From a realm where sin is shame
To a people who sang its praise.

He sowed the miracle-seed,
And the heaven-tree sprouted small
In the tangles of demon-weed,
By the stones of the pagan wall.

In the age-worn scars it grew
Of the arches giant-spanned,
And it fed on the breath and dew
Of the prayers of his native land;

Till he saw the rampart bar
To its swelling strength unpin,
And the grim gate swung ajar,
And the Knight of the Cross went in.

Then the "lord of the golden foot"
Swore doom to the tree unknown,
For the heave of its awful root
Was shaking his idol throne.

He smote its planter in wrath,
But its shining leaves took wing
Where the slave in the tiger's path
Chose death for dread of a king.

They flew to the sick man's pain,
To the toiler's task in the sun —
And Bethlehem's angel strain
Was written on every one.

O'er the flamen's muttering muse,
And the lote-flower worshipper's hum,
The song of the world's glad news
To the Burman soul cried, "Come!"

And the hunger of hearts increased
For the Crucified Son of Man.
For the wounded Christian priest
Was wiser than Ah-rah-han.

In the groves where Gautama sat
He talked, and the heathen heard
For the tales of the Be-ta-gat
The music of Love's first word.

And the eyes of a race looked up
From the gloom of a faith inane,
Where smiled no pardon or hope,
And sorrow for sin was vain.

He called at the idol's feet
In the shadow of Shway-san-gan,
"The Star of Mercy is sweet,
And it beams on Burma now.

"Break, Athor's measureless Dark,
That hid in your Pali scrolls
Religion's heavenly spark
From a hundred million souls,

"And rise, O Sun of the world,
And spread, unwithering Tree,
Till the dragon temples are hurled
From the land the Christ makes free!"

We carve on the soldier's stone
The fame of his derring-do,
But the fields God's witness won
Are wider than Waterloo.

Fit home are the heavenly plains
For the spirit that greatly gave,
Fit rest for his great remains
The ocean's infinite grave.

And well that Christendom rears,
Where the swarthy Gentiles swarm,
In its glory of fruitful years,
The work that his hand left warm.

And the piled pagodas lean
As the plumes of the Life-tree rise,
And its strong roots cleave unseen
The shrines of the ancient lies.

They are coming, whose life unlearns
The prate of the old kyoungs,
And the prayer of a dead man earns
A harvest of tribes and tongues.

Nor in vain glad history paints
The hero with praise and pride,
And the three fair, faithful saints
Who served and smiled at his side;

First Corps Cadets in Line

THE GOVERNOR ARRIVING AT THE REVIEWING STAND

For the ardor of Christian search,
  By his summons kindled to flame,
Still burns in the mighty church
  That rallied to Judson's name.

And Burma shall see her star
  By his finger of hope supreme
When the last Boodh's avatar
  Has welcomed the nigban dream;

For the Lord's own accolade
  Of fire gave Judson the van
In the host of the world's crusade,
  In the mission of man to man.

The peaceful trophies of your foremost son
Surround the globe; but worthy work was done
By other sons, whose eulogies belong
In local story and provincial song.
No warriors stung with lust of fight were they
Who turned your virgin sod; but, night or day,
If meddlers with colonial rights grew bold
And armed defence must wall the civic fold,
Their course they never waited to discuss,
But dropped the spade and seized the blunderbuss.

Ere down the Naumkeag footpath came the Spragues,
The poor Pawtuckets, swept by mortal plagues
And butchered by the ravening Tarratines,
Had shrunk to shadows in the oaks and pines,
Too shy to face, too weak to overthrow,
Or rouse the white man to a real foe;
But when King Philip hurled his vengeful ban
And cried his summons to each savage clan,
The men of Malden, and their Charlestown kin,
Saw racial hate in every copper skin.
Their weapons met the danger at the door,
With foot and horse they joined the gathering war,
Thro' drifted snow, in vengeance sternly dumb,
They marched, unthrilled by eager fife and drum,
And, borne to battle with no scarlet pomp,
Met death with death in Narragansett Swamp.

15

Another generation held the van
When cannon took Port Royal for Queen Anne;
Another mustered when a merchant led
The venture drafted in a lawyer's head,
And shared at Louisburg the naval feat
That shook the Frenchman from his Scotian seat.

The day the blood of Bunker Hill o'erflowed
The Half Moon Tavern on the Salem Road,
Where, 'mid the gleanings of death's harvest grounds,
Knelt surgeon-landlord Porter dressing wounds,
That day, and not till then, from threats to blows
The passion of the Revolution rose,
And o'er the ashes of her sister town
Malden broke bondage to a hateful Crown.

(As if a witness to the deed must stand
Between the people's and the King's command,
That ancient tavern, jolliest of its kind,
Where many a Tory, and his horse, had dined,
With its last service to those wounded guests
Shut stable, bed, and bar to all behests,
And never, night or day, to thirsty men
Sold rum and cider-syllabub again.)

The boast of blood that pulsed in patriots' veins
At Bunker Hill, at Trenton, at White Plains,
No higher speech or fonder faith requires
Than praise of fathers by their altar-fires,
Who stood as citizens thro' good or ill
To shield the State and shape the public will.
Nor aught in fearless honor more could be,
Cheever on land or Waters on the sea,
Than stalwart Thacher's spirit in the air
Cheering the sad and scaling heaven with prayer.
Behind the bulwarks of the Bible set,
He taught his flock their priv'lege and their debt,
And ere in Congress Hall the crucial hour
Of Freedom struck, the people knew their power.
The question came — the test of long renowns —
And, first of all the Massachusetts towns
The oath of Independence to confess,
On that May morning Malden voted "Yes."

Your *social* story needs no flag to wave.
Your sires were modest, and as good as brave.
Their homes are sacred, but my reverent pen
On dead leaves that deserve to live again
For Mystic Side may trace its years of peace,
And say its virtues were its best police.

One man was there whom Satan never fooled,
The workhouse master, "Honest John," John Gould,
Who watched his conscience with unsleeping eye,
And paid his debts, and never told a lie —
And always, when he felt his anger frown,
Fled to the woods and prayed the devil down.
It means no cavil at their moral trim
To think his neighbors were not all like him,
No slur on ancient piety to say
Good men "got mad," as good men do to-day;
But truth was in them; not a bone would lean,
And honor kept their family records clean.
With foot on hearthstone, learned in patriarch law,
And Bible-ripe when politics were raw,
They mounted guard; and in his castle wall
Each ruled his household for the good of all.
Your great-grandmothers, handsome, keen, and quaint,
Were watched as daughters with austere restraint,
And parents, quick to chide and slow to soothe,
Cared less that humor laughed or love ran smooth
Than for such manners, doctrine, dress, and grace
As proved a damsel of the Roundhead race.
Well for the "stiddy," orthodox young man
Who boldly sparked a pretty Puritan,
But woe to stripling gay in coxcomb gear
Who buzzed soft flatteries in her bashful ear
When private search exposed his cloven track
And judgment wrote "Upharsin" on his back!
No match that contravened the household nay
Was "made in heaven." It came the other way.
Between the sly Philistine, plunder-bent,
And girl of Israel in her sacred tent,
Domestic statute dug a ditch as wide
As mad Leander swam to Hero's side,
And raised a rampart hopeless as the bound
Priscilla Upham and Paul Wilson found.

Paul Wilson's years were twenty-five —
(With many a blot between);
The lass he wooed and thought to wive
Was turning sweet sixteen;
And frowning friends in prudent part
Gave warning, cool and wise,
Her lover had no grace of heart
Beneath his grace of size.

"I like him not," quoth Deacon John,
"A youth of rash renown —
His wild and grievous goings-on
Have scandalized the town.
He brawleth with the men of sin,
He loveth rum too well,
His lawless feet go out and in
Where Sabbath-breakers dwell.

"'T was he who led the midnight rout
That shamed Thanksgiving-tide,
When fires and plunderings round about
Upset all Charlestown side.
A wight so graceless, heart and head —
A son of Belial he!
Should such my daughter woo and wed?
Go to! It shall not be!"

Priscilla hung her head. Her cheeks
From pink to scarlet blazed
To hear her handsome suitor's freaks
Like deadly sins dispraised,
And half resolved and half demurred
Her giddy school-girl brain
To dare her angry father's word
Or jilt her madcap swain.

Her brother Phineas blamed her plight:
The smart was all too new
Of mockeries on his marriage night
By Wilson and his crew,
When late for wildcat mischief met
Their mirth and mad ado,
His bridal window sore beset
From one till half-past two.

"What whim the silly chit hath struck?
Be all the good men dead?
The betters of yon roystering buck
Grow on the trees!" he said.
"Tho' built with lesser length and girth,
And scanter flesh and bone,
Tom Crosswell's lightest ounce is worth
Paul Wilson's 'leven stone."

Still round the damsel's heart and house
The dogged lover hung,
And smiled his smiles and vowed his vows,
And swore with stubborn tongue
No power should push his schemes amiss;
If maid with man would go,
His stolen wedding should be yes
To all New England's no.

The father heard: his wrath waxed hot.
He faced the swaggering blade.
"What wolf within my fold hath got
To ply his wicked trade?
Thy song is sung, thy laugh is laughed;
Bold runagate, begone!
The law shall stop thy pestering craft
Henceforth," quoth Deacon John.

Bound over in ten sterling pounds
To keep the public peace,
The "wolf" withdrew to safer grounds —
Without his lambkin's fleece.
Time taught him next on Cupid's scout
To score a winning run;
And Philip's winter war froze out
His last unruly fun.

Paul Wilson's check was Crosswell's chance;
Priscilla's heart was young.
Her wilder beau could only dance
The tune the tame one sung.
She married Tom — and lives would pass
As sweet as theirs to-day
If every lad would court his lass
The same old honest way.

The silent elders lie beneath the loam,
Those strong, stern guards of virtue, peace, and home.
No sign their vanished presence has bequeathed
Save some faint hand-mark where they walked and breathed,
Or sad, slim relic from oblivion plowed,
Like the three pins of Phineas Upham's shroud.
Yet here their lives thro' filial channels stream
In multitude beyond their boldest dream.
Your ten "town fathers," when with sturdy arms
They ran a parish fence round seventy farms
Nor knew nor guessed their little hamlet hives
Within the measure of four human lives
Would swarm a history, on foot and wing,
That asks a song of epic length to sing.
Not mine. Your private right to read his rhyme
Transcends the poet's claim to public time.
Your library invites. Its cool purlieu,
Fair City, thanks a name your village knew,
In that stored cloister greet the past, and hold
Your Converse with the saints and sages old;
Admiring, forage thro' the long between
From Goodman Thomas Squire to Mayor Dean,
Then rise refreshed to push your proud careers
Down the home-stretch of your three hundred years.

The succeeding number, written for the occasion, was conducted by the composer. It is intended as a recognition of the hand of Divine Providence in the affairs of men. In the performance, voices and instruments gave expression to the words of the psalm by the various musical devices employed by composers, during which the trumpets and trombones were heard playing *Old Hundred*. At the close, the audience, rising, joined in singing the doxology.

A FESTIVAL ANTHEM.

By Obadiah Bruen Brown. *For Quartet and Chorus.*

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thou thy God, O Zion. For He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; He hath blessed thy children within thee. He maketh thy border peace; with the finest of the wheat He filleth thee. He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: His word runneth very swiftly. He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold? He sendeth out His word and melteth them: He causeth His wind to blow, the waters

flow. He sheweth His word unto Jacob, His statutes and His judgments unto Israel. He hath not dealt so with any nation: and His judgments, they have not known them. — Ps. cxlvii. 12–20.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever. — Ps. cxlv. 21.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE BENEDICTION

was then pronounced by the Rev. Joshua Wyman Wellman, D.D.; and

THE DRESDEN AMEN,

sung with feeling by the chorus, closed the exercises.

PROMENADE CONCERT AND BALL.

In arranging the features of Malden's celebration, there was a well-considered and effective attempt made to give due and proportional prominence to the different phases of the civic life whose evolution has made the city what it is to-day. The educational, the religious, the military, the athletic, the business sides were each presented in due order. The distinctively social side of the city's life found recognition in the grand concert and ball which was held on Monday evening, in the Anniversary Building.

It is probable that if one of the typical forefathers or foremothers of the little hamlet of Mystic Side had been privileged to revisit the scenes of his life, and to view our celebration as an invisible, but (you may be sure) a deeply interested spectator, he would have been as much impressed by the ball as by any one feature. This would have filled him with a sense of novelty such as he would not have experienced in viewing the other features. Our splendid school system, magnificently as it has developed, found yet its vital germ in the quaint little square schoolhouse which was its prototype. The religious element of the community he would find merely expanded and deepened, not different in kind. Perchance some of the differences of creed and argument would have had a still familiar sound in his ear.

So in the business and military growth of our community. But in the social life of the early community there was little to suggest

the wealth, fashion, and social pomp which were exemplified in the ball.

And yet the development thus indicated is, perhaps, as important as any shown during the celebration. If social life and prestige mean anything, they mean the very culmination, the goal of our civilization. They must be the crowning pride of the social edifice, to which the rest are but avenues of approach. The art of social deportment and interchange is reckoned by the greatest of philosophers as among the very highest. Emerson ranks it as scarcely second to any field of human endeavor.

But without attempting to set forth the philosophy of the matter, we may follow with interest the thoughts of the supposed ancestor, as he steps, viewing but viewless, into the great hall on Monday evening.

Coming from a community where social life was of the simplest, where men were chiefly engrossed in the sterner warfare for daily bread, and where such pleasures as were indulged were enjoyed, in characteristic Anglo-Saxon fashion, *moult tristement*, he would have felt queer indeed as he stepped into the hall and looked seriously about him.

He would have seen an ample and tastefully decorated building with great floor-space, given over to music and dancing in a fashion little dreamed of in old Mystic Side. That he would have been wholly pleased is not to be supposed; but that would be his own unavoidable misfortune. He would have been intensely interested, and would have been the last to leave.

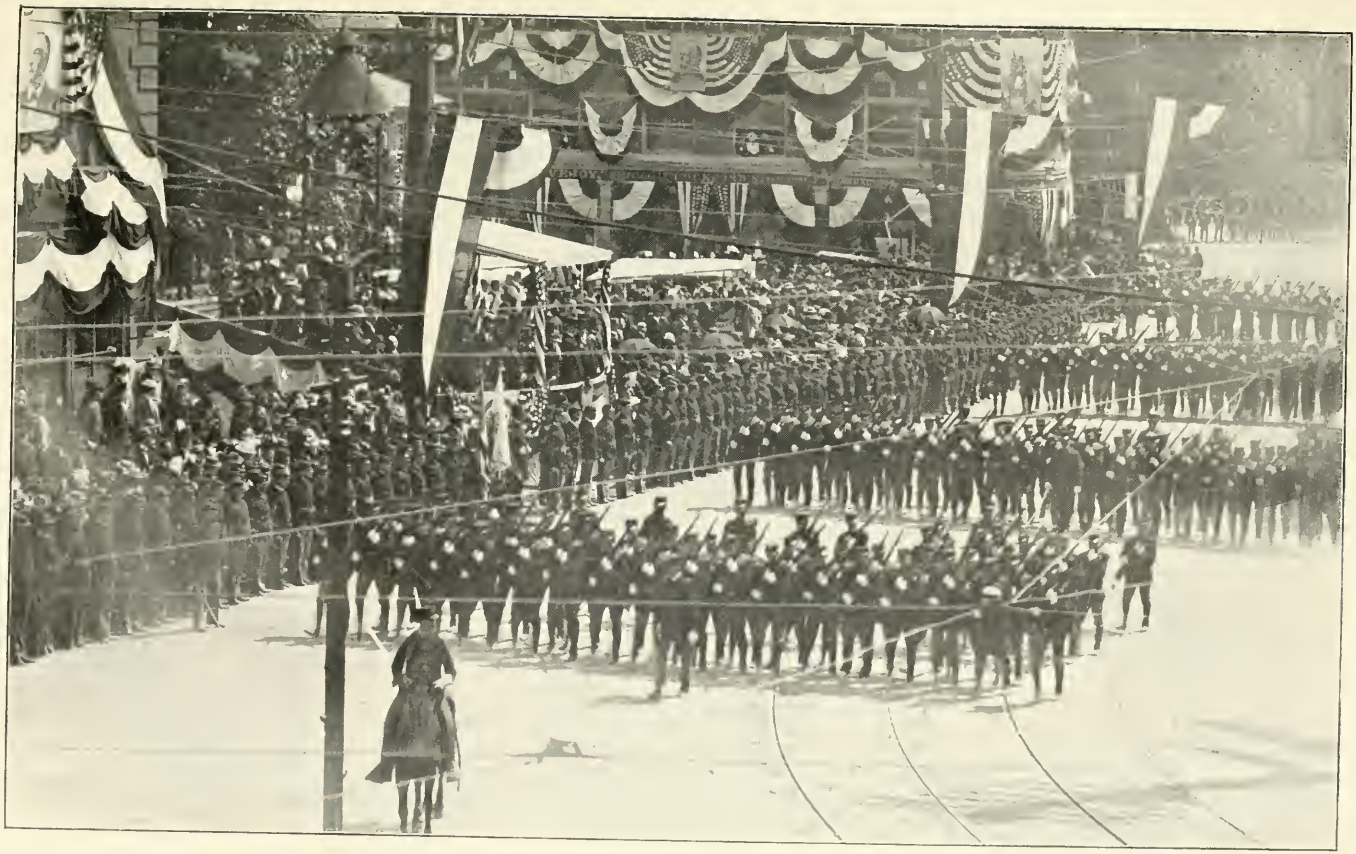
The dancing was preceded by a concert by the Salem Cadet Band, assisted by Miss Eugenie Marie Foss of Malden, that was a feast to the lovers of music. It was the first public appearance of Miss Foss, and her singing was a notable feature of the evening. In all her numbers she sang with excellent effect, revealing the possession of a voice of a rich, mellow contralto quality. The generous applause which she received was well deserved.

PROMENADE CONCERT BY THE SALEM CADET BAND.

JEAN M. MISSUD, *Conductor.*

8.30 TO 10 P. M.

MARCH. — "Under The Double Eagle." *Wagner.*
OVERTURE. — "William Tell." *Rossini.*
SONGS, with Piano. (EUGENIE MARIE FOSS):
a. "The Clover Blossoms." *Rogers.*
b. "I'm Wearin' Awa'." *Foote.*
c. "The Years at the Spring." *Rogers.*



First Regiment Heavy Artillery, M. V. M.

Solo, for Cornet. (Mr. B. B. Keyes). — "For All Eternity." *Mascheroni.*
a. "Narcissus." *Nevin.*
b. "Minuet." *Paderewski.*
Selection. — "The Idol's Eye." *Herbert.*
Song. — "My Heart 's in the Highlands." *Madame Helen Hopekirk.*
Finale. — National Melodies. "The North and the South." *Bendix.*

At the close of the concert, at a signal from the leader, the first strains of the grand march were heard; and more than two hundred couples, led by Chairman Elisha W. Cobb, of the committee, with Mrs. Charles H. Sprague, and Mr. Charles H. Sprague with Mrs. Elisha W. Cobb, joined in the brilliant line which with rhythmic movement opened the ball.

It was near ten o'clock when the dancing began, and it was kept up until about one o'clock. Half a thousand dancers danced uncrowded on the spacious floor. Many numbers were encored. To speak of the costumes were a long task. Our wondering, sober-minded spectator felt his head swim. Before him floated and whirled fair women and devoted cavaliers clad in such wise as he had never even pictured in his fancy. The socially elect of not only Malden, but of many other towns and cities were present. The committee was aided by the following named gentlemen: —

Everell F. Sweet, *Floor Director.*

Andrew H. Brown.
H. C. Buckminster.
Geo. A. Butman.
F. Berton Carlisle.
Ernest L. Chandler.
G. Morton Chase.
M. Sumner Coggan.
Herbert Flanders.
F. Leon Foss.
Warren F. Gould.
Ralph M. Griffin.
A. L. Hitchcock.
W. A. Hitchcock, M.D.
Edward B. Horne.
Wm. C. Keen.
Fred C. Libbey.
Frank L. Locke.
Wm. O. Lovell.
Albert N. Page.
Geo. R. Presby.
Walter B. Robertson.
Wm. Robertson, Jr.
Arthur L. Robinson.
Willard E. Robinson.
Homer E. Sawyer.
Elmer F. Smith.
Geo. M. Tilson.
John J. Walsh.
Archie A. Way.
Wm. J. Weeks, M.D.
Frank E. White.
Edward H. Wiggin.
Russell B. Wiggin.
Stephen E. Winship.

ORDER OF DANCES.

1 March and Waltz. "And it fell upon a day in the merry month of May."
2 Lanciers. "Variety 's the very spice of life, that gives it all its flavour."
3 Two Step. "A sight to dream of, not to tell."
4 Quadrille. "Everything by starts and nothing long."
5 Schottische. "Joy rises in me like a summer's moon."
6 Waltz. "It beggared all description."
7 Portland Fancy. "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough!"
8 Waltz. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."
9 Quadrille. "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."
10 Two Step. "The bell strikes — We take no note of time but by its loss."
11 Waltz (Blue Danube). "The end crowns all."
1st Extra (Sweetheart Waltz). "When more is meant than meets the ear."
2d Extra. "Which not even critics criticise."
3d Extra. "How blessings brighten as they take their flight."
4th Extra. "Eyes, look your last; arms, take your last embrace."

During the dancing, there was served in the anteroom, in Dill's finest style, a lunch such as our unsophisticated spectator had never seen or heard of in his humble lifetime. It achieved an instant and ardent popularity that was alone a sufficient tribute to its merits.

When our pilgrim at last came out into the starlight, which was already trembling with the first suggestion of dawn, it was evident that he was in deep meditation. Slowly and thoughtfully he wended his way back to the Bell Rock Cemetery. So changed, so amplified, so complicated, was his thought! What vaster changes in social spheres will the next quarter-century see? As he disappeared, the last belated carriages were slowly wending homeward, and the great social event of the celebration had passed.

PROGRAM.

TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1899.

9.00 A.M. FLIGHT OF HOMING PIGEONS — Anniversary Building.

10.30 A.M. GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIC PARADE.

Forms on Highland Avenue, and moves through Highland Avenue, Maple Street, Dexter Street, Clifton Street, Summer Street, Mountain Avenue, Washington Street, Pleasant Street, Salem Street, Maplewood Street, Eastern Avenue, Bryant Street, Cross Street, Hancock Street, Appleton Street, Main Street, to Central Square, where it will be reviewed by Governor Wolcott.

3.30 P.M. EVENING PARADE AND REVIEW BY THE GOVERNOR — Near Fells Station.

6.00 P.M. BANQUET — Anniversary Building.

8.00 P.M. FIREWORKS — Eaton's Field, Salem Street.

Salutes at 6 A.M. *and at sunset.*

Band Concert at Fireworks Display.

GUESTS' REVIEWING STAND — Near City Hall.

Carriages for use of Guests, for driving about the city, will be at the disposal of the Reception Committee, except during the Parade.

EXERCISES OF TUESDAY.

TUESDAY opened upon an ideal day for the events of the celebration, nor could the most exacting mind have wished for a milder air or a clearer sky. Like Monday, it was welcomed by salutes of bombs and bells, and later by crowds that gathered more quickly and in denser bodies than on the preceding day. From all directions, by steam cars and electrics, by barges and wagons, by bicycles and on foot, throngs of old and young, of all sorts and conditions, poured into the streets, moving towards the Western Division station, where the governor was to arrive, or towards Highland Avenue, where the several divisions of the parade were forming. Later, the sidewalks and at some points the roadways were filled with eager spectators; while all along the route, piazzas, and windows, and sometimes the roofs, were filled with more quiet, but as impatiently expectant, forms. Complimentary to the ladies of Malden and their visitors was the report of a representative of the Boston press, that "every other person was a pretty girl."

Special trains were run on the Western Division of the Boston and Maine railroad as often as they were needed, and it is estimated that sixty thousand people were handled at that station alone; while the electric lines, in all directions, were running their cars continuously.

There was enough to interest and amuse the people through all the hours of waiting. Military and civic organizations, galloping troopers, trades displays, and all the picturesque elements of a parade, moving to their positions in the line, attracted attention and drew the crowds from point to point as they passed.

A pretty sight, which was witnessed by those who were in the vicinity of the Anniversary Building at nine o'clock, was the flight of about three hundred homing pigeons, which had been brought from all parts of the state under the direction of the pigeon fanciers' clubs of the city. As they circled around the building preparatory to taking their homeward flights, they received the applause of the multitude and were soon after out of sight.

The governor arrived at the station on Summer Street at 10.40, and was received by the mayor and other officials in the presence of a

concourse of people that filled all the available space in the neighborhood. Entering his carriage, which was drawn by four white horses, he was taken to his place in the line, which was awaiting him on Highland Avenue; and the spectators scattered to secure more advantageous positions for further sight-seeing.

The parade was witnessed by crowds along its entire route. An official stand had been erected on the north side of the First Parish Church, with seats for eight hundred and fifty persons; and another on the south side of the city hall, with a capacity of one hundred and twenty-five persons, was reserved for the governor and other guests during the review which closed the parade. Numerous private observation-stands were placed in advantageous positions along the line of march.

Photographers, professional and amateur, were busy in all parts of the city; and a biograph wagon from Keith's Theatre, Boston, was stationed in Central Square and obtained a continuous picture of the parade as it passed.

On Clifton Street, a band of children bore a banner inviting the paraders to the three hundredth anniversary: "We will welcome you fifty years from now."

At the Faulkner School on Salem Street about four hundred children were gathered, who sang patriotic songs as the procession passed.

The partial collapse of an observation-stand on Washington Street was magnified by exaggerated rumors and excited much sympathy, far and near, as it was reported in the evening papers; but the affair was a slight one and no great damage was done. Lieutenant Lovett, of the Signal Corps, was injured by the fall of his horse on Cross Street, and was taken away in an ambulance. Otherwise, the few accidents which occurred were trivial; and the order which prevailed at all points during the day was the occasion of much comment.

At the close of the review in Central Square, the people who had gathered there joined those who had thronged along the route of the parade, and sought for rest and refreshment. Open houses in all parts of the city was the rule, and there were few exceptions. Liberal entertainment was offered to all who came. Many who were without acquaintance in the city found ample provision in the restaurants and lunch-rooms, or bought sandwiches and other light refreshments of the basket men and at the booths which were frequent along the principal streets. Others camped upon the lawns around the public buildings, as the public library and the high school, and ate their simple meals from baskets and paper bags in true picnic fashion.

The First Corps Cadets dined at the Enterprise Club on Marcus Terrace; and the other military organizations were entertained at the Cochrane mill building on Barrett Street, where covers for one

thousand were laid. The lodges of Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, the Knights of Malta, and other associations attended faithfully to the comfort of their visiting brethren at their several rooms; and the Malden firemen banqueted their guests, the firemen of Melrose, Everett, and elsewhere, at Marie Hall on Pleasant Street. During the celebration, the Malden Club and the Kernwood Club exercised to its fullest extent the graceful hospitality which their members understand so well.

Later, the First Regiment Heavy Artillery, Colonel Pfaff, had a dress parade and was reviewed by Governor Wolcott near the Fells station in the presence of nearly ten thousand people.

The closing events of the day and the celebration are related elsewhere.

THE MILITARY AND CIVIC PARADE.

The committee on the military and civic parade held its first meeting on the evening of September 28, 1898, at which time the chairman, Col. Harry E. Converse, was elected chief marshal. At this meeting, a general plan was considered; and, later, division marshals were appointed and the more technical arrangements of the parade were settled.

The varied character of the elements of which the line was to be composed entailed a large amount of detail work, which was sometimes perplexing; but difficulties disappeared before the readiness and spirit with which the members of the committee performed their duties. The chairman of the committee in his report says: "At all times the utmost harmony prevailed, and the general arrangements of the parade were planned and carried out with an entire absence of friction among the members." It may be added that this statement may well apply, in general, to all the committees. To this unanimity of feeling and action much of the success which attended the celebration may be ascribed.

The committee was fortunate in obtaining the presence of several bodies of soldiery, which added to the interest of the parade and rendered the military portion of it the most brilliant that has ever been seen here. It was hoped that the Fifth Regiment, M.V.M., of which the Malden company forms a part, would be enabled to come to Malden; but as it was not mustered out of the service of the United States until March 31, it was found impossible to uniform and equip it in season. The most that could be done was to equip the Malden company, which was in position in the parade.

Troop F, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., Capt. George E. Dodd, was here by invitation, as is elsewhere stated, and was given a place as special escort to the chief marshal, in which duty it was assisted by Company L [*Malden Rifles*], Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., Capt. Frank F. Cutting. Other visiting organizations were the First Regiment Heavy Artillery, Col. Charles Pfaff, the First Battalion Cavalry, Major William A. Perrins, and the Signal Corps, First Brigade, First-Lieut. George E. Lovett. The First Corps Cadets, Major Andrew Robeson commanding, at the head of the second division, escorted His Excellency the Governor, and other invited guests.

The headquarters of the chief marshal were established at ten o'clock on the morning of the parade at the intersection of Highland Avenue and Thatcher Street, the first division forming south of that position on Highland Avenue. The other divisions formed on the lateral streets, except the second division, which, forming on Summer Street, received the governor and other invited guests and joined the line by the way of Pleasant, Russell, and Adams Streets.

Military officers parading on the staff of the chief marshal wore full-dress uniform with riding-boots and gauntlets. Military officers parading as marshals of divisions, or on the staffs of division marshals, appeared in fatigue dress, with riding-boots and gauntlets. The honorary staff of the chief marshal wore black silk hats, black cut-away coats, white trousers, black riding-boots or leggins, and white gloves.

Upon the arrival of the governor, the line moved at eleven o'clock, at a signal of three blows upon the fire alarm, over the following named streets: Highland Avenue, Maple, Dexter, Clifton, Summer, Mountain Avenue, Washington, Pleasant, Salem, Maplewood, Eastern Avenue, Bryant, Cross, Hancock, Appleton, and Main Streets to Central Square.

On the arrival of the head of the column at the corner of Main Street and Eastern Avenue, a halt was made, and the second division, leaving the line, marched to Central Square, where the invited guests took seats on the stand at the city hall in order that His Excellency Governor Wolcott might review the parade. The review at this point began shortly after one o'clock and continued about two hours.

The arrangements of the police were most excellent along the whole line, and at the reviewing point the streets were well cleared, and the several divisions were promptly and systematically disbanded.

First Battalion Cavalry, M. V. M.

ROSTER OF THE PARADE, MAY 23.

Detail of mounted police, Sergeant WILLIAM P. POWERS, *commanding.*

Chief Marshal.

Col. HARRY E. CONVERSE, *A.Q.M.G., M.V.M.*

Chief of Staff.

Col. FRANK L. LOCKE, *A.I.G., M.V.M.*

Aids.

Col. GORDON DEXTER, *A.I.G., M.V.M.*
Col. JAMES T. SOUTTER, *A.I.G., M.V.M.*
Lieut.-Col. OTIS H. MARION, *Med.Div., 1st Brig., M.V.M.*
Capt. FRANCIS R. BANGS, *J.A., 2nd Brig., M.V.M.*
Capt. FRANCIS S. PARKER, *A.D.C., 2nd Brig., M.V.M.*
Capt. LESTER LELAND, *P.M., 2nd Brig., M.V.M.*

Honorary Staff.

PHINEAS W. SPRAGUE, *Chief.*

Edward A. Adams.
William F. Barker.
Capt. Forrest E. Benjamin.
Frank F. Clapp.
Elisha W. Cobb.
Capt. Luke R. Landy.
Albert P. Mason.
John C. McCarthy.
Eugene Nelson.
Walter E. Piper.
Arthur L. Robinson.
Roswell R. Robinson, 2nd.
Willard E. Robinson.
Frank M. Sawtelle.
John E. Staples.
Edward H. Wiggin.

Escort.

Troop F, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., Capt. GEORGE E. DODD.
[As special guests of the city.]
Salem Cadet Band.
Company L, Fifth Regiment, M.V.M. (*Malden Rifles*), Capt. FRANK F. CUTTING, First-Lieut. JAMES H. MANN, Second-Lieut. CLARENCE A. PERKINS. [As special guard to the chief marshal.]

FIRST DIVISION.

Marshal.

Major Harry P. Ballard, *5th Regt. Inf., M.V.M.*

Chief of Staff.

Capt. Frederick P. Barnes, *Q.M. 2nd Brig., M.V.M.*

Aids.

First-Lieut. George E. Lovett, *Sig. Officer 1st Brig., M.V.M.*
First-Lieut. James M. Ramsay, *Q.M. 5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*
First-Lieut. Herbert A. Clark, *I.R.P. 5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*
Rev. Elwin L. House, *Chaplain 5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*
Albert T. Rich, *Naval Cadet.*
F. P. Holmes, *Bugler.*

SIGNAL CORPS 1ST BRIGADE, M.V.M.

Lieut. George E. Lovett.

FIRST REGIMENT HEAVY ARTILLERY, M.V.M.

Col. Charles Pfaff, *commanding.*
Lieut-Col. Charles B. Woodman.
Major Perlie A. Dyar.
Major George F. Quimby.
Adjutant Charles H. Lake.
Quartermaster John S. Keenan.
Surgeon Major Howard S. Dearing.
Assistant Surgeon William A. Rolfe.
Paymaster Horace B. Parker.
Chaplain Rev. Edward A. Horton.
Range Officer John B. Paine.
A. D. C. George S. Stockwell.

Battery A. [*Boston.*] Capt. John Bordman.
B. [*Cambridge.*] Capt. Walter E. Lombard.
C. [*Boston.*] Capt. Charles P. Nutter.
D. [*Boston.*] Capt. Joseph H. Frothingham.
E. [*New Bedford.*] Capt. Joseph L. Gibbs.
F. [*Taunton.*] Capt. Norris O. Danforth.
G. [*Boston.*] Capt. Albert B. Chick.
H. [*Chelsea.*] Capt. Walter L. Pratt.
I. [*Brockton.*] Capt. Charles Williamson.
K. [*Boston.*] Capt. Fred S. Howes.
L. [*Boston.*] Capt. Frederick M. Whiting.
M. [*Fall River.*] Capt. David Fuller.

FIRST BATTALION CAVALRY, SECOND BRIGADE, M.V.M.

Major WILLIAM A. PERRINS, *commanding.*
Adjutant ALBERT E. CARR.
Quartermaster WALTER C. WARDWELL.
Surgeon Major GEORGE WESTGATE MILLS.
Paymaster JOHN W. HALL.
Chaplain Rev. ADOLPH A. BERLE.

Troop A. [*National Lancers.*] Capt. DORIS A. YOUNG.
D. [*Roxbury Horse Guards.*] Capt. JOHN PERRINS, JR.

SECOND DIVISION.

Marshal.

Capt. ELMORE E. LOCKE, *Adjutant 5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*

Chief of Staff.

Col. JOPHANUS H. WHITNEY, *Colonel 5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*

Aids.

Lieut. Col. WILLIAM H. OAKES, *5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*
Major WALTER E. MORRISON, *5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*
Major MURRAY D. CLEMENT, *5th Reg. Inf., M.V.M.*
First-Lieut. FRED T. AUSTIN, *U.S.V.*
First-Lieut. CHARLES R. GOW, *U.S.V.*

BOSTON CADET BAND.

FIRST CORPS CADETS, M.V.M.

Major ANDREW ROBESON, *commanding.*
Adjutant, First-Lieut. EDWARD E. CURRIER.
Quartermaster, First-Lieut. WILLIAM B. CLARKE.
Inspector R.P., First-Lieut. WILLIAM A. HAYES.
Assistant Surgeon, First-Lieut. AUGUSTUS S. KNIGHT.
Company A, Capt. FRANKLIN L. JOY.
B, Capt. WINTHROP WETHERBEE.
C, Capt. VIRGIL C. POND.
D, Capt. CHARLES H. ROLLINS.

Carriage drawn by four white horses, containing His Excellency Gov. Roger Wolcott, Gen. Samuel Dalton, and Mayor Charles L. Dean.

Outriders.

Officers Brown, Berg, Killion, and Johnson.

CARRIAGES CONTAINING INVITED GUESTS.

1. Gen. Robert A. Blood, Gen. Francis H. Appleton, Hon. Ernest W. Roberts, and Roland W. Tappan.

2. Col. Richard H. Morgan, Col. George R. Jewett, Hon. William M. Olin, and Hon. Edward P. Shaw.

3. Hon. John W. Kimball, Hon. George E. Smith, Hon. John L. Bates, and Edward S. Booth.

4. Ex-Mayors Elisha S. Converse, Marcellus Coggan, Joseph F. Wiggin, and James Pierce.

5. Ex-Mayors Henry Winn, Everett J. Stevens, Clarence O. Walker, and John E. Farnham.

Other carriages containing guests.

THIRD DIVISION.

Marshal.

Commander Hiram S. Coburn, *Post* 40, *G.A.R.*

Chief of Staff.

Adjutant Stanley S. Sturgeon, *Post* 40, *G.A.R.*

Aids.

Capt. William Montgomery.
Lieut. Joseph S. Rich, *Post* 40, *G.A.R.*
Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, *Post* 4, *G.A.R.*
Gilbert N. Harris, *Post* 4, *G.A.R.*
Solon Watson, *Post* 12, *G.A.R.*
Charles A. North, *Post* 40, *G.A.R.*
John O. Bush, *Post* 40, *G.A.R.*
Allison M. Stickney, *Post* 66, *G.A.R.*
H. L. Chamberlain, *Bugler.*

TOWNE'S BAND (*Malden*).

VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS IN BARGES.

Department Commander John E. Gilman and Staff.

Maj-Gen. Hiram G. Berry Post 40 (*Malden*). John W. Soule, *commander.*

U. S. Grant Post 4 (*Melrose*). George P. Marsh, *commander.*

Abraham Lincoln Post 11 (*Charlestown*). James Walters, *commander.*

H. M. Warren Post 12 (*Wakefield*). W. D. Giles, *commander.*

S. C. Lawrence Post 66 (*Medford*). Benjamin P. Lewis, *commander.*

J. P. Gould Post 75 (*Stoneham*). John S. Gilmore, *commander.*

Gordon Forest Command, No. 12, U.V.U. (*Malden*). Louis Ripley, *colonel.*

Kearsarge Naval Veterans Association (*Boston*). Martin L. White, *rear admiral.*

SONS OF VETERANS.

Department Commander George N. Howard and Staff.

First Company. Junior Vice-Division Commander J. C. Smith, *commanding.*

Second Company. Arthur H. Gould, *captain.*

Camps forming the above companies.

Camp 1, Lynn.	Camp 79, Melrose.
8, Salem.	80, Malden.
14, Cambridgeport.	81, Chelsea.
23, Reading.	82, Boston.
34, Wakefield.	86, Stoneham.
45, Arlington.	92, Saugus.
54, Medford.	106, Charlestown.
66, Woburn.	145, Roxbury.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Marshal.

Col. Alvin E. Bliss.

Chief of Staff.

Joseph W. Saunders.

Aids.

DeCorsey Blakesley.	Charles E. Prior.
Maurice Dinneen.	Waldo P. Reed.
Percy K. Oram.	Frank C. Sargent.
John A. Powers.	George W. Stiles.

Allan H. Wilde.

LYNN CADET BAND.

Brig.-Gen. Edgar H. Emerson, *Department Commander, Patriarchs Militant, Mass., I. O. O. F.*, and Staff.

Col. W. F. Spaulding, *Chief of Staff.*

Lieut.-Col. F. DeWitt Lapham, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

SECOND REGIMENT PATRIARCHS MILITANT, I.O.O.F.

Major George E. Hutchinson, *commanding*, and Staff.
Adjutant, Capt. J. Frank Vaughan.
Canton Malden, No. 55. Capt. Charles L. Fitzhenry.
Canton Mascot, No. 12. Capt. W. J. Anderson.
Canton City of Lynn, No. 63. Capt. J. Hemenway.
Canton Fells, No. 26. Capt. W. O. Richardson.
Canton Beverly, No. 67. Capt. P. W. Cook.

CAMPBELL'S MILITARY BAND (Boston).

FIRST REGIMENT PATRIARCHS MILITANT, I.O.O.F.

Col. F. E. Gaylord, *commanding*, and Staff.
Lieut.-Col. George G. Trowbridge.
Adjutant George H. Mullis.

First Battalion. Major O. C. Emerson.

Canton Shawmut (Boston).

First Component, Capt. Arthur Pierce.
Second Component, Capt. C. F. Pettingell.
Third Component, Capt. J. F. Crossland.
Fourth Component, Capt. John Roessle.

Second Battalion. Major C. H. Keach.

Canton Ridgely (Chelsea).

First Component, Capt. H. E. Farrington.
Second Component, Capt. G. W. Farwell.

Canton Bunker Hill (Charlestown).

First Component, Capt. A. G. Toothacher.
Second Component, Capt. J. M. Stewart.

ARMED BATTALION BAND.

SECOND REGIMENT UNIFORMED RANK
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Col. J. W. McBrine, *commanding*, and Staff.
Adjutant John Smith.

LYNN BRASS BAND.

MIDDLESEX LODGE, NO. 17 (MALDEN), I.O.O.F.

G. H. HARTLEY, *commanding.*

Drum, Fife, and Bugle Corps.
Visiting Odd Fellows (Everett and Melrose).
Swedish Sick Benefit Society (Malden).

MALDEN ROUGH WALKERS (BOYS).

Capt. THOMAS HOWES, *commanding.*

Infantry Company, Capt. CHARLES BIBBER.
Artillery Company, Major MARCUS BROWNE, *commanding.*
Ambulance Corps, Major SIDNEY B. GAGE.

EAST BOSTON CADET BAND.

DIVISION NO. 12, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

President, TIMOTHY J. MAHONEY.
Vice-President, THOMAS H. O'CONNELL.
Recording Secretary, DANIEL J. MURPHY.
Financial Secretary, HUMPHREY P. CALLAHAN.
Treasurer, THOMAS E. LENEHAN.

100 men in line.

AMERICAN CADET BAND.

IONA COURT, NO. 10, MASS. CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Capt. DENNIS KELLEHER, *commanding.*

Aids.

Edward J. Sweeney. — Thomas Spencer.
Timothy Mahoney, *C.R.* — Peter McQuade, *V.C.R.*
Dennis Kelleher, *R.S.* — Edmond J. Flavin, *F.S.*
Richard J. Marnell, *Treas.*
William J. Rogan, *S.C.* — James J. Long, *J.C.*
John Burke, *Q.S.* — Thomas Clune, *O.S.*

160 men in line.

Past Officers in three carriages.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

Marshal and President, Frank J. Welsh.
Assistant-Marshal, John J. Rooney.
Vice-President, Thomas A. Lyons.
Secretary, Matthew A. Carnes.
Treasurer, Maurice Dinneen.

With this society was a float surrounded by Indians and Puritans, mounted or afoot, showing the home of Joseph Hills and John Wayte in 1649. Inside was a domestic tableau with a woman spinning, and others, men and women, engaged in household tasks around a fire in an open fireplace.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES CADETS (Charlestown).

Adjutant D. M. Collins, *commanding.*
Co. A. — Capt. Timothy Collins.
Co. B. — Capt. W. F. Reardon.

LYNN NAVAL CADETS (Lynn).

Capt. W. R. Grover.

WENEPOYKIN TRIBE, NO. 47 (Malden). INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RED MEN.

Prophet, Frank E. West.
Sachem, Charles W. Brown.
Senior Sagamore, Frank S. Hogan.
Chief of Records, Eber B. Blen.

With this organization was a float, drawn by six white horses, inscribed, "Chief Wenepoykin petitions the General Court for his Rights to Lands in Malden, 1651." Upon the platform, the august lawmakers sat in stern dignity, while before them the chief, with documents in hand, pleaded his cause, surrounded by his savage attendants armed with clubs and bows and arrows.

Principal Characters.

Governor John Endicott, Herbert C. Pearson.
Secretary Edward Rawson, Eber B. Blen.
Officer of the Court, George H. Kaulbach.
Wenepoykin, Clarence A. Paige.
Quachamaquine, a chief, Fred S. Tufts.
Webcowet, the Prophet, Henry M. Ricker.

MALDEN TURNVEREIN.

President, Paul Gabriel.
Recording Secretary, Robert Hoffmann.
Corresponding Secretary, Herman Brandt.
Treasurer, Robert M. Gerade.

Following the marching members of this society were two floats filled with girls and children.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Marshal.

Thomas W. Hough.

Chief of Staff.

Leverett D. Holden.

Aids.

Harrie S. Abbott.
William M. Carr.
William Knollin.
Thomas F. Powell.
William H. Reed.
Charles T. Small.
Nathan B. Smith.
Charles W. Small, *Bugler*.

MARTLAND'S BAND (Brockton).

MALDEN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Capt. Frank Turner, *commanding*.

Steamer and Hose Co., No. 1. 11 men. Capt. John T. Nicolls.
Truck, No. 1. 11 men. Capt. Fred P. Tracy.
Hose Co., No. 3. 10 men. Capt. John J. Connell.
Hose Co., No. 2. 10 men. Lieut. Hollis Bruce.

Fire Engineers' Wagons.

1. Chief Thomas W. Gowen, Malden.
   Chief Lewis P. Webber, Boston.
2. Chief James R. Hopkins, Somerville.
   Ex-Chief Charles Sims, Winchester.
3. Chief Thomas J. Casey, Cambridge.
   Chief Harry Marston, Brockton.
4. Chief H. Allen Spencer, Chelsea.
   Chief Electrician William Brophy, Boston.
5. Chief Charles E. Bacon, Medford.
   Ex-Chief Charles Marchant, Gloucester.

Veterans of Fire Department.

100 men, in six barges.

Fire Equipment.

Steamer, No. 1.	Hose, No. 1.
Truck, No. 1.	Chemical, No. 3.
Steamer, No. 2.	Hose, No. 3.
Chemical, No. 1.	Hose, No. 2.
Chemical, No. 2.	Truck, No. 2.

Combination Wagon, No. 4.
Fire Alarm Wagon.

STILES' EIGHTH REGIMENT BAND (Lynn).

EVERETT VETERAN FIRE ASSOCIATION.

52 men in the red-shirt uniform of former days.

Foreman, George Huey.
President, Columbus Corey.

Hand engine "General Taylor." Drawn by four gray horses. [This engine is owned by the Association in memory of the old General Taylor, No. 4, South Malden, 1847.]

EVERETT HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

With a small hand engine of an early pattern, once used in a Canadian town.

VETERAN FIREMEN.

In carriages.

Benjamin Corey, ae. 84, Chief Engineer, Malden, 1861.
Robert M. Barnard, ae. 73, Engineer, Malden, 1862–64.
Joseph Swan, ae. 78, Engineer, Malden, 1865–69,
and others.

LADIES' VETERAN AUXILIARY (Everett).

25 Ladies in a Brake.

WAGONS OF MALDEN HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT.

WAGONS OF MALDEN HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SIXTH DIVISION.

NORTH MALDEN — MELROSE.

Marshal.

WALTER C. STEVENS.

Chief of Staff.

HARRY STEVENS.

Aids.

JAMES B. DILLINGHAM. ALBERT H. FULLER.
C. ANDREWS FISKE. FRANK M. MCLAUGHLIN.
FRANK R. UPHAM.

MUNICIPAL BAND OF BOSTON.

Banner.

Obverse, *Melrose Town Seal.* Reverse, "*City of Melrose*, 1900."

Cavalcade of twenty-four uniformed men.

Mounted Indian Chief. — FRANK J. RYDER, wearing the full suit of the Chief Red Cloud, who presented it to Colonel Seymour of General Custer's command, by whom it was given to the late Maj. Wilbur D. Fiske.

SELECTMEN OF MELROSE IN A LANDAU.

Sidney H. Buttrick. L. Frank Hinckley.
Jonathan C. Howes. Charles J. Barton.

MELROSE CELEBRATION COMMITTEE

in a drag drawn by four black horses. [*See list of committees.*]

MELROSE FIFE AND DRUM CORPS.

HAND ENGINE ENDEAVOR (No. MALDEN, No. 3, 1846).

Drawn by thirty-six men from Capt. James B. Dillingham's provisional military company, in firemen's uniform, FRANK W. LYNDE, *commander.*

CARRIAGE WITH VETERAN FIREMEN.

Survivors of the company that drew the Endeavor in the parade of 1849.

Samuel Ellison, ae. 90. Freeman Upham, ae. 87.
James G. Emerson, ae. 82. William H. Wells, ae. 66.
Abel Willis, ae. 81.

MELROSE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A. Wilbur Lynde, *chief engineer.*

Delegation of twenty-six firemen, with Steamer No. 1 and Hose No. 1.

VETERANS OF U. S. GRANT POST 4, G. A. R.

George P. Marsh, *commander.*

In a barge.

VETERANS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

In a barge.

CAMBRIDGE DRUM CORPS.

FLOAT. NO. MALDEN MINUTE MEN, 1775.

Seventeen men from the Melrose Highlands Improvement Association, in continental costumes, armed with flint-lock muskets and powder-horns. Charles M. Cox, *commander.*

A YOKE OF OXEN WITH DRAG

loaded with logs, representing timber drawn from No. Malden in 1795–97, for the U. S. frigate "Constitution." It was intended to exhibit an automobile carriage as a contrast to the oxen and drag, but a difficulty in regulating its speed with that of the parade caused it to be withdrawn.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Marshal.

Harvey L. Thompson.

Chief of Staff.

Walter R. Macdonald.

Aids.

Raymond C. Batting.
Fulton Christopher.
Joseph G. Harris.
John L. Howard.
Fred L. Jordan.
Walter P. Sheldon.
Asa Trayes.

MANSFIELD'S MAPLEWOOD BAND.

TRADES DISPLAY.

In this division appeared: —

Asher F. Black; Boston Rubber Shoe Co. (eight-horse team); Cobb, Aldrich & Co., Boston (automobile delivery-wagon); Darcy & Falconer; Fells Ice Co. (six-horse team); Good-Will Soap Co. (followed by forty boys with toy advertising carts); William W. Hall; W. S. Hills Co., Boston; John L. Howard; Jackson Caldwell Furniture Co.; F. N. Joslin & Co. (two floats with ladies representing departments in their store, and the Sorosis Shoe chariot drawn by two gray horses, driven by Miss Clara Cameron in white Grecian costume); C. T. Joslyn Co. (four-horse team); Kelley Bros.; Elmore E. Locke; Roderick D. McVicar; Malden Board of Trade (the fine tally-ho of Keith's theatre, Boston, loaned for the occasion); Malden Evening News (two floats); Malden & Melrose Gas Light Co. (three teams); Pembrook & Innis; Robinson Bros. & Co. (four-horse team); Walter P. Sheldon (Queen Sherbet float); Harvey L. Thompson; Victor Coffee Co. (four-horse chariot); Alonzo A. West; A. Wheeler & Co.; R. H. White Co., Boston (delivery wagon); and many others. About two hundred teams paraded in this division, representing most of the manufacturers and dealers of Malden, with others from the neighboring cities and towns.

THE FIREWORKS.

By sunset on Tuesday, Salem Street began to be filled by crowds of people passing towards Eaton's Field at Maplewood, where a display of fireworks was to be shown. By eight o'clock, it is estimated, fully twenty-five thousand people had gathered, crowding all points from which a view of the field could be obtained.

The display was furnished by the Masten & Wells Fireworks Manufacturing Co. of Boston, and was fired under the supervision of W. L. Wedger, an expert employed by the committee. Martland's Band [Brockton] and Mansfield's Maplewood Band were stationed at different points, and played national and popular airs during the evening. Previous to the display, the field was illuminated by owl-light torches and colored fires, in red, white, and blue, vividly lighting the great crowd and bringing out with fine effect the dark background of the hills beyond.

Soon after eight o'clock, the signal was given by batteries of heavy rockets and mortar guns, forming a grand national salute to the day, which was heard for several miles. The whole exhibition was

one of much beauty and brilliancy; and it was successful in the highest degree, as was sufficiently proved by the frequent applause of the spectators.

A portrait of the Hon. Elisha S. Converse, the first mayor of the city, shown in lines of fire about ten feet high, was received with enthusiasm, as was a companion piece, a portrait of the Hon. Charles L. Dean, the present mayor, which was afterwards shown. The exhibition was closed by a brilliant illumination in the national colors, and an exceedingly effective representation of the city seal in its proper colors of blue and gold.

The returning crowds blocked the streets for a long time; and as they passed through Pleasant Street, loud cheers greeted the Anniversary Building, where the last exercises of the celebration were taking place.

THE BANQUET.

The banquet on Tuesday evening was the closing event in a series of exercises which will long be remembered by those who participated therein. It was a beautiful sight which greeted the eyes of the beholder who, from the platform or the galleries, looked upon the vast and brilliantly lighted auditorium with its bright decorations and its long tables, glittering with their appropriate furnishings and profusely adorned with flowers. Upon the platform, with the mayor and the officers of the meeting, were His Excellency the Governor and other distinguished guests; while at the tables below were seated Malden's representative men, and with them beautiful women, the wives and daughters of the city, who may be equalled, in virtue of inheritance, but will not be excelled by their descendants, the wives and daughters of the three hundredth anniversary.

Plates were laid for eight hundred and ninety-six guests. So rapidly had the tickets been taken that they had all been applied for before April 1, and the committee had been obliged to give public notice that no more could be sold. Each place was marked by one of the beautiful Malden plates, which the guests took away as souvenirs of the celebration.

The souvenir plate, the preparation of which was inspired by the secretary of the committee, William G. A. Turner, an ardent ceramist, was made in one size only, the design appearing in light blue. It is thus described: —

The centre of the plate is occupied by a view of the Converse Memorial Building, which contains the Malden Public Library. This

SOUVENIR PLATE

building was erected in 1884–85 by the eminent architect, Henry H. Richardson; and it was regarded by him as his finest library work.

Below the view of the library is a copy of the record of the incorporation of the town. At the top of the plate is a view of Hill's Tavern, the Rising Eagle, as it appeared in 1850, taken from a cut in Corey's *History of Malden*. This house, which is now standing on Irving Street, was built on the site of the present city hall about 1720 and was occupied as a public house until 1804. On either side appear the obverse and reverse of the borough seal of Maldon, county Essex, the English mother of the Malden of Massachusetts.

On the right hand, in a medallion, is a view of Malden in 1837, drawn from a cut in Barber's *Historical Collections of Massachusetts*. This view was taken from Bailey's Hill, and presents with accuracy some of the prominent landmarks of that day.

On the left, in a corresponding medallion, is the Old Parsonage, near Bell Rock, which was built in 1724 and was the birthplace of the celebrated missionary, Adoniram Judson, who was born in 1788.

At the bottom, in the ornamental border which surrounds the plate and in which the medallions are set, appears the seal of the town, which was in use until the incorporation of the city, when it was superseded by the present city seal.

On the back, the following inscription records the origin and purpose of the plate: *Made by Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Etruria, England, and Richard Briggs Co., Boston, in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Maldon, Mass., U. S. A.*

The design of the plate, which is as beautiful as it is apposite, was by our townsman, Ludvig S. Ipsen. It is a work which is already sought by the general public, both as a souvenir and as a fine specimen of the ceramic art.

The vases which held the flowers upon the tables were especially designed for the occasion, and were inscribed, *Malden's 250th Birthday*. They were quickly taken as souvenirs at the close of the banquet.

The arrival of the Hon. Elisha S. and Mrs. Converse at the table upon the platform was the signal for a fervent testimonial of regard from the assembled guests, all rising in their places with loud applause. Soon after, His Excellency the Governor appeared and was warmly welcomed; and a prayer having been offered by the Rev. James F. Albion of the First Parish, the gustatory exercises of the evening were begun at 6.30 P.M.

The menu was prepared and served by Daniel P. Wise of the firm of Weber of Boston. The cover of the menu, which was designed and drawn by Mr. Ipsen, represented Malden as a beautiful woman

bearing a branch of laurel and supporting a shield on which appeared the city seal. On the border of her robe were the ancestral lions of Maldon, and a wreath of roses was upon her head. In the background, an idealized view of Wayte's Mount and some of the Malden factories appeared.

During the evening, the orchestra, in the centre balcony, rendered a pleasing program of popular and national music, which was well suited to the festal nature of the occasion.

Program.

SALEM CADET BAND.

1 March. — Semper Fidelis. *Sousa.*
2 Overture. — Stradella. *Flotow.*
3 Valse. — Babbie. *Fürst.*
4 Selection. — The Fortune Teller. *Herbert.*
5 Selection. — National Melodies. *Ross.*
6 Porto Rican Dance. — Rosita. *Missud.*
7 Selection. — Nautical Songs. *Tobani.*
8 Gavotte. — Wilhelmina. *Montagne.*
9 The Village Blacksmith. *De Carmont.*
10 Finale. — Stars and Stripes. *Sousa.*

Jean M. Missud, *Conductor.*

Menu.

Soup — Mock Turtle, Radishes.

Fish — Boiled Penobscot Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce,
Cucumbers, Native Peas.

Roast — Philadelphia Spring Chicken, Giblet Sauce,
Fillet Beef, Larded, Mushroom Sauce,
Potato Croquettes, String Beans.

Entrées — Croustades of Sweetbreads,
Chicken Croquettes Exquisite,
Banana Fritters, Wine Sauce.

Relevés — Mayonnaise of Lobster,
Lettuce and Tomato Salad.

Dessert — Maraschino Jelly, Russian Style,
Frozen Pudding, Diplomatic,
Neapolitan Ice Cream, Harlequin Sherbet.

Strawberries.

Crackers, Cheese, and Olives, Assorted Cake,
Salted Almonds and Pecans.

Coffee.

MALDEN'S
TWO·HUNDRED
AND·FIFTIETH
BIRTHDAY
MAY
MDCXXXIX
MDCCCXCIX

MENU COVER

At a few minutes before nine, Chairman Nelson of the committee called the company to order, and as the chairs were pushed back and the attention of all was directed towards the platform, in a few words welcomed the guests of the city and introduced the toastmaster of the evening, Col. William N. Osgood.

INTRODUCTION BY EUGENE NELSON.

Ladies and Gentlemen : — This banquet may be said to officially close the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Malden.

In behalf of the citizens of Malden, I desire to extend a hearty welcome to our honored guests. As chairman of the banquet committee, I desire to extend my heartfelt thanks to the citizens for the coöperation and assistance which has made this banquet what it is. It is, perhaps, not inappropriate at this time to thank my associates on the committee for their work. They have always been ready to adopt any suggestion, and go to any length to carry out the plans of the work.

The idea of souvenir plates, which you have, was the creation of the brain of the secretary and treasurer, William G. A. Turner; and the plate was designed by a citizen of Malden, Ludvig S. Ipsen.

Without taking more of your time, it gives me pleasure to introduce the toastmaster of the evening, Col. William N. Osgood.

Colonel Osgood, on being presented, proceeded to say : —

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen : — I do not intend to consume any time upon this occasion in general remarks. That has already been sufficiently and gracefully done by our worthy chairman. You will remember that he complimented and thanked about every one who has had anything to do with this banquet except himself. His excessive modesty of course precluded him from doing this. Therefore I am certain to meet with your complete endorsement when I assert that he is, himself, entitled to great credit for the vast amount of labor and energy which he has expended in performing the duties devolving upon him as chairman of the banquet committee.

I know that you are all impatient to accord a hearty and cordial greeting to the distinguished guests who have honored us with their presence this evening, and to listen to their words. In deference to your desires I will at once proceed to announce the first toast : —

"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts; beloved by her own citizens, and respected by the citizens of other states. Always among the foremost in the defence of liberty and justice, and second to none in education and material progress."

This, the first toast, will be responded to by His Excellency the Governor, whom we have learned to admire, and whom we are proud to have with us at this time. I have the pleasure of presenting to you, Roger Wolcott, the Governor of the commonwealth.

ADDRESS BY GOVERNOR ROGER WOLCOTT.

When a busy and prosperous locality sets aside a time from the daily avocations of its ordinary life in order to commemorate fittingly and honorably a marked anniversary in its history, it is a great privilege to bring to that community the greetings and congratulations of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Be assured, fellow-citizens of Malden, that I have not made the mistake of considering as any personal tribute to myself the greeting which you have accorded to me to-night, and which I received from your fellow-citizens along the route of the procession as it passed through your beautiful streets to-day. I know well, and it gives me pleasure to acknowledge it to-night, that that greeting was in no sense to the individual who officially occupies the position of governor of the commonwealth, but that it was a tribute of the people of Malden, the tribute of loyalty and affection, not to an individual, but to the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

You celebrate this week the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your incorporation as a town. We are accustomed still to speak of this as a young nation. It is young, it is true, in comparison with some of the old communities of the other world; yet I do not think that a community which has lived for two hundred and fifty years can still lay claim to being one of excessive youth. We cannot call that a sapling that has struck its roots deep down into the soil of centuries, and has waved its branches in the storms of winter and in the breezes of summer for two hundred and fifty years. I think to-night, as we look backward, it is rather, after all, the sense of antiquity more than the sense of youth that is impressed upon our minds. The studious historian of your past history, and the eloquent orator of yesterday have depicted the changes that have occurred in the social and industrial life of this community during those two centuries and a half, and time would fail me, even if I had had the preparation, to attempt to repeat that story. And yet it is impressive if we touch merely for a moment upon the outlines, or the most marked aspects, of the history of those two hundred and fifty years.

At that time King Charles the First had closed an ignoble life by a pathetic death. There were men then in middle life who had heard or had talked with William Shakespeare. At that time there were but three books in the English language that are in general use

to-day, — Bacon, Shakespeare, and the English version of the Holy Bible. But a few years previous the circulation of the blood, which I suppose ushered in modern surgery or medicine — that discovery had but recently been made. It was later than that before Sir Isaac Newton gave to the world the law of gravitation, which perhaps may be said to be the fundamental truth that ushered in the study of modern science. The world of art was represented by such names as Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Rubens, and Murillo; and without intending in any way to depreciate the achievements of modern art, I think we may give the artists of the present day at least until the three hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Malden to gain a place equal to or exceeding that of such artists as those. So too in the world of what might be called political life. The great Habeas Corpus was then unknown; and I suppose that the freedom of the individual, the freedom of thought, the right of conscience, the right of personal liberty, may almost be traced back to that great reign.

And so these two hundred and fifty years, which sometimes we are inclined lightly to slur over as being a period of short duration, carry us back from the enlightenment, the privileges, the education, the development, and the achievements of the present day, — whether in government, in science, in art, or in politics, — they carry us back to a period which is really very remote, and which recalls a world very far different from the world in which we live to-day. Not only that, but if it be true, as the poet has sung, that half a century of Europe is better than a cycle of Cathay, it is also true, and it is merely another form of the same truth, to say that in the accelerated progress of the present time, as the world marches forward down the ever-broadening path of progress, fifty years means more to man, means more to the individual, than five hundred years spent in the twilight of the middle ages. And therefore those two hundred and fifty years, already representing a respectable antiquity, are likely, as the years go forward, to increase in significance and value with a momentum that we can hardly yet appreciate.

It was one hundred years after the incorporation of the town of Malden before the steam-engine ushered in the age of steam. It seems to us now as if the age of steam might soon pass away into the dim twilight, and be succeeded in the coming century, as it has already begun to be in the present century, by the age of electricity. And what man is so wise to-day that he would be willing to say that, through liquid air, or some great undiscovered force more subtle still, the coming century may not see another force introduced that shall make even the electricity of to-day seem like a clumsy tool in the hand of man?

Now there is another fact that I think should be borne in mind in any comparison that is made of the present with the past, still more in any comparison that may be made of the present with the future. It is this — that with the accelerated pace, with the greater demands that modern life makes upon the individual, just as it is true that to control the mighty locomotive that moves the express train, moving almost with the noise and with the rapidity of thunder and of lightning — as that requires a better developed brain, a cooler judgment, a quicker dexterity — just as the motorman of to-day must be a better educated man, a man of quicker brain power than he who formerly drove the horses of the horse-car — so the modern life makes a greater demand upon the individual; and to meet it the individual must cultivate more carefully his mental powers, must bring the powers of his mind and the control of his nerves to a higher condition of perfection; and that is the task that is laid upon us to-day. That is what will be expected of our children. That is the responsibility of the duty to which our children must be educated. And therefore, while we look back upon the past, while we see there distinctly exhibited upon the stage, with the few actors that then stood before the footlights — as we see the great courage, the great foresight, the great power of endurance of the men of that time — let us not for a moment believe that the present time lays upon us, or that the future time will lay upon our children, a demand for less power than our fathers and our grandsires had. No, my friends, I believe that in the competition of to-day it is a greater demand, rather than a less demand, that is laid upon the individual; and I believe that in order that any community like yours — that any larger community like the commonwealth of Massachusetts — in order that it may hold its onward progress of honorable achievement, of virtuous homes, of steady progress, must develop, not a weaker type of civic life and virtue, but a stronger type. Those who, by honest industry, have acquired great wealth, and who are willing in the interest of the community to make a generous and enlightened use of that wealth, must increase in number rather than diminish. The entire community must show something more, and must know something more, than the old civic virtue. They must show that upon them all rests the burden of what the city shall become, of what the commonwealth shall become, of what place among the nations of the world this great country shall show itself capable of occupying and honoring.

And so, looking to the future rather than to the past, although this occasion might well make us reminiscent of the past rather than prophetic of the future, I feel sure that the commonwealth of Massachusetts, that your own beautiful city, can count hereafter, as heretofore, upon the loyalty, the virtue, the strength of its citizens; ready

THE REVIEW

"Rough Walkers" — Fourth Division

to meet whatever responsibility may come wherever they may carry the flag or the national name, ready to meet those responsibilities at which our fathers might have stood aghast, but ready to meet those responsibilities with all the courage, all the civic virtue, all the strength that our fathers have bequeathed to us, that have made of this city and of this commonwealth a fair and goodly heritage.

At the conclusion of the address of Governor Wolcott, which was received with prolonged applause, the toastmaster read the following letter from Senator George F. Hoar: —

LETTER BY THE HON. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

Worcester, Mass., April 7, 1899.

My dear Mr. Mayor, — I am sorry that I cannot accept the courteous invitation of your young and beautiful city to be present at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Malden as a town. Nothing could be fuller of instruction and inspiration than to listen to the simple and noble story which will be repeated on that occasion. It will be the story of a people who have loved liberty and feared God. The love of liberty, controlled by the fear of God, is not a mere desire of the individual to be free from restraint. It is an austere and sacred sense of duty. It prevents a people from trampling on the rights of other men or other peoples while it asserts its own. When Malden was settled, the children of the Puritans occupied only a little space by the sea-side. Now their nation covers a continent, and the portals of the temple they have builded are upon both the seas. Their power has been due not only to the love of liberty, but also in a still larger measure to the restraining influence of the sense of duty and the fear of God. Let us pray that in this day of their power they may not forget the lesson they learned in the day of their weakness.

I am, with high regard,

Faithfully yours, Geo. F. Hoar.

His Honor, Charles L. Dean.

The Toastmaster. — As the second toast I will propose: —

"The City of Malden; prominent in colonial history, conspicuous in the stirring events of the Revolution, instrumental in shaping the modern course of the nation, and ever ready to assist in moulding its future destiny."

I will call upon one who needs no formal introduction to this gathering. I refer to His Honor Mayor Charles L. Dean.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. CHARLES LEROY DEAN.

Mr. Toastmaster, Invited Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen: — It gives me great pleasure to welcome you this evening to the crowning event of all the auspicious occasions of our days of celebration. It has been a source of much enjoyment and profit to me to greet the many friends who have come from far and near to rejoice with us. Some of them have come back to the town of their birth and have found it grown almost out of their remembrance. Some who formerly called this home have returned for a brief period, and some have come to us because they revere the memory of father, mother, or friends, and all that they held dear.

One and all, we bid you a most hearty welcome to-night. We cannot any of us realize the actual length of time of two hundred and fifty years, except as we consider what has been accomplished in that time. Looking back over these two and a half centuries we find a rapid and steady growth.

The town of Malden, founded in 1649, then included in its territory Melrose (soon to become a city), which became a separate town in 1850, and the present city of Everett, whose existence as a town began in 1870.

As a town, Malden always had a most honorable record, taking a high rank in the commonwealth, because its public affairs were well and ably managed. Our city charter was granted by the Massachusetts Legislature of 1881, and on the first Monday in January, 1882, Malden entered upon its career as a city, with a population of about twelve thousand and five hundred souls, an indebtedness of about five hundred thousand dollars, and a valuation the following May of ten million, nine hundred and twenty-eight thousand, three hundred and fifty-nine dollars.

To-day, we have a population approximating thirty-three thousand, or an average gain of twelve hundred a year in seventeen years, with a valuation, May 1, 1898, of twenty-six million, one hundred and forty-seven thousand, six hundred and sixty dollars.

The public improvements made necessary by this rapid growth and increasing population have been many, requiring a large expenditure of money; and this demand has been met by our several city governments in a conservative spirit.

Since becoming a city, the total expenditures for public and permanent improvements have been near two million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I have not the exact figures, but they are about as follows: —

School buildings and land for same,	$600,000
Fire stations and land for same,	42,000
Fire apparatus and police signal system,	25,000
Armory and almshouse,	15,000
Water construction and extension of service,	600,000
Sewers,	500,000
New streets and extensions, less assessments,	195,000
Brick sidewalks and edgestones,	115,000
Street and gutter paving and surface drainage,	54,000
Cemeteries, less receipts for sale of lots,	70,000
Public parks,	100,000
Brick stables and land for water and street departments,	75,000
These several items make,	$2,391,000

They seem to me to be nearly correct, yet I have made an estimate of two million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of these remarks, preferring rather to under than over estimate our expenditures for improvements.

The indebtedness of the city, Jan. 1, 1899, was: —

Municipal,	$435,050	
Water,	571,500	
Public parks,	100,000	
Sewerage,	600,000	
		$1,706,550.00
Less sinking funds:		
Water,	$136,523.26	
Sewerage,	81,553.71	
Public parks,	2,900.50	
		$220,977.47
Making a net indebtedness, Jan. 1, 1899, of		$1,485,572.53

Or a gain of indebtedness in the seventeen years of about one million dollars to offset the figures I have given (upwards of two and a quarter millions) expended for public and permanent improvements.

This has all been done with a rate of taxation averaging not over fifteen dollars per thousand, which is less than the average of the cities of the commonwealth (excluding Boston) during the same period.

The net result is an increase of debt of about one million dollars, and a gain in public property and improvements of two million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or more, an increase in population of nearly twenty-one thousand, and in the assessed valuation of about fifteen million, two hundred thousand dollars. I have stated enough to show the excellent financial condition of our city, and a record that our citizens may well be proud of.

We are proud also of the record made by our predecessors; and we feel that the condition we are in to-day proves that the affairs of the city have been well and ably administered, and that Malden has a high standing among the cities of the commonwealth.

Because of our close proximity to the great city of Boston, we may not have as extensive business blocks as if further removed, but what we may lack in this is more than offset in many other ways.

We have fine streets; churches of almost every denomination are here, embracing some of the largest in the commonwealth; we have a public library costing more than two hundred thousand dollars, the gift of our honored fellow-citizen, our first mayor, — Hon. Elisha S. Converse; a hospital, which has also had large assistance from Mr. Converse, opened to the public in 1892; a Young Men's Christian Association building, costing upwards of ninety thousand dollars, dedicated in 1896; and a Home for Aged People. An important portion of the Metropolitan Park system, with its fine boulevards, is within our city, and one of our honored citizens is chairman of the commission. All these varied interests receive strong and hearty coöperation and assistance from our people. Our manufacturing interests are prospering, our merchants are doing a good business and are amply able to meet the needs of the people. Our banks are on a sound basis; our railroad facilities (both steam and electric) have improved every year, and are giving us most excellent service.

Our health and police statistics also show that our city is a most desirable place of residence; our religious and social institutions are a credit to the city, and are a strong inducement to choose Malden for a home.

Without intending to tempt the residents of other cities and towns to locate in Malden, we feel justified in commending our city to them as one of the best of the suburban cities around Boston; and we assure them of a hearty welcome and hospitable treatment, should they decide to come among us.

In closing, I desire to make acknowledgment of the faithful and earnest work of the excellent committees that have arranged and carried to completion this celebration; our citizens appreciate these efforts, and are proud of their accomplishment; and I, as mayor, and as a citizen, extend to them my sincere thanks and hearty congratulations.

The Toastmaster. — The next toast which I have prepared is: "The industries and growth of Malden during the last fifty years," which will be responded to by him whom we delight in calling "Our First Citizen," — whose name, endeared to us all, will be ever cherished by the future inhabitants of our city for his numerous public

and private benefactions, and his faithful and unswerving devotion to the general welfare of this community. I have in mind, of course, Malden's first mayor, the Honorable Elisha S. Converse.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. ELISHA SLADE CONVERSE.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: — I came to Malden in 1847, and although my residence was over the line in Stoneham and my business near-by, I identified myself with the First Baptist Church at Malden Centre, and most of my social and many of my business connections were here. I was at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary in 1849, and soon after, I removed my residence to Malden. The establishment of the Malden Bank, in 1851, and of the Rubber Works at Edgeworth, in 1853, brought me still closer to the daily life and business of the town; and I have had an opportunity to observe that growth in all directions, which seems so remarkable as we look back over the past fifty years.

When I came here, Malden retained many of the features which had characterized it during the preceding half-century. The iron and nail works, which had been important factors in the industry of the town, had ceased to exist. Barrett's Dye-house at the centre, and Baldwin's at the south, Cox's Last Factory, and some minor manufactories of tin and britannia ware, shoes, and leather, remained of the town's earlier industries. The Wanalancet Iron Tubing Company, which remained a few years, had commenced operations at Edgeworth, in the building which is now occupied by the United States Government. Otis Tufts had just built the first wharf at the old landing-place, near the old burying-ground, and the Government was straightening and dredging the Malden River, which until then had remained in the extremely crooked channel in which nature had placed it. The Edgeworth Company had begun to open up the lands of the Newton Farm and those upon the Highlands, which are now occupied by a thriving population. Malden was just beginning to feel the prosperity which came from the opening of the Boston & Maine Railroad in 1845, which brought inhabitants and capital into the town.

The growth which then began has been continuous. Eliminating the population of North Malden, which was incorporated as Melrose in 1850, the town in 1849 did not contain over thirty-three hundred inhabitants; but six years later, the population had increased to forty-five hundred and ninety-two. The largest growth was from 1870 to 1875, previous to which period the town of Everett had been incorporated, when the increase was forty-seven per cent. Out of the little town which in 1840 contained but three thousand and thirty inhabitants, have come three prosperous and still growing cities,

with a combined population of about seventy thousand souls. Malden itself possesses about thirty-three thousand inhabitants at the present time.

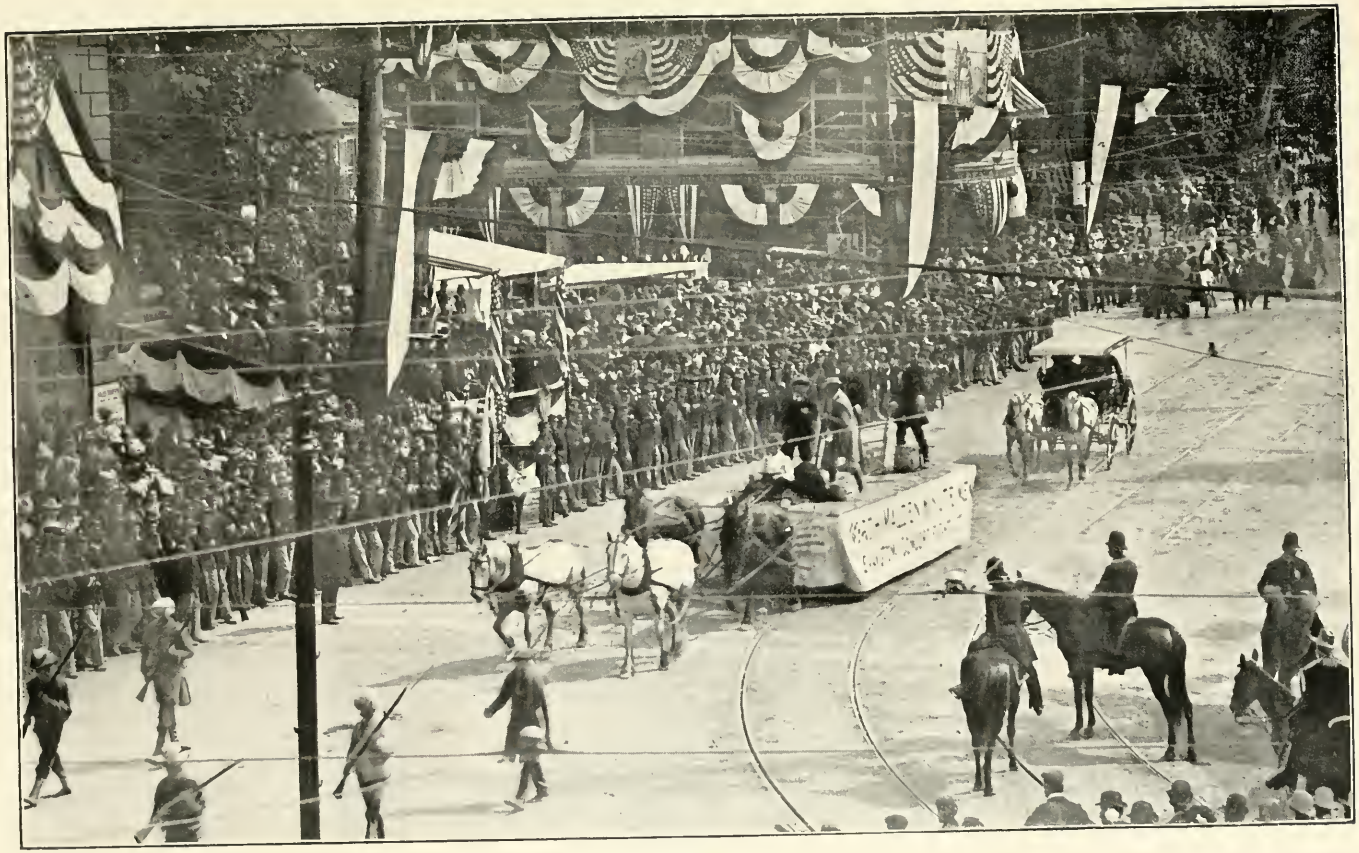
The growth of wealth has kept pace with the increase of the population, and it is well distributed. The valuation of a little more than three millions of dollars in 1854, when Everett was still a part of the old town, looks small beside the more than twenty-six millions of dollars which made up the valuation of the city of Malden in 1898.

There are matters which exhibit the comparative prosperity of a people which are as important as those of population and wealth. The high intellectual and moral condition of a people is superior to numerical strength and material wealth. In 1849, the town appropriated three thousand dollars for the schools. Melrose had not been set off at that time. The school district system was in force, and the town was divided into five districts with ten teachers, of whom four were at the centre. The old brick schoolhouse, which few of those now here will remember, had been burnt, and the town had erected a new building in the old location on School House Hill. Of the rapid growth of our schools, both in number and efficiency, and of their high standing among the schools of the state, I need not speak. They have tempered and strengthened the intellectual life of the city; and they have turned out many industrious and able, some brilliant, scholars, who have received college honors. The appropriation of 1849 is humble by the side of the one hundred and sixty-three thousand, four hundred dollars, which the city has recently appropriated for school purposes; and the six hundred and seventeen scholars who in 1853 attended the town schools, those of the two Everett districts then included, were a little band in comparison with the sixty-five hundred children who are now enrolled in the city and parochial schools.

In 1849, nine churches ministered to the spiritual needs of the people. To-day, thirty churches and religious societies stand in the place of the four churches which, fifty years ago, occupied the territory of the present city of Malden. These, through their numerous charitable and social organizations, exert a powerful influence upon the character and habits of the people, by the elevating and helpful methods which they employ.

Of the many secular associations formed for reform and relief or for social and intellectual purposes, I cannot speak. They are mostly products of the energy and progress of the last fifty years, and few of them came from the elder life of the town. They work in many and varied lines with success.

Though this was not my birthplace, Malden has been the home of my life; and it is endeared to me by many sad and by many happy



Portion of Sixth Division (Melrose)

THE REVIEW

memories. In the midst of her people I have met all the varied joys and sorrows which come to the life of man. In the many friendships which have come to me here, I have found inspiration and strength. I feel all the loyalty to the good old town that a native can feel. Rejoicing in her past honor and her present prosperity, I pray that both honor and prosperity may continue with her to her latest day. In the far future may her children say of us, and of those who are to follow us, as we may say of the fathers who were before us: "They were wise and prudent in their day, and builded in the light of purity and truth."

The Toastmaster. — I will now offer the following toast: —

"Our Country; may she become the leader of nations, followed but not following, imitated but not imitating. May she at all times extend hope to the down-trodden and the oppressed."

To speak upon this sentiment I have the honor of calling upon our congressman-elect from this district, the Hon. Ernest W. Roberts.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. ERNEST W. ROBERTS.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: — As we sit about this bounteous board, participating in the closing festivities of a celebration that will ever be memorable in the annals of Malden, no doubt the minds of many of us are busied with sober reflection upon the undreamed-of and far-reaching consequences which attended that generous grant of "a belt of land extending three miles South of the River Charles and the Massachusetts Bay and three miles North of every part of the River Merrimack from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean," made by the Council of Plymouth for New England to John Endicott and his associates in the year 1628.

That grant was the foundation upon which was erected a superstructure of a new and wondrous beauty, that, as it slowly but steadily attained perfection, became a beacon sure and trusty for the guidance of the nation, a beacon destined to shed its ameliorating rays into the uttermost parts of the earth. The principles of equality and civil liberty planted on these shores by the God-fearing Puritans fell on fertile soil, and gave forth an abundant and ever increasing harvest, which to-day is the heritage and birthright of seventy-five millions of people.

The Puritans did not settle in this unknown wilderness to establish a place where each might worship God in whatever manner he wished. Themselves devout and pious Christians, although bigoted and almost fanatical in their religious views, they sought strenuously to engraft their particular belief upon the body politic. Fortunately for the suc-

cess of other and grander principles enunciated by them, this effort proved an utter failure; and the mighty work they inaugurated of building up a nation went on free from the blighting curse of a union of church and state.

Whatever may be said of the narrowness of the Puritans in religious matters, however much we may condemn their harsh and cruel persecutions of those who sought liberty of conscience here in the new world, it should always be borne in mind that their bigotry and intolerance had no lasting or deterrent effect upon the national development, while untold blessings have flowed in an endless stream from their many good deeds, — blessings which, like a pebble when cast into the waters of a placid lake creating ever widening ripples, are now enjoyed by a whole nation, and are even extending to peoples beyond the seas. Of all the beneficent acts of the Puritans in New England, none have made a more enduring imprint on, or aided in a higher degree in, the growth and advancement of our country, than their early adoption and enforcement of the plan of universal education.

No sooner had Endicott and his company disembarked at Salem than they chose the "able, reverend and grave Francis Higginson of Jesus College, Cambridge," a teacher of the people. This event was the more noteworthy for the manner in which it was performed, for it was done by each writing in a note the name of his choice; and then and there was originated the use of the ballot on this continent. From the election of Higginson sprang the custom; and in 1642 it became the law among the Puritans "to teach their children and apprentices so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue." This was followed, five years later, by an order that in every township of fifty householders "one should be appointed to teach all the children to read and write," and when the town increased to one hundred families it should set up a grammar school with a master "able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university."

Prior to the enactment of these laws, public education had received a wonderful stimulus by the act of the General Court of 1636 which appropriated four hundred pounds towards the establishment of a college at Newtown. Two years later, upon the death of John Harvard and in recognition of his munificent bequests to the institution, the General Court ordered it to be called in his name, and the name of the town to be changed to Cambridge. Not only did the generous donation of the General Court foster and encourage the desire for education, but it created and established the precedent of public education at the public expense, a precedent universally followed throughout our own country, and one that is rapidly extending

over the civilized world. Great indeed is the debt of posterity to those rigid, austere Puritans who inaugurated that system of universal education which has lifted so many millions of mankind from the darkness of ignorance and debasement and set them in the bright sunlight of knowledge and power.

But the free public school is not the only heritage that has come down to us from our Puritan ancestors. There is another, equally priceless, which is shared by the people of the whole country and which we are willing to impart to all humanity, the great principle of government of a people by and through their chosen representatives, which was established by the Puritans of New England at an election held in 1634. At the same time, the old practice of "erecting hands" in elections was abolished and the ballot-box introduced. With the exception that they had a limited suffrage, representative democracy was as perfect then as it is with us to-day. That one principle, established more than two and one half centuries ago, entitles the Puritans of New England to the eternal veneration of all lovers of equality, justice, and liberty, of every race and in every clime. These two great Puritanical doctrines, universal education and representative government, are the basis of our greatness as a nation and the bulwarks of our happiness and security as individuals. Let us guard them jealously, cherish them fervently, and extend them zealously, to the end that all the world may come under their benignant influences.

Mr. Toastmaster, in conclusion, I beg to trespass upon your prerogative and propose, with some slight modification, a toast offered in Faneuil Hall over half a century ago by an honored descendant of an eminent New England Puritan, — a toast which I am sure will meet with a ready response in the heart of every true, loyal, patriotic American: —

"Our Country; whether bounded on the south by the Caribbean and on the west by the China Sea, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less — still, Our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands."

THE TOASTMASTER.— The next toast will be: —

"The Metropolitan Parks; an achievement of the wisdom of this generation, and a source of perpetual comfort and happiness to generations yet unborn."

We are favored by having with us to-night one of our own citizens who has bestowed much time and study upon this subject, and I take pleasure in requesting William B. de las Casas, Esq., to respond to this toast.

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM BELTRAN DE LAS CASAS.

This is a time of retrospection, comparison, and encouragement. We try to go back to the days when the first settlers came to these shores, and picture the sort of people they were and the way they lived. We mark each house, gather together carefully each implement, bit of china and household ware, each garment and adornment; and with these and the fragments of story and sermon and document, we piece out a picture of life from those days to the present. We endeavor to understand the spirit and thoughts which animated men, compare them with the spirit of to-day, and look forward hopefully to the morrow.

The self-consciousness of the Puritan was in some ways a weakness, and it did not always make him an agreeable companion; but in a larger sense it was his strength. He had a mission to perform; he knew it, and he did it. He came here in moral revolt against the wilful imperialism of aristocratic England for the express purpose of establishing a better home. He set his face sternly and self-consciously to that work. He was not a separatist; but he would not have the imperialism and formalism of king and church; and so he adopted the simplicity and directness of control by the people which the separatist Pilgrims of Plymouth had set up in church and state. But, after all, he was an Englishman, from an English home and with a self-conscious, determined English mind. Habit and thought were English, and new conditions of danger and necessity only roused and added an alertness and ingenuity which he would never have gained at home.

The first settlers came to Salem and pushed their way cautiously from point to point along the coast. Some of them followed the inland edge of the open marshes, where the Indian had made his trail, through Saugus and the eastern part of our town to the hills of Charlestown, and there rested and looked the country over. What a fair prospect it was before them! The distant Blue Hills across the shining water of the harbor; the nearer hills of Squantum, Wollaston, and Shawmut; the Neponset, Charles, and Mystic winding across the marshes to disappear among the western hills; line upon line of nearer hills and forest to the northwest, and far-off Wachusett and Monadnock; the nearer marshes cut by the little rivers which we now know as Malden River, Island End, and Snake Creek; and here and there beyond, among the forests, green fields of Indian corn.

From the Charlestown hills they began their search for places to make their homes. Some went up the Mystic to the plains where now Burlington, Woburn, and Winchester are built, and became farmers.

Some stopped at the ford across the meadows and began the busy village of Medford, with its brick-making, fishing, and ship-building industries. Governor Winthrop, himself, built his house upon the sloping hills of Somerville, close by where Wellington Bridge now crosses the Mystic. Nowell, and Wilson, and the agents of Cradock took the hills of Wellington and Everett, while Coytmore, and Hills, and Wayte, and Sprague, and others took up the smaller cleared spaces of Mystic Side, — our Malden. Others pressed on through Melrose to the open lands beyond Spot Pond at Charlestown End, now Stoneham.

They were Englishmen and they brought the English habits and customs. Each had his garden spot about his house, and together they held all the other lands in common. They established laws to protect these common lands from fire, to regulate the cutting of timber, to destroy animals of prey, and to protect animals fit for food. As they grew stronger, individualism began to assert itself more, and they gave up the common lands and divided them into separate holdings, and kept their common effort for action in church, and school, and affairs of state.

Malden was a scattered settlement, with less of centralization than some of its neighbors, and so it kept no common or park in its centre or about its village church. The rambling paths and roads were improved and straightened, however, and the more important ones between the various villages became the turnpikes or county roads. These county roads were great undertakings, for the small population of those days was poor, and had little connection with the greater business and wealth of town life. The occasional traveller to Boston went on horseback by Medford and Cambridge, and Brookline and Roxbury, or else down through the South Parish to Penny Ferry, thence across to Charlestown, and by another ferry to Boston. At length, in 1787, Malden Bridge was built in place of the ferry, — and some of our guests to-day may think that no bridge has ever been built to replace that old one. Thanks to the persistence of our representatives and good governor, however, we shall start the next century with a new bridge.

For generations, Malden and the other villages north of the Mystic were cut off from easy access to Boston, and their growth was slow. Fifty years ago, while Melrose and Everett were still our north and south parishes, we had altogether only forty-seven hundred inhabitants; but following the Civil War a rapid increase began, and to-day these three municipalities have some seventy thousand inhabitants; and they have begun to assert themselves.

One unfortunate result came from the long years of slow growth. Little provision was made for the greater growth of the future; and

a stranger would have been surprised that a people of so much hope and enterprise should have so long neglected opportunities to provide themselves with ample roads and village greens or to use and beautify their streams and ponds. But a few years ago the people began to awake to their advantages and opportunities; and for this awakening they owe great honor and praise to their fellow-townsman, Sylvester Baxter, for his constant agitation, and to good Deacon Converse for the example he gave us in Pine Banks Park. And not only Malden, but all the country about Boston shared in this awakening. The English love of common lands and English sense of justice, the Puritan self-consciousness and sense of duty, the strong man's sense of achievement and right to reasonable luxury once appealed to were aroused.

For several years now past this public spirit has been most wonderfully persistent in asserting an intelligent demand that ample provisions be made for future needs. You know the result, and I need not weary you with detailed description.

The stranger whom we take to our highest hills looks out upon a strangely different view from that which first greeted the settlers of Malden; but he still sees far-off the Blue Hills and a line of other hills encircling Boston to our nearer Middlesex Fells, and then the Lynn Woods to the northeast. He sees the shining water of the Neponset, Charles, and Mystic Rivers, and to the east, the deep blue of the ocean. These are our landmarks now as then, and once again we have made them our common lands and waters. With the other thirty-six cities and towns of the Metropolitan Parks District, we own over nine thousand acres, and adding to these the smaller holdings of the separate cities and towns of the district, we have a total of about fourteen thousand acres of public lands within twelve miles of the common centre, the State House.

The timid man cries out, "Enough, and more than enough! This must end or we shall be bankrupt." In a measure he is right, but in the main he is wrong. We have learned from the cities of the old world. In England, common lands never ceased to be common lands except by special law or by occupation and fencing by the lord of the manor. For several years, a great movement has been in progress there to rescue these again to public use; and within London and its surrounding district of the same area as our Metropolitan Parks District there are now nineteen thousand acres of common open lands. Paris has somewhat less, but still as great an area of public parks as we have. Both London and Paris have cut wide streets or boulevards through the thickly settled city to make up for the neglect of former days.

Mere acreage, however, does not tell the whole story of our

THE BANQUET HALL — ANNIVERSARY BUILDING

wealth. Every acre along the river and seashore carries also the width and openness of the river and boundless sea. No other city of the world has such matchless variety of wild land, river, and seashore so close to the busy hum of its activities; and no other city of the world has done so much, in so short a time and at so small a cost, to preserve its natural park wealth as has Boston and the Metropolitan District. It is true that we must stop some time, and it is true that the time to cease acquiring land is close at hand; but it is not true that we have done too much, or that we shall do too much until we have acquired all the seashore and river front which is not required for commerce, or until we have acquired the land, at least, which shall provide for connecting roads and park-ways to unite the reservations and make them accessible. When we were a series of detached villages, and life was simple, and open spaces abundant, the turnpike roads and narrow bridges were all we needed. But now the villages have grown and population is increasing. Electric cars and multiplied traffic crowd our roads; and we must not only have the reservations, but we must be able to reach them in peace and comfort. The people will not begrudge the cost if they reap the enjoyment.

Do not think I believe in wholesale and random expenditure. I do not, but I believe that I understand the public sentiment and spirit when I say that the people themselves understand and believe in our Metropolitan Park System, and that they have a confidence and hope for the future which rouses their common-sense, their Puritan self-consciousness, and makes them determined to provide for the future while now they have the chance. It is this aroused public sense, this intelligent public sense which has made possible the Metropolitan parks and boulevards. And in this strong self-consciousness, this confidence in the future, this determination to carry through that which commends itself, I see the same spirit as in the Puritans who settled this town and gave us our schools and our laws and who waged our wars.

We are richer for our metropolitan parks; we have already gained in taxable property, in reputation, in health and happiness. We shall go on reasonably and intelligently.

> "In this new childhood of the earth,
> Life of itself shall dance and play;
> Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
> And Nature meet Delight half-way."

THE TOASTMASTER. — "The outlook; may the future have in store for us new and ever widening opportunities for development."

I shall invite a gentleman to speak upon this toast who is well

known throughout the length and breadth of the commonwealth as an eloquent and convincing speaker, both in and out of the chair. I therefore introduce to you the Hon. John L. Bates.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. JOHN LEWIS BATES.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: — There are but two spots on the map to-night. The one is Malden, and the other the Philippines. They are both paradises on earth, if all that we have heard recently is to be believed. They are both recent discoveries. They differ somewhat in the character of their people.

Before I proceed further, let me say that I want to congratulate the minds that conceived and the hands that executed the program for these three days' celebration. Malden was never so well advertised as it is now. There is no city in the commonwealth that can reach up to its shoulder-straps. I want to congratulate the city on its two hundred and fifty years of existence. I would not attempt at this late hour to in any wise enter into a repetition of any of the things which have been so well said in regard to that history. There is much in it of which any people might well be proud. You have subjugated no cities. You have conquered no peoples. I did not see any captives of war, with their clanking chains, in your procession to-day. No, I saw rather the evidence that you had not been enslaving your fellow-men, but that you had been fighting for the conquest of the powers of nature, and that you were exhibiting the fruits of conquest as the things in which you took pride. The yoke of oxen dragging that oak knee typified the early settlers of Malden, who took the giant oak and made it a part of the frigate "Constitution." You have a right to refer with pride to the ancestor who could see in that oak the timber of which to make that wonderful vessel. This generation, seeking to follow on those lines, digs down into the earth and brings forth the metals with which to construct the leviathans of the deep that make even a "Constitution" but a plaything beside them. In the progress of mankind, in winning victories over nature, you take your greatest pride.

But we are not here participating in the celebration of a city that has but a past. This is no dead town. It has been no funereal pageant that we have witnessed. There has been no wearing of sackcloth or of mourning. The tides of people would not have ebbed and flowed throughout your streets to-day to celebrate the founding, two hundred and fifty years ago, of a community that had passed out of existence and was no longer a factor in the affairs of mankind. One of your citizens has handed down for posterity the history of a little place down on Cape Ann that they called Dog Town. It is away up

among the hills in a wilderness of boulders. No one ever thinks of going there unless he has to, and he does not have to unless the cows have strayed very far from home. There is nothing but deserted cellars in old Dog Town to-night, showing where the habitations of men once were. It is dead. We do not celebrate its founding. Nineveh is old, Babylon is old, but who thinks of celebrating their settlement to-day? No, it is not because you have a past, but because you have a future that the commonwealth, the nation, and the world are interested in you. We have no influence on the generations that have passed. We have great influence on the generation that is, and we have yet greater influence on the generation that is coming. You recognized this when you placed upon the sidewalk to-day along the route of procession those children with their banners: "We will welcome you fifty years from now." You recognized it when you began this great celebration in this anniversary hall with exercises in which the children took the leading part.

Malden has a future. I claim no power to divine it. I know not what it may be from any reading of the stars, or from any tracing of the lines upon the palm of the hand. I read it solely in the path which it has already trod. I see it as it is, a gem among the gems so beautifully described by the one who preceded me. I see it as it is, a fair petal on the flower of this metropolitan district. I see it a beautiful daughter among sisters wonderfully fair. Its future must be in the line of its past so long as its citizenship is imbued by the same principles, so long as its honor continues as rugged as the oak, so long as its conscience continues as tender as the bud, so long as liberty continues its most precious blossom.

But Malden in the future is to travel a pathway of progress or to recede from the height to which it has attained according as the nation goes forward or lags in the march. Your school children sang the other day: "The history of our city is the history of our land." You yourselves recognized it when you decorated this building with the national emblem. You realize that you are part of a great nation, and in its future you find yours.

The nation stands at the threshold of a new era. There is none so unintelligent as not to recognize that fact. How came it there? Was it by design, or volition, or was the step forced upon it? You know what the history of the nation has been. Go back to Plymouth Rock — liberty of conscience; go back to Bunker Hill — liberty of spirit; go back to Gettysburg — liberty of body; you go back to Manila and Santiago and you find liberty of mankind. The pathway has been a wide, straight pathway. To-night the nation finds itself at a time when it is so productive that in two-thirds of the year sufficient is produced for the entire year. At this time, when it is

looking for more markets, when its energies are being put forth in new fields, it finds itself thrown into the vortex of the Orient, where one nation strives against another that it may obtain the advantage in the breaking up of a kingdom of four hundred millions of people. Our nation's interests there are second in the family of nations. It is a fact that our trade there is greater than that of any other nation save one. It is a fact that the four hundred millions of China are within a few years to be seeking the manufactured products of America. They are going to take the products of some nation, and the question is, which nation? That is the opening before us as a commercial people. How came we there? The nation as a whole sought not to enter into international quarrels. It was unwilling to try its strength with the nations of the old world. It pursued the policy of letting alone, and being let alone. It desired no other. It was glad when it saw that it had had a beneficial influence on others. It was glad as it noted the fact that in a short century the nations of Europe, with no exception, had patterned after it in the establishment of a parliamentary body representing the people, with a power overshadowing the thrones themselves. It was sorry when it saw suffering and tyranny prevailing throughout the world. It contented itself with a protest against tyranny, and with seeking to help the suffering with a liberal hand. It never once thought there might be a duty to raise its strong arm in order that it might prevent the tyrannies whose hardships it sought to alleviate. From time to time, it had heard the cry of a people down to the south of us, and had told the kingdom of Spain that the trouble must cease. But the trouble went on. It found its own possessions in that island were being devastated, and that ruin was staring the island in the face. Finally, the cry became louder, and no one could turn to it a deaf ear. The nation pursued the only course that was left to it in its manhood. It raised its arm, and suddenly its swaddling clothes were burst asunder, and it rose to its height as a giant among the nations of the earth. And when the blow had fallen, the tyrannical power that for four hundred years had been keeping in subjection those islands, and the islands on the other side of the world, found itself stricken down, and in its place a new power had arisen with the responsibilities of the old.

You tell me that America is pursuing a war of conquest in the Orient. I deny the charge. America pursues no war of conquest there. America, when she struck down the Spanish rule, owed a duty to every inhabitant of the Philippine Islands, to every interest vested there. She pursued the same policy she had pursued in Cuba. She insisted that she must put a government in the place of that which she had stricken down, and that the people who had never had experience in self-government should not be intrusted with those great

Portion of Seventh Division

THE REVIEW

interests until they had shown themselves capable of providing for them. She established herself there in order that she might bring those people to the rank of the citizenship she would have them aspire to, in order that they themselves might be able to administer the government of those islands for the benefit of mankind. America is in the Philippines, not that she may tear down, but that she may build up.

You tell me that she is sowing the dragon's teeth, and that she will reap a crop of armed men. I tell you, no. America by her example there has already reaped the opposite. By showing her strength, she has caused the tyrannies of the old world to stop, and powers and principalities to hesitate, and then to deliberate and take counsel together. Think to-night of the wise men of all nations gathering in that city across the sea, at the request of the czar of Russia, in order that they may discuss the disarmament of nations and the arbitration of international differences. Do you mean to tell me that that would have been possible on this day had it not been for the example of America last year? It was eighteen hundred years ago when the wise men came together to hear the angels sing of peace on earth and good-will to men. What of the future? What is going to come from this conference of nations? I do not know that the day of universal peace is coming on the morrow. I do not expect it. But in the future, I can see it coming. There is a trend in that direction, and man himself cannot stop it. We realize that —

> " . . . through the ages, one increasing purpose runs ;
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

America is in the Orient in order that she may protect that people from the despotisms of Europe. She goes there at a time when five European nations have already obtained a foothold in China. That work has stopped. The American eagle has driven off the vultures of despotism. The American eagle is there in order that the principles of American liberty may come to those people as they rise in a new resurrection, the result of the booming of Dewey's guns at Manila one year ago. These things tend to a future when all mankind shall be linked together. I can ask for the nations of the earth no fairer prosperity than that I have seen in Malden to-day, — a typical American city, a city of beautiful homes. I know of no community on earth better housed, better schooled, better fed, than this city of Malden. Why should not American influences produce in the far East those same liberties which they have produced here, and which have brought such magnificent results in this western world? Why should not the eastern world respond equally as well? Why should not the result of our nation's going there, of her raising her arm, in order that

right and not might may prevail, — why should not the result of the coming together of those representatives of the nations at the Hague, — why should it not all tend to the coming of that day, foreseen by the English philosopher a century ago, the day when the war drum shall throb no longer, and all the battle flags be furled " in the parliament of man, the federation of the world "?

The Toastmaster. — I announce as the next toast: —

"The Executive Committee."

Of course, we are anxious to hear from the executive committee of the celebration. We have present the members of that committee; and I am pleased to call upon its chairman, whose unflagging zeal and indefatigable labor have contributed much towards making the celebration as a whole a memorable success. I allude, indeed, to Alfred E. Cox, Esq., who will now address us.

ADDRESS BY ALFRED E. COX.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: — I am glad to be given an opportunity to speak for the executive committee and for the members of the several sub-committees, who have worked so zealously to make this celebration a success. Only those who have had a part in this work can realize how much time and effort it entailed. In composing the sub-committees, the intent was to include all sections of the city, all classes, all factions, all organizations; and more important, to name men and women who had the inclination to render untiring service to our city.

How well the committee, which labored many evenings at the public library a year ago, arranged these committees, how sound was its judgment, you are this evening well able to judge. Apparently you and all our citizens are satisfied with the results. Surely, these men and women, who have so well performed their work upon these committees, deserve your commendation. They have been unselfish and earnest and have placed the city in debt to them.

When the executive committee invited citizens to a conference for the purpose of determining what amount of money should be expended, one of the speakers expressed the opinion that if the expenditure of twenty thousand dollars would arouse a civic pride among our citizens, it would be a wise expenditure of that sum by the city; and he was right. If the only result of the large expenditure of money, of labor, of thought, is the placing our city on a pinnacle, temporarily, to be gazed at and admired by our neighbors, it were money, labor, and thought poorly expended. But I hope and believe that a higher and nobler result will ensue. We have seen, practically, all our

citizens deeply interested in this celebration. It has been a revelation to them, and has aroused a local pride which will surely work great good to our city; and thus will all who have rendered service in connection with this celebration be repaid for all their efforts.

The Toastmaster. — I now invite your attention to the toast: "The Founders of New England — the Pilgrims and the Puritans."

It is peculiarly fitting and appropriate for us at this time to recount the deeds of our ancestors, and to acknowledge our indebtedness to them for the invaluable lessons of the past. We are fortunate to have as a guest this evening a gentleman well qualified to speak upon this inspiring theme. Without further ceremony, I shall call upon Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr.

ADDRESS BY COL. CURTIS GUILD, Jr.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: — Fifty years ago, when this same event was commemorated in this place, and the happy old custom of proposing "sentiments" had not gone out of fashion, the speaker called upon to respond to this toast was held to have said everything necessary in proposing the following sentiment: —

"*The Founders of Malden.* Puritans in principle, — Puritans in practice; may their memories be cherished and their characters revered throughout all generations."

Puritans they were, but the reverence he sought for them has scarcely been accorded to them as universally as the speaker desired. So-called polite literature has used these sturdy, God-fearing men and women as the butt for its shafts for three centuries. Shakespeare sneered at them in the person of Malvolio; old Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, could find no better adjectives for them than "rude, illiterate, capricious, base fellows." The one quotation by which even Lord Macaulay is best known is the smart sentence in which he declares that the Puritans "did not believe in bear-baiting; not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." And even Charles Dickens speaks of them as an uncomfortable people, who thought it highly meritorious to dress in a hideous manner.

Though the Puritans and the memory of them thus for generations afforded material for those who pander to the thoughtless with caricature, lampoon, and idle jest, yet their work and their fame are safe, secured in that consciousness of right that the Latin proverb maker declared to be a brazen wall against the shafts of slander. Song and play and ballad may chant the praises of the Cavalier, but history belongs to the Puritan. The wits and verse makers at the court of

the Stuarts found the demeanor of the awkward, crop-eared knaves, whether in train-band, or troop of horse, vastly amusing. The psalm-singing, however, did not seem so amusing when it rose in deep-throated invocation from the sober ranks just before the charge that was to sweep the beribboned cavaliers from its path, as a garden is crushed by the avalanche.

The soldiers who rode so bravely behind Prince Rupert, and Claverhouse, and Prince Charlie have left us a world of romance; but it was the stern-faced followers of John Knox and John Hampden, the Scottish Covenanter and the English Puritan, who overthrew the tyranny of kings and left us no legacy, indeed, in the realm of fancy, but sound, hard facts in the shape of the rights of the people, the very foundation of the structure of this republic.

The gentlemen who sought a Western Golconda at Jamestown called themselves Adventurers. The plain people who first sought the shores of bleak New England, we know as Pilgrims. The Adventurers came to the new world to seek their fortune; the Pilgrims and Puritans to earn it. No weak-hearted wail went up from bleak New England at her early sufferings. Hunger, cold, and savages could not turn these brave hearts from their purpose. When the biting New England winter found them without further supply of food they gathered the acorns from the woods, the clams and mussels from the beaches, and glorified God, to use the old words, "who had given them to suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasure hid in the sands."

To understand the Puritan it is necessary to understand the times that gave him birth. He was not merely the follower of a religious creed that differed from the one originally accepted in Europe. Indeed, though the first New England settlers were agreed, the English Puritans as a body differed widely among themselves, both as to creed and church government. Some were Independents or Congregationalists, some were Presbyterians, and John Milton was what would now be called a Unitarian. The bond that held these men so firmly together, indeed, was union in rebellion against the social and moral conditions of the day. The Hundred Years' War and the Wars of the Roses had utterly demoralized the English people.

France had been merely a field for plunder and murder by Englishmen and their allies. The France that Joan of Arc freed from English rule was quite as wretched as Cuba under Spanish rule. When Shakespeare, even in his day, long after this event, speaks of "infants quartered by the hands of war," he is not using his imagination. This century of English plunder and bloodshed had almost wiped out the memory of the arts of peace. The rise of Parliament and popular government that had gone so far under Richard II. had

been not only stopped, but reversed. The Tudors were despots almost as truly as the Romanoffs.

Queen Elizabeth was personally a patron of bull-baiting and bear-baiting. So, in her day, were most people. The Maypole, a relic of the most depraved worship of all paganism, was no mere excuse for an innocent dance, but the centre of the vilest debauchery. The Merry Mount and its Maypole at Wollaston was as vile as the Merry Monarch who ruled England under the name of Charles II.; and the world was the better when both were removed.

The Puritans turned to the Bible, not only because they loved its teachings, but because, under Henry VIII., it was almost the only book a decent man could read. The foulest tales of Italy and France, universally circulated, formed the only popular literature, and aided to debase popular morality. The Lord's Day was not merely invaded by sports, but by the wildest license. The laborer, moreover, could not legally enjoy that day of rest, unless his master chose. Public office went by favor; an ex-highwayman was made chief justice, and kings and queens fitted out the ships of pirates and shared their booty.

This was the social structure which the Puritan faced, and against which he struck the first shattering blow. He was no mere zealot, devoted to this or that scheme of religion or church government. His was the cause of the plain man against the tyrant; the honest man against the rogue; the virtuous man against the rake; the patriot against the plunderer. Faults he had in common with poor humanity of all ages, but it may, at least, be said that he was simple in an age of extravagance, austere in the midst of debauchery, honest though ruled by corruption, and sincere though subject to a succession of sovereigns constant in nothing but the pursuit of their own selfish desires.

Such were the makers of New England; such the men to whom we of New England owe more than our country. The greatest heritage they have left us is not the territory they took from the Indians, as the Indians had taken it from the Skrælings. They left us, as their greatest gifts, the New England town-meeting and the New England conscience, popular government and the control of self that makes it possible.

Not of Plymouth only, but of each New England village can it be written: —

> "Here on this rock and on this sterile soil
> Began the kingdom not of kings but men,
> Began the making of the world again.
> . . . . . .
> Here struck the seed, the Pilgrims' roofless town,
> Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
> Where all the people equal franchised met,

Where doom was writ of privilege and crown,
Where human breath blew all the idols down ;
Where crests were naught, where vultures' flags were furled,
And common men began to own the world."

The advent of milder times has softened the sternness and asceticism of our Puritan forebears. It has added virtues from other races that the Puritans did not possess ; but it has not yet driven the influence of the Puritan from the United States. There is still left, in part at least, the indomitable courage that wrings victory from defeat, and the habit of self-examination, that, if it does not always force the American to do right, at least makes it uncomfortable to do wrong. Least gifted of any section of our broad land in natural advantages, New England holds her place by the sheer brains and pluck of her citizens. Parted by party lines we may be, but touch the national honor or the national flag, and we are, after all, Americans.

The whole world has been thrilled by the Englishman's prayer in the midst of his military triumph : —

" Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget ! "

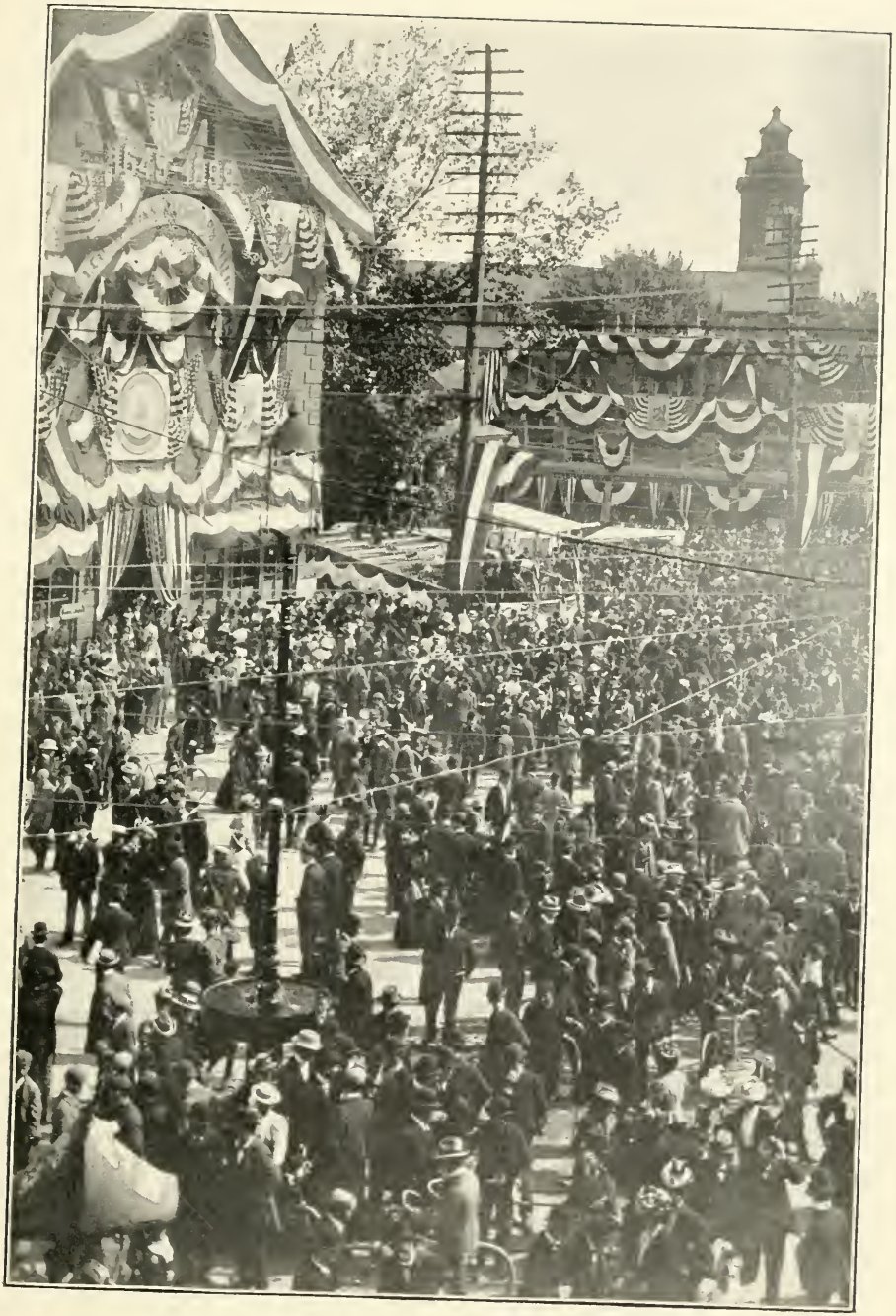
We can all share that prayer, whatever our nation or race or creed. We of the United States, perhaps, need it most of all. Yet in our day of triumph in Cuba, not one man, but ten thousand, sang a different hymn.

On the hills above Havana, from the American camp, as the midnight call of the sentinel ushered in Christmas Day, there arose the sound of singing, the spontaneous singing of an army. The new song of the English poet is one of appeal ; the old song raised by the American soldier is one of the Puritan " hymns of lofty cheer " a song, not of appeal, but of trust : —

" Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid ;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My mighty, omnipotent hand."

The dawn of the first Christian era of American control in Cuba, just before one of the most triumphal parades accorded to any army, was welcomed in by Protestant, Catholic, and Jew, North and South, Regular and Volunteer, not with disorder and dissipation, but with a serious realization of the new responsibilities that await us, and with hymns of praise and trust.

Surely the Puritan founders of New England could ask no better evidence than this, that the American people will soberly face their days of trial as the colonists faced theirs, not perhaps as conquerors, but never, please God, as cowards.



CENTRAL SQUARE—AFTER THE REVIEW

The Toastmaster. — In behalf of the banquet committee, I shall invite the Rev. Edwin H. Hughes as the last speaker to address us and pronounce the benediction. Mr. Hughes will speak upon the topic: "The city without a church;" and I assure you, upon the most excellent authority, that the subject is not as solemn as it sounds.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. EDWIN H. HUGHES.

Pastor of the Centre Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: — A child once wrote an essay about the cow. The essay was short and simple, and read thus: "The cow is the greatest animal on earth." The mother wished to encourage the infant writer. So when the pastor called, the little girl was asked to read her essay. Feeling that something was due to the presence of the reverend visitor, she brought out the second and improved edition as follows: "The cow is the greatest animal on earth, — except religion." It is not everybody that in such a dilemma would be able to hold on to both horns and still manage to capture the preacher. I have not been fully able to rid myself of the suspicion that the tip-end of these anniversary exercises has been arranged out of consideration for the clergy. In that case the committee may be said to have cut the garment of their program to fit the *cloth.*

The other speakers have talked of their specialties; why should not the preacher? The park is the most beautiful thing in a city, — except religion. Industry is the most useful thing in a city, — except religion. Political leadership is the most influential thing in a city, — except religion. Legislation is the most protecting thing in a city, — except religion. My predecessors upon the program seem to have realized all this; for, try as they would, they have not been able to avoid the religious element. I could not resist the impression that the last speaker, Colonel Guild, missed his calling and that he should have been a preacher rather than a politician.

An evil genius appeared to me recently, saying: The history of Malden has been falsified. Men have said that this has been a city with a church. But it has ever been a city without a church. You must therefore inform the celebrants of their mistake. Take out of the history whatever claims to have grown out of the church life. Give the people the truth. For once I obeyed an evil genius and set about my task. The result was strange and haggard. It touched the very mystery of the city's being. Malden could be represented as saying to the church what Oliver Wendell Holmes said to the picture of Dorothy Q.: —

"O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to a daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife,
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

"What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
. . . . . .
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?"

Malden without a church would not have been Malden at all. To speak of it so would be like speaking of a man without a maternal ancestor. I must not push this mysterious possibility further; I do not care to annihilate my audience. To be able to speak on this theme at all, I am driven to make Malden deny her mother; that would be an ungrateful thing for her to do on her birthday anniversary. But allowing her the breaking of the fifth commandment, her history without a church becomes mutilated and tattered.

It has been instructive to note how the speakers of our celebration have depended upon Mr. Corey's history. Our preachers, our poet, our orator have all conferred liberally with our historian. Mr. Corey has been Malden's recording angel. If ever we get into the better city, and Mr. Albion believes that we shall both do so, — it will be no mistake to nominate D. P. Corey for assistant recording angel. Under the direction of the evil genius, I began to take the church out of Mr. Corey's history. I tore away page after page. All that remained at last was a title front, a few patches of disjointed reading, and a dark and gloomy "Finis." It was as if one had been called upon to unravel a seamless garment; when the church thread had been pulled out, there was nothing left but a naked and shivering settlement. A city without a church! The best you could say of it would be what the Hibernian said when he tried to pay tribute to purgatory, — that a man "might go farther and fare worse." In so comparing we would have in mind the same worse place that the Hibernian did.

We would have to drop out of our city's history our most renowned personages. There are intimately connected with Malden three names whose frequent mention is as wide as civilization. Happily for the reputation of your speaker for impartiality, they represent three different denominations. Long before I knew that there was such a city as Malden, I had heard of Wigglesworth, Judson, and

Haven. They were all directly the children of the church. No one has been more frequently mentioned in our anniversary than Michael Wigglesworth. This has arisen, perhaps, not so much from the beauty of his theology as from the rare euphony of his name. Considering the impression that he has made upon our city, one cannot help querying why some of our Malden mothers have not named their children after him. This man lives in our memory in spite of his bitter creed. If he were still living and we were to effect church union and Michael Wigglesworth were to be a candidate for bishop of Malden, I fear his theology would prevent me from pledging him the unanimous vote of the Methodist caucus. He lives in our memory in spite of the fact that when he proposed to his third wife he wrote her a letter in which he put down in precise logical order, 1stly, 2ndly, etc., until he had given thirteen reasons why the widow should marry him. In that case, it was not an unlucky number. The widow evidently took a week to consider each reason; for in just thirteen weeks they were married. Yet what an impression this man has made upon our civic and religious life! His name is spoken with pride in our anniversary, notwithstanding his harrowing faith, his ragged verse, and his matrimonial logic. Our city without a church would have been a city without Wigglesworth.

And what shall be said of Adoniram Judson? Had he remained on land he would probably have lived and died a Congregationalist. But crossing to India, he heard constantly the argument of an overwhelming ocean of waters and in mid-sea he became a Baptist. He was great enough for the sake of his conscience to change his mind. He cast himself against the wall of heathen blackness, labored six years without a convert, languished in prison under the weight of five fetters, and for thirty-one years knew only the passion of his matchless work. Because he was too great to be claimed by any one city, or even by any one continent, God gave him his grave in the ocean, where he sleeps until the sea shall give up its dead. Our city without a church would have been a city without Judson.

Bishop Gilbert Haven is undoubtedly the most widely known man that our city has had in the last fifty years. He used to thunder in our town meetings, where he began his stormy career of debate. Fifty years ago he was the poet of Malden's anniversary. He became a radical of the radicals, without being a pharisee of the pharisees. He touched all of our reforms with vital power. He was the first commissioned chaplain in the great war. He preached freedom everywhere, turned all the force of his wit and eloquence to the saving of the Union, and after the war became the dauntless champion of the black man. Some one suggested to a dictionary maker this definition: "Saint: a man who has been dead one hundred years, canonized

now, cannonaded then." But Gilbert Haven was canonized by public sentiment when, within the voice distance of the place we now sit, he ended his splendid career, and, finding that the cold stream of death was a myth, simply said: "There is no river here." Our city without a church would have been a city without Haven.

Practically, without exception, the men who filled our past with deathless glory were the sons of the church. The meeting-house was the centre of our civilization. For fifteen years, the earliest men, women, and children of Malden trudged over to Charlestown to attend church. In what contrast is this with the lazy prophecy of Edward Bellamy in *Looking Backward,* that men would some day hear the gospel by telephone? How under such an arrangement would we take up the collection? What a time it will be, — that era of telephonic gospel! Instead of hearing the church bells we shall hear the telephone bells. In that day the preachers will preach along "many different lines." A new meaning will be given to the phrase, "a good telephone service." The greatest pulpiteer will not be he who can reach the most souls, but rather he who can manage the most "wires." In that case all the politicians will be flocking into the ministry. But the heroic reality of the Puritan attitude toward the church is more divine than the easy picture of Bellamy. Let us go back to the time when a man went to church to pay his public tribute to God! Back to the time when men waded marshes, ploughed snow, forded rivers, and climbed mountains in order that they might have a place with the worshippers of the Almighty! The glory that covers our past is a glory that shines from the altar of the church of the living God.

A city without a church! It would be eyes without sight, lungs without air, a heart without blood, a star without light, a river without water, a picture without shape or color, a rose without beauty or perfume, a part of the earth without form and void! The past becomes chaos and darkness, and there is no divine voice saying, "Let there be light!"

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, suffer me to reach the climax of this celebration, not in the eloquence of my speaking, but rather in the grandeur of my theme. May these celebrants divine the cause of the past's greatness and the ground of coming power. May we never have a city without a church! Looking down the distant years, let us call new spires to the heights and command the future thus: —

> "Ring bells in unreared steeples,
> The joy of unborn peoples;
> Sound trumpets, far-off blown,
> Your triumph is our own."

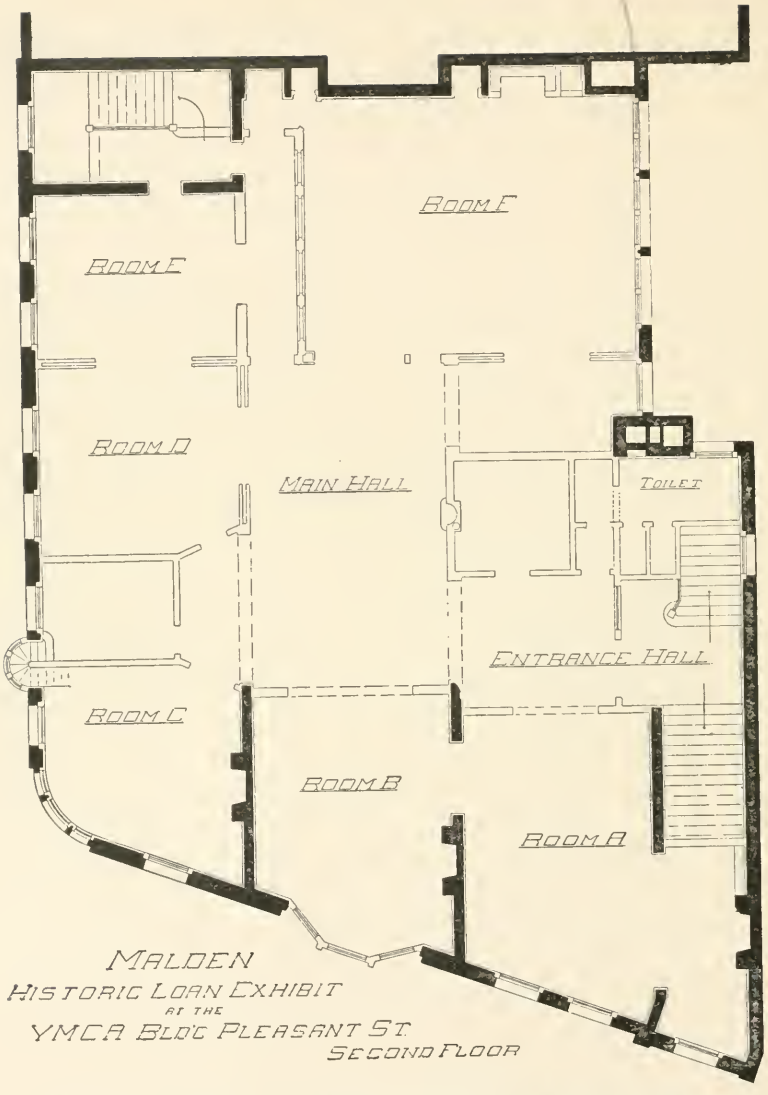
We will long and strive for but one city without a church. That shall be the one whose gates are pearl and whose streets gold, of which the Patmos seer did say: "And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

This, then, is the benediction for our future: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, Unto Him be glory *in the church* by Christ Jesus *throughout all ages*, world without end. *Amen.*"

It was not until after eleven o'clock that the last guests left the building and the lights were turned out. The bustle in the streets as the crowds returned from the exhibition of fireworks had long subsided, although many remained abroad until after midnight. Between the prayer which opened the exercises on Saturday and the benediction which closed them on Tuesday evening, fit recognition of the Providence which has guided and sustained us through the long series of years, a celebration had been consummated, which all may remember, many with pleasure, and none with regret.

IN GENERAL.

Historic Loan Exhibition.
Historic Spots.
Graves of Revolutionary Soldiers and Others.
Correspondence, etc.
Aftermath.



Room A. — Portraits and Memorials of the early Ministers of Malden.

Room B. — Photographs of Old Buildings, Residences, and Historic Sites.

Room C. — Colonial Parlor.

Room D. — Colonial Dining Room.

Room E. — Colonial Kitchen.

Room F. — Maps and Views of Malden. Autographs, Documents, Commissions, Old China, Silver, Bric-à-Brac, etc.

HISTORIC LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE committee having this exhibition in charge is to be congratulated upon having arranged one of the finest exhibitions of the kind which has ever been held in this vicinity. The committee was organized, September 12, 1898, and held frequent meetings thereafter. As no similar exhibition had ever been held in Malden, there was some uncertainty as to the character and extent of the material which would become available. A circular was issued and appeals were made through the press for information and contributions. The city was divided into districts, and committees were appointed for each section. These committees, by personal application and working in harmony, produced the most satisfactory results; and it was soon found that a collection of much value and historic interest could readily be brought together. Honorary members were appointed from Melrose and Everett, in order that those communities might feel a personal interest in the exhibition; and they rendered most efficient aid in the collection and arrangement of material. Some of them are worthy of special notice for the energy which they displayed in the interest of the exhibition.

The committee was fortunate in obtaining for two weeks the use of the entire second floor of the Young Men's Christian Association Building, which proved to be an ideal location; and the arrangement of the rooms allowed a most satisfactory and advantageous classification of the articles exhibited.

Much labor was given to the collection and arrangement of the articles; and when the exhibition was opened it was found to realize in scope and interest the anticipations of the committee and the expectations of the public. An examination of the catalogue, which is a valuable record of historic interest, will give a clear understanding of the character and range of the exhibit; but only they who visited the rooms can adequately appreciate its value. Regret was often expressed that a collection of such local worth and interest could not be kept together. It is likely that such an exhibition will not be seen here for many years.

A collection of views of old houses and landmarks, many of which have passed away, attracted much attention. It was early determined

to make this department a special feature of the exhibition; and pictures of dwellings, schoolhouses, churches, and street scenes were eagerly sought. By the aid of E. C. Swain, formerly of Malden, a photographer who made many of the original views, more than thirty years ago, these pictures were enlarged to a uniform size and printed and mounted in the best manner. There were seventy-five of the views, and when displayed they occupied the walls of one room. It required the labor of six months to get this collection together; and with the desire to preserve it intact for future generations, the committee voted to present it to the Malden Historical Society, with the understanding that it shall be kept together and protected from injury.

The collection of portraits was another interesting feature. There were seventy-five portraits catalogued of men and women who were prominent in the life of the old town, of every variety from the finest oil painting to the delicate miniature and the rude daguerreotype of former years. Many more could have been obtained had it been generally understood that a portrait exhibition was to be held. Notwithstanding the efforts of the committee, it was difficult to impress upon the public mind the fact that Malden had within itself the material to make a creditable historical exhibition. It needed an object lesson to enforce it. This was true in all departments of the exhibition.

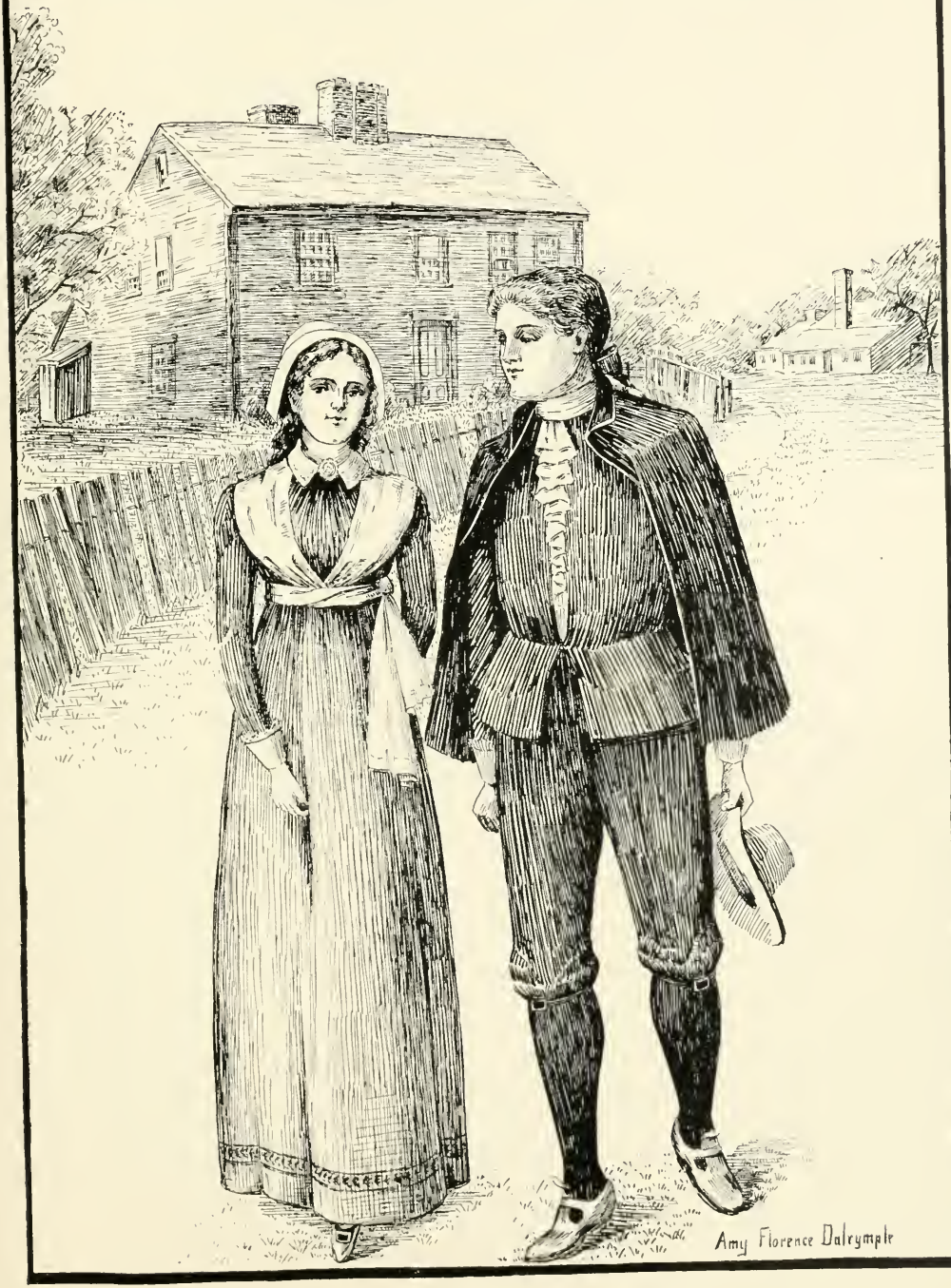
The exhibition of antique china and colonial ware was remarkably full and varied, and many interesting objects were shown. Competent judges pronounced it to be one of the most complete exhibitions of the kind they had seen outside of the large museums. The special collections in room D attracted deserved notice.

The colonial kitchen in room E received especial attention from a large portion of the visitors. Here were represented the household implements of the old time in actual use. A gentleman from Melrose renewed one of the duties of his youth and daily illustrated the inconvenience of the tinder-box. At the spinning-wheel, Mrs. Jane Allan Russell spun during the greater part of the exhibition; and some of the yarn then made is now preserved with the wheel in the public library, and may be shown on the occasion of the anniversary in 1949. The great jack, used for roasting before an open fire, could be put in motion whenever a visitor chose to wind it up.

The costume and embroidery department and the miscellaneous collections in room F were in keeping with the rest of the exhibition and contained many valuable historical relics.

There were upwards of two thousand articles exhibited. These were collected by the committee, properly arranged and catalogued, and finally returned to their respective owners, without the loss or

CATALOGUE
HISTORIC LOAN EXHIBITION
250th ANNIVERSARY
1649 MALDEN. 1899.



breakage of a single article. They were insured against fire while in the custody of the committee; and articles of a fragile nature and small objects which were likely to be handled were exhibited in cases which were securely locked.

The committee is under obligations to the New England Historic Genealogical Society and the Old Newbury Historical Society for the loan of valuable papers, and to the city of Cambridge for the portrait of the Hon. James D. Green.

The cover of the catalogue, which is here reproduced, was designed by Miss Amy Florence Dalrymple of Malden.

In the following list, some articles, which were noticeable in the exhibition but possessed little or no connection with the local history of Malden, have been omitted. Among these, the Faulkner School collection of over one hundred articles, gathered by the pupils of the school, was well worthy of the close examination which it received from many visitors. It was an interesting collection of relics, many curious and valuable; and it would have been well if it could have been kept together as a permanent object of interest and instruction.

The names of the owners of articles exhibited are given in *italics*.

MAPS AND PLANS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

of old Dwelling-Houses, Churches, School Buildings, and Historic Sites in Malden, obtained from various sources; enlarged and printed on platinum, by E. C. Swain of Wakefield, formerly of Malden. The figures within parentheses represent the date when the picture was taken.

View of Malden in 1837, enlarged from a woodcut in Barber's Historical Collections of Massachusetts (1837).

View of Malden in 1899, taken from the same spot as the 1837 view (1899).

View of Malden from Hillside Avenue, showing Town Hall on left and Baptist Church in the centre (1867).

View of Malden from Hillside Avenue (1899).

View of Malden in 1868, from Belfry of Methodist Church looking towards Wayte's Mount (1868).

Main Street, Malden, from Central Square looking south, showing the Congregationalist and Universalist Churches (1867).

Main Street, Malden, from same spot as the preceding after the Congregational Church had blown down (1870).

Central Square, Malden, showing Town Hall, Waite's Block, and Baptist Church (1869).

Main Street, and Central Square, showing Baptist Church and Public Library (1885).

Pleasant Street and Central Square, looking east. Bailey's Block on the right (1869).

Pleasant Street from Central Square, looking west. Jackson's livery stable on the right (1867).

Pleasant Street, from Boston & Maine Railroad, looking east (1867).

Pleasant Street, looking west. Showing the old and new Methodist Churches (1875).

View of Pleasant Street, showing the Kimball and Lakeman houses. Kimball's Block and Y. M. C. A. building now occupy the site (1870).

Summer Street Railroad Crossing (1885).

Summer Street, from Maple Street (1870).

View of Salem Street, showing Faulkner Elms (1882).

View of Malden, from Las Casas' Hill (1868).

The Second Methodist Church, built in 1842. Used as a church till 1875. Now occupied by *Evening Mail* (1870).

The Old Methodist Church, the spire in flames (1875).

The First Parish Church, before the present tower was built. Taken from a woodcut in Universalist Miscellany (1848).

The Old Congregationalist Church, built in 1833 on corner Main Street and Eastern Avenue. Moved in 1850 to Main Street, opposite Irving Street, where it was blown down in the great gale, September 8, 1869 (1867).

The Old Congregationalist Church, after the September gale (1869).

The Falls, at Mountain Avenue Bridge, the outlet of Odiorne's Pond (1867).

Bell Rock. On this rock the bell of the First Church was hung until 1695, when it was placed on the meeting-house (1899).

Bell Rock, with bell in position, as it may have appeared in 1660. Drawn by A. H. Bicknell (1899).

The Hollow Elm Tree. It was located on the Townsend estate, Summer Street, in front of what is now No. 135 (1868).

High School Cadets, May 30, 1886, William H. Winship, Captain (1886)

Centre Grammar School, built in 1848. Destroyed by fire, January 19, 1875. Located on Pleasant Street, where Yerxa's Block now stands (1875).

Maplewood Grammar School, built 1857. Removed 1886. It formerly stood on the site of the present Maplewood School (1880).

West Grammar School, Pleasant Street, built in 1857. Removed to the Marsh in 1885 (1899).

First Boston & Maine Railroad Station, built 1845 on east side of track. Removed in 1872 (1867).

Second Boston & Maine Railroad Station, built 1871. Removed September, 1892, when Summer Street was extended to Pleasant Street (1880).

High School, Salem Street, built in 1872. Used as a High School building till 1896 (1880).

E. C. Swain's Photographic Car, Pleasant Street (1867).

Las Casas' Pond, between Summer and Beltran Streets, near Francis Street (1867).

The Cascade, in Middlesex Fells (1898).

Hill's Tavern, Irving Street, built about 1720. It was called "The Rising Eagle." It formerly stood on the site of the City Hall (1899).

Waite's Tavern, Salem Street, opposite Webster Street, built about 1775. Torn down 1891. Was used as a tavern till 1809 (1884).

Edmester House, Bow Street, Everett, built in the Colonial period. Owned for many years by Timothy C. Edmester. Torn down about 1887 (1876).

James Howard House, Summer Street, afterwards owned by D. K. Marston. The house was located between Clifton Street and Rockland Avenue, and was torn down about 1870 (1867).

Faulkner House, Salem Street, built before 1750. Owned by Samuel Waite and John B. Faulkner. House removed in 1892 and Faulkner School built on site (1882).

Capt. Isaac Smith's House, Chelsea Street, Everett, sold to Nathan Nichols in 1782. Built before 1700. Destroyed by fire in 1874 (1867).

John Nichols House, Chelsea Street, Everett, bought in 1746 by John Nichols. Tradition says an Indian was killed in this house by a former owner. Removed about 1875 to Central Avenue, Everett, and remodelled (1867).

Waite-Ireson House, near Swain's Pond. Very old house. Date uncertain. Still standing (1885).

Jenkins-Rand House, corner Salem Street and Broadway. The home of Schoolmaster Jenkins. Built before 1700. Partially destroyed by fire in 1882 (1882).

Howard House, corner Lebanon and Porter Streets, Melrose, a very old house. It has been in possession of some member of the Howard family from about 1730. Still standing, but soon to be removed (1899).

Upham House, Upham Street, Melrose, built about 1700 by Phineas Upham 3d. The original house has been added to on several occasions. It is still in possession of the Upham family (1885).

Micah Waite House, Clifton Street, corner Main Street. Built by Jabez Waite about 1720, and burned, October 10, 1893 (1885).

Governor Cradock House, Medford, built about 1634. The oldest house in Massachusetts (1867).

John Waite House, Cross Street, torn down in 1896. Age not known. Lincoln School built on the site of the homestead (1895).

The Parsonage, 145 Main Street, built in 1724. Occupied first by Reverend Joseph Emerson, as the parsonage. Here Adoniram Judson, the missionary, was born in 1788. Bought by George W. Wilson in 1845 (1899).

Bryant House, Cross Street, built before 1760. Now standing (1899).

Boardman House, Saugus, located in Saugus, near the Melrose line. Still standing. One of the most interesting relics of the 17th century. Now owned by Frank P. Bennett (1885).

Perkins House, Appleton Street. A portion of this house was built as early as 1647, by James Green. In 1765 it was bought by Joseph Perkins, of Danvers. The oldest house in Malden (1899).

Sammett House, Shute Street. The farm belonged originally to Deacon John Greenland, then to John Shute, and later to Captain Henry Rich, who built the present house about 1820 (1899).

Joseph Lynde House, Main Street, Melrose. The older part built about 1720. In the cellar of this house was found the old "corn mill" which was shown at this exhibition. Still standing (1873).

Jonathan Lynde House, Russell Street, Melrose, built by John Lynde

about 1700. Now standing. Has been changed somewhat within a few years (1872).

Samuel Cox House, Pleasant Street, built about 1812. Still standing. Samuel Cox built the Last Factory. Lemuel Cox lived in one half (1899).

John Sprague House, Salem Street, built in 1797 by Captain Dyer. Bought in 1808 by John Sprague. Moved in 1875 to the head of Sprague Street (1868).

John Sprague House, *Rear view* (1868).

Samuel N. Breeden House, Salem Street, built about 1800. Now standing (1899).

Bucknam House, Everett, built by William Bucknam before 1675. It was known later as the Swan House. Demolished in 1875 (1867).

Stiles House, Pleasant Street, built about 1815. Removed in 1874. The Methodist Church now stands on its site (1867).

Charles Hill House, Main Street, next to City Hall. Built in 1812. Now standing (1891).

Charles Hill House, *Rear view* (1899).

Charles Waite House, corner Ferry and Haskins Streets. Built about 1820. Now standing (1883).

Dexter House, Elm Street, built in 1848 on site of an older house (1869).

James Howard's Shoe Shop, Pleasant Street, built in 1837. Removed in 1893 to Summer Street (1880).

Haven House, Pleasant Street, removed in 1898 to make room for the new Court building (1898).

Fisher House, Pleasant Street, also called the Floyd House. Removed in 1889 to make room for Hill's Block (1868).

The Town Pump, corner Main and Salem Streets, originally Joseph Hills' well. For many years known as "The Town Pump." In 1886, Mr. W. P. Sheldon gave the stone pump which was set up in place of the old wooden one. In 1894, the square was widened and the pump removed (1887).

Bailey House, Madison Street. In this house was located the first bank in Malden, 1832-1850 (1899).

Panorama of Malden, a bird's-eye view of Malden in 1866 from the Melrose line to Faulkner Station. Taken from Wayte's Mount (1866).

Spot Pond, Melrose (1876).

Odiorne's Pond, a view from Wayte's Mount, looking west (1866).

The Old Mill Pond, corner Pleasant and Main Streets. It was abandoned in 1850. *A. F. Sargent* (1850).

Panorama of Malden, from Hillside Avenue. *G. D. B. Blanchard* (1876).

Four Old Houses, pen and ink sketches by Frank A. Bicknell and Henry L. Moody. *D. P. Corey.*

Morviller, Joseph. Oil Painting. The John Pratt House at the entrance of Forest Dale Cemetery. This picture was painted for the owner in 1864, by Mr. Morviller, a French artist who lived on Russell Street, Malden, from about 1855 to 1870, and painted many Malden scenes. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

Morviller, Joseph. Oil painting. View near Odiorne's Pond. *G. D. B. Blanchard* (1864).

Boston Rubber Shoe Co. *Malden Public Library* (1851).

Map of Malden, the oldest map of Malden in existence. *A. F. Sargent* (1795).

Plan of North District of Malden, showing location of houses. *D. P. Corey* (1830).

Plan of the Green Farm, Malden. *D. P. Corey* (1835–1840).

Map of Malden and Everett. *A. F. Sargent* (1868).

Map of Melrose. *A. F. Sargent* (1874).

Map of Malden. *City of Malden* (1899).

Bird's-Eye View of Malden. *G. D. B. Blanchard* (1874).

Bird's-Eye View of Malden. *Frank E. Woodward* (1881).

Bird's-Eye View of Maplewood and Linden. *Malden Public Library* (1897).

PORTRAITS.

Green, Hon. James Diman. Orator at the 200th Anniversary of Malden's Incorporation, May 23, 1849. Born in Malden, 1798; died 1882. The first Mayor of Cambridge. *City of Cambridge.*

Haven, Gilbert, Sr. President of the day, May 23, 1849. He was town clerk for twenty years, and first President of Malden Savings Bank. Born 1791; died 1868. *Malden Savings Bank.*

Haven, Gilbert, Jr., (Bust). Poet of the day, May 23, 1849. Afterwards Bishop M. E. Church. Born in Unite Cox's house, on Clifton Street, Malden, in 1821; died 1880. *Meth. Book Concern.*

Barrett, Augustus L. Chief marshal, May 23, 1849. Born 1813; died 1896. *Mrs. A. L. Barrett.*

McClure, Rev. Alex. Wilson. Minister First Church, 1831–1852. Chaplain at celebration, May 23, 1849. Born 1809; died 1865. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*

Adams, Rev. John G. Pastor First Parish, 1838–1853. Born 1810; died 1887. Chairman Committee of Arrangements, May 23, 1849. *First Parish.*

Richardson, William H, Jr. Born 1823; died 1874. Secretary of Committee of Arrangements, May 23, 1849. *Mrs. Wm. H. Richardson.*

Judson, Rev. Adoniram, the great missionary. Born 1788; died 1850. *First Baptist Church.*

Cobb, Rev. Sylvanus. Pastor First Parish, 1828–1837. Born in Norway, Me., 1798; died 1866. He was the father of Cyrus and Darius Cobb, the artists, and of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the author. *First Parish.*

Greenwood, Rev. Thomas J. Pastor First Parish, 1858–1865. Born 1799; died 1874. The Greenwood School was named in his honor. *First Parish.*

Foljambe, Rev. Samuel W. Pastor First Baptist Church, 1871–1887. Born 1823; died 1890. *First Baptist Church.*

Stubbert, Rev. Wm. F. Pastor First Baptist Church, 1851–1859. Born 1819; died 1891. *First Baptist Church.*

Pease, Rev. Theodore C. Pastor First Church, 1884–1893. Born 1853; died 1893. *Horace R. Brown.*

Willis, Miss Sarah. This is a portrait of Miss Willis when she was eight

years old. It was painted in England about 1750. She was a niece of the Rev. Eliakim Willis. *Mrs. J. Langdon Sullivan.*

Ballou, Rev. Hosea. A celebrated Universalist minister and President of Tufts College, 1853–1861. Born 1796; died 1861. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

Bailey, Timothy. President of the first bank in Malden. Born 1785; died 1852. *George T. Bailey.*

Atkins, Gibbs. Of Boston. Born 1740; died 1806. Grandfather of the owner. *James Bartlett.*

Atkins, Mrs. Hannah (Dodge). Born 1750; died 1838. Grandmother of the owner. *James Bartlett.*

Watts, William. Born 1787; died 1852. Father of the owner. *Mrs. James Bartlett.*

Bartlett, Mrs. Elizabeth (Atkins). Born 1789; died 1837. Mother of the owner. *James Bartlett.*

Fall, George Hanson. Chairman Selectmen, 1858–1860. Born 1815; died 1880. *Geo. H. Fall.*

Gould, Dr. Daniel. Malden's celebrated physician. Born in South Reading, 1789; died 1856. *Miss Helen M. Hill.*

Blanchard, Mrs. Sarah Phipps (Boardman). Wife of Capt. Andrew Blanchard. Born 1795; died 1888. Painted in N. Y. in 1832. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

Sprague, John. Born 1781; died 1852. *Chas. H. Hyde.*

Sprague, Mrs. Sally (Hill). Born 1785; died 1867. *Chas. H. Hyde.*

Richardson, Wm. H. Born 1786; died 1861. *Frank P. Cox.*

Richardson, Mrs. Lydia (Hill). Born 1786; died 1879. *Frank P. Cox.*

Lord, Jeremiah Page. Born 1809; died 1879. *Henry C. Lord.*

Lord, Mrs. Louisa (Scott). Born 1809; died 1856. *Henry C. Lord.*

Burrage, Capt. Martin. Born 1793; died 1878. *Mrs. Irving Hoyle.*

Shute, Dr. Charles B. Born 1843; died 1888. A physician and chairman of School Board. *Mrs. Chas. B. Shute.*

Turner, Mrs. Alice (Rogers). Born 1794; died 1870. *Henry E. Turner.*

Herrick, Dr. Martin. A surgeon in Revolutionary War. Born 1744; died 1856. *Henry N. Hartshorn.*

Fall, Gershom Lord. Born 1817; died 1866. *Geo. H. Fall.*

Townsend, John. Born 1766; died 1856. *Mrs. Franklin M. Miner.*

Waite, Thomas. Born 1773; died 1854. *Mrs. Lydia F. Mann.*

Perkins, Rebeckah (Appleton). Born 1762; died 1856. *Mrs. Lydia F. Mann.*

Shute, Samuel. Selectman of Malden during Civil War, 1861–1865. Born 1812; died 1876. *Mrs. Chas. B. Shute.*

Holden, Dana. Representative to General Court, City Almoner for many years. Born 1813; died 1887. *City of Malden.*

Barrett, Simon Hall. Born 1811. *S. H. Barrett.*

Barrett, Mrs. Mary (Pratt). Born 1807. *S. H. Barrett* (1833).

Haven, Gilbert, Sr. Justice of Peace, and Trial Justice of the State 14 years. Born 1791; died 1868. *Mrs. Lemuel Cox.*

Haven, Mrs. Hannah (Burrill). Born 1788; died 1884. She was daughter of Benjamin Burrill of East Abington. *Mrs. Lemuel Cox.*

LOAN EXHIBITION — PORTRAITS AND MALDEN VIEWS

Odiorne, Fred H. Born May 26, 1830; died Jan. 3, 1893. *Malden Club.*

Sprague, John. Born 1781; died 1852. *Chas. H. Sprague.*

Sprague, Mrs. Sally (Hill). Born 1785; died 1867. *Chas. H. Sprague.*

Barrett, William. Born 1775; died 1834. *Harry H. Barrett.*

Barrett, Mrs. Mary K. (Hall). Born 1783; died 1841. *Harry H. Barrett.*

Nichols, Capt. Nathan. Born 1765; died 1841. Representative to the General Court 1819–20–23–24. *Mrs. Geo. S. Mansfield.*

Nichols, John S. Born 1817; died 1889. Selectman 1862. *Mrs. Geo. S. Mansfield.*

Corey, Capt. Solomon. Born 1791; died 1865. First Postmaster at So. Malden. *D. P. Corey.*

Webster, Joshua. Born 1796; died 1871. First President of Saugus Branch Railroad, and a prominent man in Maplewood. *Chas. H. Wise.*

Webster, Mrs. Elizabeth B. (Chase). Born 1799; died 1882. *Chas. H. Wise.*

Oakes, Mrs. Sarah (Battelle). Wife of Jonathan Oakes, Jr. Born 1790; died 1858. *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*

Starbird, Nathaniel W. Overseer of the poor 1865–1867. Born 1804; died 1888. *Louis D. Starbird.*

Howard, James. Born 1791; died 1869. Founder of the Centre Methodist Church. *Geo. H. Fall.*

Howard, Mrs. Mary (Cox). Daughter of Unite Cox and wife of James Howard. Born 1792; died 1874. *Geo. H. Fall.*

Sargent, Albert F. Born 1832; died 1898. Town Clerk, Selectman, Auditor, and Town Treasurer. *Malden Savings Bank.*

Waite, Caleb. Born 1808; died 1893. *Malden Savings Bank.*

Waite, Jonathan. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*

Wise, Daniel Parker. Born 1811; died 1864. *Daniel P. Wise.*

Noyes, Mrs. Emeline (Estes). Born 1808; died 1842. *Mrs. Zera Estes.*

Estes, Mrs. Hannah W. Born 1782; died 1864. *Mrs. Zera Estes.*

Fernald, William. Born 1814; died 1864. *Mrs. Geo. Fernald Faulkner.*

Fernald, Mrs. William (Elizabeth Newcomb Hill). Born 1817; died 1892. *Mrs. Geo. Fernald Faulkner.*

Oliver, Mrs. Mary (Pratt). Wife of Dea. Wm. Oliver. Born 1752; died 1845. *Miss Florence Waitt.*

Glover, Gen. John. Officer in the Revolution. Born 1732; died 1797. *Mrs. Chas. H. Knapp.*

Barrett, Augustus L. Photo. with his fast horse. *Mrs. A. L. Barrett.*

Oakes, Capt. Jonathan. Served with distinction in the navy during the Revolution. Born 1751; died 1818. *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*

Waite, Dea. Samuel. Silhouette. Born 1761; died 1851. *D. P. Corey.*

Green, Dr. Ezra. Portrait and Autograph, 1846, when he was one hundred years old. He was a brother of Rev. Aaron Green, and Surgeon with Capt. Paul Jones, in the navy of the Revolution. *D. P. Corey.*

Green, Rev. Aaron. Silhouette. Minister of First Church, 1795-1831. Born 1765; died 1853. *Malden Public Library.*

Blanchard, Caroline L. Miniature 1835, when she was seventeen years of age. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

Silhouettes, (*a*) Eliza Greenleaf, (*b*) Sally Roads Greenleaf. *Mrs. Franklin M. Miner.*

Stimpson, Mr. and Mrs. Miniatures, 1820. *Miss Emily Flint.*

Brintnall. Daguerreotype. (*a*) Benjamin Brintnall, born 1780; died 1856. (*b*) Eliza (Townsend) Brintnall, born 1786; died 1867. *Mrs. Franklin M. Miner.*

Parker, Rebecca Dexter. Miniature on ivory before 1800. Great-great-aunt of Richard and Samuel G. Dexter. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

Dexter, Richard. Daguerreotype, 1846. Aged twenty-one years. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

Lynde, Rebecca. Miniature. *Chas. L. Eaton.*

Starbird, Nathaniel W., on ivory by M. B. Russell, 1830. *Mrs. Caroline M. French.*

Starbird, children of Nathaniel W. and Mary D., on ivory by Mrs. M. B. Russell, 1845. *Mrs. Caroline M. French.*

Starbird. Water-color portraits. (*a*) Nathaniel W. Starbird, 1817. (*b*) Mary D. Starbird, 1817. *Mrs. Caroline M. French.*

MALDEN MEMORIALS.

Matthews, Rev. Marmaduke. Autograph Letter of. He was the first settled minister in Malden, 1650-1654. Born about 1605; died in England about 1683. *Frank E. Woodward.*

Wigglesworth, Rev. Michael. Poem. A fragment of the first edition of "The Day of Doom." A poetical description of the Last Judgment. The only copy in existence. Mr. Wigglesworth was born in 1631, and died 1705. He was teacher of the First Church, 1653–1705. *N. E. Hist. Gen. Society.*

Wigglesworth, Rev. Michael. Poem. "The Day of Doom." A reprint from the sixth edition of 1715, Boston, 1828. *John Ward Dean.*

Wigglesworth, Rev. Michael. Poem. "Meat out of the Eater." Fifth edition, 1703. *D. P. Corey.*

Wigglesworth, Rev. Michael. Poem. "Meat out of the Eater." Another copy. *Miss Annie H. Ryder, Medford.*

Wigglesworth, Rev. Michael. Autograph Elegy.

"Upon the much lamented Death of that Precious
servant of Christ. M^{r}. Benjamin Buncker, past$^{o^{r}}$
of the Church at Maldon, who deceased
on the 3^{d} of y^{e} 12th moneth 1669."

N. E. Hist. Gen. Society.

Wigglesworth, Rev. Michael. Common-place Book. Autograph Manuscript. A record book about 1659–1687. *N. E. Hist. Gen. Society.*

Hills, Joseph. Autograph of. Joseph Hills was born abont 1603. Came from Maldon, Eng., to Charlestown, 1638. Settled at Mystic Side before 1649, and was Malden's first representative. He undoubtedly gave the name to our town. *N. E. Hist. Gen. Society.*

Emerson, Rev. Joseph. Autograph Letter of. Written in 1755 to his son-in-law, Rev. Daniel Emerson, a chaplain in the army. Mr. Emerson was

minister of the First Church, 1721–1767. He was born in 1700, and died in 1767. *Mrs. Levi Abbot, Hollis, N. H.*

Emerson, Rev. Joseph. Sermon. "Meat out of the Eater, and Sweetness out of the Strong." A sermon preached by him in 1735. *D. P. Corey.*

Emerson, Rev. Joseph. A Sermon. On the death of Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Malden, by his son, Rev. Joseph Emerson of Pepperell, 1767. *D. P. Corey.*

Emerson, Rev. Joseph. Sermon by. An exhortation to his people with respect to Variety of Ministers, 1742. *D. P. Corey.*

Emerson, Rev. Joseph. Autograph Poem. 1749. Composed on the death of his grandchild, Mary Emerson. *Mrs. Levi Abbot.*

Emerson, Rev. Joseph. Autograph. A letter written by Mr. Emerson's father-in-law, Rev. Samuel Moody, of York, Me., in 1729, to his granddaughter, Hannah Emerson, in Malden, when she was eight years old. *Mrs. Levi Abbot.*

Thacher, Rev. Peter. Sermon. At his ordination, Sept. 19, 1770, preached by Rev. Nath'l Robbins. *D. P. Corey.*

Willis, Rev. Eliakim. Cane belonging to. He was ordained pastor of the South Church, Malden, 1752. He died pastor of the North Church, 1801. *Mrs. J. Langdon Sullivan.*

Shute, Rev. Daniel. Sermon. A sermon preached on the death of Mr. Shute (a native of Malden), by Rev. Henry Ware of Hingham, 1802. *D. P. Corey.*

Green, Rev. Aaron. Sermon preached by. On the death of Capt. Jonathan Barrett, Nov. 25, 1821, with autograph of Squire Bernard Green. *D. P. Corey.*

Green, Rev. Aaron. Sermon by. On the "Death of George Washington." 1800. *Malden Public Library.*

Osgood, Rev. David, D.D, of Medford. Two Sermons on "The Validity of Baptism by Sprinkling" and "The Right of Infants to that Ordinance." Supported and defended in two discourses delivered at Malden in the beginning of the year 1804, occasioned by the setting up of a Baptist Society in that place, 1804. *D. P. Corey.*

Sprague, John. Pamphlet. 1812. "The History of Wars and Fightings (without shedding of blood), in the Baptist Church in Malden." *D. P. Corey.*

Covenant of First Baptist Church. The first one printed, 1824. *D. P. Corey.*

Catechism, used in Baptist S. S. in 1818. *D. P. Corey.*

Thumb Bible. (Verbum Sempiternum.) Very rare, 1810. *Mrs. D. P. Corey.*

Livermore, Alpheus, of Malden. Trial of, for the murder of Nicholas John Crevay, an Indian (at Spot Pond) 1813. *D. P. Corey.*

Wright, Rev. S. Osgood. Historical Discourse (1831). Delivered in Malden on Thanksgiving day. *D. P. Corey.*

Waite, Dea. Samuel. Music-Book of. Used in Malden about 1750. *D. P. Corey.*

Green, Hon. James D. Oration. Delivered at Malden on the 200th Anniversary of its Incorporation, 1849. Autograph of Mr. Green. *Frank E. Woodward.*

"The Church Moves." Extracts. From "The Day of Doom," pub. by R. Thayer, Boston. *John Ward Dean.*

Malden Bi-Centennial Celebration, 1849. Order of Exercises. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

McClure, Rev. Alex. W. Order of Exercises at his reinstallation, Malden, Nov. 22, 1848. *Mrs. Cynthia Bangs.*

Adams, Rev. Aaron C. Order of Exercises at his installation, July 29, 1852. *Mrs. Cynthia Bangs.*

First Church "Articles of Faith." With list of members (1832). *Mrs. Cynthia Bangs.*

Advertisement of a Runaway. Posted in Malden in 1744. *Joseph Swan.*

A Collection of Old Programs. Relating to Malden's History. *Mrs. Thos. O. Nichols.*

Spoon. Made from the Silver Knee Buckles of Thomas Pratt of Malden; worn in 1750. *Mrs. Thos. O. Nichols.*

Pitch Pipe. Used in the choir of the First Parish (1800).

Silver Tankard. Made by Paul Revere and used by Washington when he visited the Dexter house in 1775. *Samuel G. Dexter.*

Teaspoons 200 Years old. Belonged to Rev. Samuel Moody of York, Me., father-in-law of Rev. Joseph Emerson. *Mrs. Levi Abbot.*

Tablespoon. Marked H. E., 1743. Given to Hannah Emerson as a wedding present by her father, Rev. Joseph Emerson of Malden. *Mrs. Levi Abbot.*

Washington Guards of Malden. Company Roll, 1828. This is a Subscription Paper in manuscript, showing names of subscribers for funds to procure tents, etc., for use of the above Company. *S. Hall Barrett.*

Town Reports. 1826 and 1844. *The Daughters of the late Alvin V. Lynde of Melrose.*

Silver Spoon. Owned by Patty Waite, wife of Samuel Waite of Malden. Patty Waite was grandmother of Elizabeth Lord, who bequeathed the old-fashioned clock to the Public Library. *Mrs. Henry C. Lord.*

Extract from the Militia Law. Dated Malden, May 11, 1744. *Mrs. Joseph R. Atwood.*

Watch. Owned by Simon Knights, the last slave born in Malden. *Miss Helen M. Hill.*

Intention of Marriage Box. This box hung at the door of the First Baptist Church 75 years ago, and in it were posted the marriage intentions. *Mrs. D. P. Corey.*

Dexter, Lord Timothy. Autograph Letter. Written to Manassah Cutler in 1787. Timothy Dexter, born in Malden, Jan. 22, 1747–8, and died in Newburyport, Oct. 26, 1806. *Old Newbury Historical Society.*

Portrait of Lord Timothy Dexter and his Dog. *Old Newbury Historical Society.*

Dexter, Lord Timothy. Pamphlet. "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones." Written by Dexter. The punctuation marks are placed in the back of the book, and the reader is requested to use them to suit himself. *D. P. Corey.*

Dexter, Lord Timothy. Residence at Newburyport. *Malden Public Library.*

Infant's Shoes (1850). Found recently in attic of old John Faulkner house, representing a Malden industry 50 years ago. *Mrs. Webster L. Melvin.*

Watch with Striking Repeater. In copper case, inscribed with name of the owner, "Richard Dexter, his watch, 1750." Enamelled and metal face. *George Blake Dexter, Brookline.*

Watch Case. Of French enamel. Owned by Rebecca (Peabody) Dexter, of Boxford and Malden (1750). *George Blake Dexter.*

Bank Bills (1850). First issue of Malden Bank. *First National Bank.*

Bill for Pair of Pantaloons (1814). To Capt. Nathan Nichols. *Mrs. Geo. S. Mansfield.*

Town Report (1820). *Mrs. Geo. S. Mansfield.*

Town Report (1842). *Arthur H. Wellman.*

Deed of Richard and Rebecca Dexter. Sale of land in South Malden, near Everett Spring (1768). *George L. Gould.*

Old-time Sheet Music. Owned by Sarah Battelle. *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*

New England Primer (1840). *Curtis S. Pease.*

Tom Thumb Primer. *Mrs. David Turpie.*

Cannon Balls. Found in a tree on the Seth Lynde Farm, South Malden, after the battle of Bunker Hill, 1775. *Lynde Sullivan.*

Old Safe. Used by the first bank in Malden, 1832. *Geo. T. Bailey.*

Mahogany Writing Desk and Table. These with the safe constituted the outfit of the first bank in Malden, 1832. *Geo. T. Bailey.*

Old Corn Mill. Date 1640. Found in cellar of old Lynde house, Melrose, in 1881. One of the oldest relics of our early settlers. *Town of Melrose.*

Standing Stool. Used by the Dexter family for four generations. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

Quilting Machine. Used in the Sylferman's cord and tassel factory. Over 100 years old. *G. A. Eberle.*

Cedar Wood Box. 200 years old. Original property of the Burrage family. *G. A. Eberle.*

Master Jenkins' School Desk. Owned and used by Nathaniel Jenkins, schoolmaster in the town of Malden from 1745 to 1776. *Mrs. Thos. O. Nichols.*

Two Pew Cushions. Belonged in the old Congregational Church, on Bailey's Hill (1833). *Mrs. Chas. G. Waitt.*

Sword. Carried by John S. Nichols, Drillmaster of Washington Light Guards of Malden. *John S. Nichols.*

Gun. "Kings Arm." *Mrs. Sarah E. Mansfield.*

Two Pistols. Belonged to an Officer in the French Revolution, and given to Capt. Isaac Smith of Malden. *Mrs. Sarah E. Mansfield.*

Coat of Arms, Smith Family. *John S. Nichols.*

Coat of Arms, Nichols Family. *John S. Nichols.*

Certificate as Teacher, May 12, 1832. Given by the School Committee and others to Rebecca Bryant. Signed by Sylvanus Cobb, D. Waitt, John B. Faulkner, Wm. Waitt, 2d, Anthony Lovett, and Ezra Holden, Jr. *James H. Burgess.*

Program of Concert. Given by Henry G. Carey's Singing School in 1858. *James H. Burgess.*

Military Warrant. 1757. To Thomas Pratt of Malden, member of Troop of Horse. Hon. Isaac Royal, Captain. *Miss Ellen O. Cushman.*

Dexter, Capt. John. Order of Col. William Brattle to Capt. Dexter to raise soldiers for the Canadian Expedition. 1759. *Samuel G. Dexter.*

Dexter, Capt. John. Commission as Captain, signed by Gov. John Hancock. 1790. *Samuel G. Dexter.*

Dexter, Capt. John. Commission as Captain, 1717, from Gov.-General Samuel Shute. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

Lynde, Joseph, 3d, of Malden. Commission as Lieutenant in Mass. Militia, signed by Gov. Increase Sumner. 1798. *Lynde Sullivan.*

Dexter, John. Commission as Ensign, signed by Gov. Wm. Shirley. 1743. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

Lynde, Joseph, of Malden. Commission as Ensign, signed by Samuel Shute, Governor-General. 1721. *Lynde Sullivan.*

Graduating Diploma, Centre School. 1859. 4 in. × 5 in. Showing what the Town gave. *Frank S. Collins.*

Graduating Diploma, West School. 1898. Showing what the City gives. *Ernest C. Woodward.*

Hair Trunk. "H. L." Used by Hannah Lynde on her wedding journey, about 1800. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*

Two Indian Stone Implements. Found on the Lynde Farm, Everett. *Lynde Sullivan.*

Indian Stone Hatchet. Found in Melrose on the Upham Farm. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*

Order of Exercises, in commemoration of the death of Gen. William Henry Harrison, held in Rev. Mr. McClure's Church, Malden, May 14, 1841. *D. P. Corey.*

Sprague, Dr. John. Discharge papers from British prisons. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

> "To all Whom it may Concern. These are to certify That the Bearer John Sprayer an American Prisoner of War, late Surgeon on board the Thomas Merchant Vessel, is set at Liberty Pursuant to an Order from the Hon'ble Commissioners for Sick and Wounded Seamen and for Exchanging Prisoners of War. Dated at Their Office on Tower Hill London, The Thirteenth Day of November Instant. Given under my hand this Twenty Second Day of November 1781
>
> Jn° How *Agent*
> *for Prisoners of War*
> *At Kinsale*
>
> "L'Ecrit en l'autre part certifie que le Porteur du present le Sieur Jean Sprayer Americain a été relaché des Prisons de Kinsale en Irelande
> Nantes 9 Mars 1782
>
> Schweighamer & Dobreé."

The Malden Messenger (Nov. 16, 1861). The war number. Containing the list of volunteers from Malden, also list of subscribers to a fund raised for their benefit. *Frank E. Woodward.*

LOAN EXHIBITION — PORTRAITS

"The Whole World Governed by a Few." Pamphlet, by Elias Smith. 1805. Autograph of Elder Henry Pottle, Pastor of First Baptist Church, 1804–1807. *Mrs. Joseph R. Atwood.*

Hall Clock (1765). Brought from London, about 1765, by Capt. Isaac Smith. Has been in constant use ever since. *Mrs. Geo. S. Mansfield.*

Jack, for roasting. Used in Capt. Nathan Nichols' kitchen for more than 100 years. Bought in England by Capt. Isaac Smith. *John S. Nichols.*

Arm-Chair. Used in the Dexter family more than 100 years. *Sam'l G. Dexter.*

Dinah's Table. This belonged to Dinah, a slave in the Lynde family. On it rested her Bible, which is now in the possession of Mrs. J. Langdon Sullivan. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*

Lowboy. Belonged to Rebecca Lynde. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*

Square Piano. Owned by Rebecca Lynde. It was the first piano owned in Malden. A beautiful piece of work. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*

Kitchen Chair. Nearly 100 years old. Owned by James Pratt of Malden. *Mrs. Augustus M. Cox.*

Table (1812). Owned by Jonathan Oakes. *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*

Chair. Owned by Nathaniel Battelle. *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*

Side-Board (1803). The first one brought into Malden. Owned by Wm. Barrett. *Simon Hall Barrett.*

Rush Bottom Chair (1800). Owned by Martin Burrage. *G. A. Eberle.*

Home-spun Table Cloth. 100 years old. Formerly owned by Betsy Lynde. *Mrs. J. Langdon Sullivan.*

Gown. Formerly worn by Mrs. William Barrett. *Mrs. William H. Richardson.*

Silver Pitcher and Goblet. Presented by the directors of the Malden Bank to family of Timothy Bailey. *Geo. T. Bailey.*

Keys of the First Parish Church (1802). *Miss Helen M. Hill.*

Breast Pin. Made from an old silver knee buckle, which belonged to Capt. John Dexter. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

AUTOGRAPHS.

Presidents of the United States. Autograph letters and portraits of all the Presidents from Washington to McKinley. *Michael S. O'Donnell.*

Burgoyne, Lt. Gen. John. Autograph of. The original draft of the Articles of Convention between General Burgoyne and General Gates on his surrender after the Battle of Saratoga. *Mrs. Daniel W. Ranlet.*

Adams, Abigail. Two Autograph Letters. To her sister Mrs. Mary Cranch, Philadelphia, July 6, 1797, and Washington, Nov. 21, 1800. The latter describes her first trip to Washington. *Mrs. W. G. A. Turner.*

Lafayette, General. Autograph Letter. Written in 1781 to Colonel Vose. *Mrs. Thomas Savage.*

Osgood, Peter. Commission as Captain of a Troop of Horse. Signed by Francis Bernard, Captain General, 1763. *Frank E. Woodward.*

Jackson, Andrew. Autograph of. Attached to U. S. patent. *C. Stimpson.*

Proclamation. Signed by William Foye, Treasurer of Province of Mass., 1742. *Herbert G. Porter.*

Washington, George. Autograph of. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

Lincoln, Abraham. Flag and Autograph. Portion of the American flag which floated over Ft. Sumter at its surrender in 1861, with autograph of Abraham Lincoln. *D. P. Corey.*

Webster, Daniel. Autograph Letter. *Gertrude Dowse.*

Franklin, Josiah. Autograph. Josiah Franklin, the father of Benjamin, was a "tallow-chandler," and this is a bill for candles sold by him to President Leverett, of Harvard College, in 1724. *N. E. Hist. Gen. Society.*

Revere, Paul. Autograph of. On certificate of M. C. M. A. *C. Stimpson.*

ANTIQUE CHINA, GLASS, ETC.

Cabinet. *Wm. B. de las Casas.*

Copenhagen Teapot (1800). Lowestoft Coffee Pot (1785).
Glass Salt Cellar (1795). Very beautiful miniature under the glass. Brought from France.
Spanish Wine Glasses. From Bilbao, Spain. Time of Philip the Second.
Silver Lustre Cream Pitcher.
Chinese Plate (1790).
Chinese Plate (1795).
Lowestoft Tea Caddy (1785).
Sèvres Cup and Saucer (1810).
Lowestoft Saucer (1765).
And many other pieces not catalogued.

Cabinet. *Dr. Julia A. B. Russell.*

Blue English Plate.
Dark Blue Plate (1785).
English Sugar Bowl (1790). Used in the Holt family.
English Bowl (1810).
English Pitcher (1825).
English Sugar Sifter (1783).
English Cider Mug (1788).
Dutch Jug. Dated 1778.
Pickle Leaf. English (1765).
German China Cologne Bottle (1798).
Glass Mug (1810).
Lustre Pitcher (1750).

Cabinet. *Mrs. D. P. Corey.*

Thirty-five pieces. Washington Pitcher, Blue "Sheltered Peasants" Platter, Blue "Caius College" Tureen and Ladle, Plymouth Plate, old covered glass Punch Glasses, and other articles of antique china, glass, and Colonial ware.

Cabinet. *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*

Containing sample pieces of Lowestoft china from a complete set.

Collection. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*

Crown Derby Plate. In the Lynde family (1800).
Large Chinese Plate. This plate belonged to a Charlestown family in 1775 and was placed in a well for safety at time of battle of Bunker Hill.
Chinese Plate. In the Lynde family; date about 1800.
Rich English China Plate. Belonged in Lynde family; date 1800.
Dresden Plate.
Fine Old Cut Glass Berry Dish.
China Fruit Dish. Curious Design.
English Salad Dish and Stand (1800). Used in the Lynde family.
Lowestoft Sugar Bowl (1800). Belonged in Lynde family.
Vienne Plate (1875).
Real Sèvres Plate (1850).
English Cup and Saucer (1800). Belonged to Lynde family.

COLLECTION. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*

Sauce Tureen Stand (1810). Ridgeway's "Asiatic Palaces" pattern.
Vegetable Dish (1810). Same pattern.
English Willow-ware Teapot (1800).
English Cup and Saucer (1812). "Two Turtle Doves."
English Blue Platter (1810). Ridgeway's "Asiatic Palace" pattern.
English Blue Plate (1810). Same pattern.
Glass Decanters and Stand. Six pieces; brought from Russia 75 years ago by Capt. Benj. Leach.
English Pitcher (1775).
English Blue Sauce Tureen (1800).
Large English Platter (1810). "Asiatic Palaces" pattern.
English Bowl (1775).
Lustre Cream Pitcher (1828).

COLLECTION. *Mrs. Caroline M. French.*

English Lustre Pitcher (1750). Brought over from Scotland by ancestor of French family.
Old English Pitcher (1775).
English Blue Tureen Stand (1825).
English Cup and Saucer (1750).
Earthen-ware Bowl. From Londonderry, Ireland; date 1750.
English Decanter. Belonged in Starbird family (1817).
English Plate (1790). Rogers make. Belonged in Starbird family.
Old English Plate (1785). Used in Starbird family.
Old English Platter (1785).

COLLECTION. *Wm. G. A. Turner.*

Pitcher. By Robertson, of Chelsea.
Blue Plymouth Plate (1820).
Ashworth Salon.
Chelsea Pottery Jar.
Derby Pitcher.
English Salad Bowl.
Doulton Vase.
Ashworth Plate (1850).

COLLECTION. *Frank S. Collins.*

English Toy Teapot (1800).
Lowestoft Teapot (1775). Belonged to Sigourney family. With Coat-of-Arms of the family.
Wedgwood Fruit Basket (1800).
English Lustre Salt Cellar (1775).
Old English Willow Platter (1800).
English Cut Glass Tumbler (1775).

COLLECTION. *Col. Edw. E. Currier.*

Washington Punch Bowl (1800). Presented to parents of the late Chas. H. Soule, of Malden.
Old English Cup and Saucer. Strawberry pattern (1775).
Washington Pitcher.
Cake Plate.
Cup and Saucer.
Old English Cream Pitcher. Over 100 years old.

COLLECTION. *Miss Sophia H. Barrett.*

Old English Lustre Cream Pitcher.
Old English Coffee Pot. Very old.
Blue English Plate.
Old English Plate. "Warleigh House," Somersetshire.
Willow-ware Pickle Dish.
English Cup and Saucer (1800). View of London on cup.
Wedgwood Pitcher. English Hunting Scene.

COLLECTION. *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*

Lowestoft Cup and Saucer.
Wedgwood Compote and Stand (1800).
Blue China Creamer (1800).
Blue China Tea Caddy (1800).
English Pitcher (1825).
Lowestoft Teapot (1785).
Lowestoft Plate (1785).

COLLECTION (Old English ware). *Mrs. Curtis S. Pease.*

Lustre Cup (1813).
Cream Pitcher (1775).
Cream Pitcher (1780).
Plate (1800).
Cream Pitcher (1790).
Cup (1775).
Saucer (1775).
Glass Cup Plate (1800).

ENGLISH LUSTRE TEA SET (1719). Seven pieces. *Mrs. R. M. Yale.*

ENGLISH TEAPOT AND STAND. Belonging to Blanchard family (1809). *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

ENGLISH CUP AND SAUCER (1809). *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

TODDY TUMBLER. Very old. *Richard Rich.*

THREE OLD WINE GLASSES. *Richard Rich.*

OLD LUSTRE PITCHER. *Richard Rich.*

TUMBLER (1749). *Mrs. Caroline M. Shea.*

WINE GLASSES. Brought from England by Thomas Green in 1635. *Dexter Pratt, Melrose.*

LOWESTOFT TEA CADDY (1785). *Miss Emily Flint.*

OLD ENGLISH CIDER MUG. *Mrs. Henry C. Lord.*

ENGLISH LUSTRE TEAPOT (1810). Belonged to Howard family. *Geo. H. Fall.*

ENGLISH LUSTRE SUGAR BOWL (1810). *Geo. H. Fall.*

ENGLISH EARTHEN CUSTARD CUP (1800). Used in Norwood family. *Joseph B. Weeks.*

LOWESTOFT TEAPOT (1785). *Mrs. Howard A. Carson.*

ENGLISH SOUP TUREEN (1810). Used in Blanchard family. Rogers make. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

OLD ENGLISH CUP (1789). Green Decorations. *Miss M. E. Upham, Melrose.*

LOWESTOFT TEAPOT (1785). *Mrs. Lydia A. Bishop.*

ENGLISH LUSTRE PLATE (1749). *Mrs. R. M. Yale.*

BLUE CHINA PLATE (1785). Napier Imperial Stone. Belonged to John Adams, the second President. *J. F. Longley.*

OLD ENGLISH SUGAR BOWL (1750). Used in the Nichols family, of Reading. *Mrs. M. E. Beers.*

ENGLISH PEPPER BOX (1799). *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*

BLUE PLYMOUTH PLATE (1820). Belonged to Simon Tufts. *Home for Aged Persons.*

ENGLISH CUP (1794). *Mrs. Caroline M. Shea.*

ENGLISH BOWL (1800). Obtained from the Canterbury Shakers. *Mrs. H. E. Sylvester.*

ENGLISH CREAM PITCHER (1770). Made by Stubbs. Used in Mrs. Caroline Little's family. *Joseph B. Weeks.*

BLUE ENGLISH BOWL (1800). *Mrs. Lydia A. Bishop.*

LOAN EXHIBITION — THE PARLOR

Blue English Cream Pitcher (1775). *Mrs. M. E. Beers.*
Old English Sugar Bowl. *Mrs. Caroline M. Shea.*
Delft Plate (1725). *Mrs. Frank E. Woodward.*
Old Willow-ware Plate. Three men on the bridge. *Mrs. Caroline M. Shea.*
Old English Platter. "Hermitage en Dauphine." *Mrs. Lefavor.*
Chinese Platter (1750). Belonged to the Lynde family. *Mrs. J. Langdon Sullivan.*
English Blue Plate (1800). *Miss Emily Flint.*
Chinese Plate. Over 100 years old. *Miss Emily Flint.*
English Plate (1795). *Mrs. James H. Burgess.*
Chinese Cream Pitcher (1810). Made to order in China for Capt. Nathan Nichols. Loaned by his granddaughter. *Miss Sophia W. Sargent.*
Cup and Saucer (1810). Same pattern as above. *Miss Sophia W. Sargent.*
Teapot (1810). Same as above. *Miss Sophia W. Sargent.*
Sugar Bowl (1810). Same as above. *Miss Sophia W. Sargent.*
English Mug (1785). "A Gift for Sally." *Mrs. H. E. Sylvester.*
Enamelled Patch Box (1790). *Mrs. Lydia A. Bishop.*
English Plate (1800). *Mrs. F. C. Hastings.*
Very old English Cup and Saucer. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*
Lowestoft Tea Caddy. Taken from the wreck of British ship in 1764. *Mrs. Caroline M. Shea.*
Old English Mustard Pot. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*
Old English Cream Pitcher. *Mrs. D. H. Clancy.*
English Egg Cup. *Mrs. D. H. Clancy.*
English Cream Pitcher (1775). *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*
Egg Cup. *Mrs. Joseph S. Rich.*
Lowestoft Saucer (1775). *Joseph B. Weeks.*
Enamel Flagon. Belonged to Marie Antoinette. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*
English Cup and Saucer. *Mrs. H. E. Sylvester.*
Wedgwood Pitcher (1825). *G. D. B. Blanchard.*
Lustre Pitcher (1800). *Mrs. H. E. Sylvester.*
Old Black Jug. 200 years old. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*
Lustre Pitcher. *Mrs. Henry C. Lord.*
Old English Plate. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*
Cream Pitcher. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*
Old Silver Pepper Box. 150 years old. *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*
Four Cups and Saucers. *Mrs. Chas. G. Waitt.*
Sugar Bowl and Cream Pitcher. *Mrs. Chas. G. Waitt.*
Two Plates. *Mrs. Chas. G. Waitt.*
Punch Bowl. *Mrs. C. H. Morse, Brookline.*
Plate, Cup and Saucer. *Mrs. C. H. Morse.*

ROOM D.

Room D was devoted to collections of furniture, china, and brie-à-brac, loaned by Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague, Dr. Julia A. B. Russell, and Miss Helen M. Hill. Except in a few instances the articles were not catalogued.

ROOM E.

Room E represented a colonial kitchen, and the articles used for this purpose were chiefly loaned by Miss Helen M. Hill, Mrs. Geo. S. Mansfield, Mrs. Thos. O. Nichols, and John S. Nichols, and were not catalogued.

PILGRIM MEMORIALS.

COLLECTION. *Mrs. E. M. Beers, Everett.*

Standish, Olive, miniature of daughter of. Fourth in descent from Myles Standish.
Flax spun by Olive Standish.
Mourning brooch, Standish family.
Piece of cloth cover of Myles Standish's chair.
Nail, charred wood, and glass found in ruins of Myles Standish House.
Piece of reed from chair of Peregrine White.
Piece of apple tree planted by Peregrine White.

COLLECTION. *Joshua H. Millett.*

A piece of the dress of Mary Chilton.
A toy trunk brought to Plymouth in the ship "Fortune" in 1621.
The wedding articles of Miss Abigail Snell, who married James Howard, of Bridgewater, in June, 1775. (*a*) Her wedding ring. (*b*) Silk stockings. (*c*) Piece of the wedding dress.
A jewel box (1775).
Sleeve link buttons of James Howard (1775).
Continental money.
Purse of the colonial period.
A gold watch of the colonial period.
A toy knife, colonial period.

FLYMOUTH ROCK, piece of. *Fred J. Smith.*

SAUCER (1620). Brought over in the "Mayflower." *Rufus M. Yale.*

SNUFF BOX. Handed down nine generations from Myles Standish. *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*

BIBLE. Owned by Rachel Cobb, wife of Lieut. Moses Standish, grandson of Myles Standish. *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*

SPOONS, over 100 years old. Inherited from the Myles Standish family. *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*

STRAW BONNET. Braided by Olive Standish. *Mrs. F. H. Longley, Everett.*

NEEDLEWORK SAMPLER. Made by granddaughter of Myles Standish. *Chester Carr.*

COSTUME AND EMBROIDERY EXHIBIT.

WHITE SATIN WEDDING GOWN. *Miss Alice P. Lord.*

GOWN (1796). *Mrs. R. M. Yale.*

SHAWL. Worn by Mrs. John Fiske during the battle of Bunker Hill, in which her husband was engaged. *Mrs. John F. Lefavor.*

VELVET CAPE. *Miss Alice P. Lord.*

LINEN. Hand woven. 100 years old. *Mrs. Curtis S. Pease.*

Breadth of Wedding Dress. 150 years old. *Mrs. Lydia A. Bishop.*
Table Cloth. 100 years old. *Mrs. Curtis S. Pease.*
Night Cap. 85 years old. *Mrs. Curtis S. Pease.*
Samples of Colonial Bed Spreads. *Mrs. Curtis S. Pease.*
Head Blanket. Spun and woven by Grace Lincoln Bates, born 1725. *Mrs. Daniel P. Wise.*
Table Cloth. Spun and woven by Persis Hardy, wife of Rev. Reuben Emerson. *Mrs. M. E. Beers, Everett.*
Tapestry. "The Jewish Captive." Worked by Miss Louisa Chamberlain about 50 years ago. *Clarence D. Richardson.*
Picture. "Disinterestedness of Phocian." Wrought by Sarah Battelle (1811). *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*
Picture. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*
Linen Table Cloth. Spun and woven by the great-grandmother of the owner. *Miriam Gould.*
Double Gown. *Miss Alice P. Lord.*
Bonnet. 150 years old. *Mrs. Lydia A. Bishop.*
Pumpkin Hood. 100 years old. *Mrs. Thomas Savage.*
Two Hoods. 100 years old. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*
Embroidered Sack. *Miss Alice P. Lord.*
Quilt. Home spun and woven. 100 years old. *Mrs. James H. Burgess.*
White Lace Veil and Black Lace Veil. Wrought by the great-grandmother of the owner. *Miriam Gould.*
Colonial Linen. *Mrs. J. F. Lefavor.*
Satin Petticoat. 100 years old. *Mrs. Alfred E. Cox.*
Home-spun Cloth. Made over 250 years ago, in England. First used as a canopy, then as a wedding dress. *Pauline Quimby.*
Wedding Slippers. Worn by Esther May, of Barnstable (1771). *Miss Ada L. Chase.*
Silk Apron (1800). *Miss McLaughlin.*
Silk Pocket. 150 years old. *Mrs. Lydia A. Bishop.*
Bead Bag. 125 years old. *Mrs. Lucinda B. Kimball.*
Sewing Silk Shawl (1820). *Mrs. Lydia A. Bishop.*
Doll. 100 years old. *Mrs. Curtis S. Pease.*
Doll. 100 years old. *Mrs. Daniel W. Ranlet.*
Doll. 125 years old. *Mrs. Frank S. Collins.*
Doll. Three generations have played with it. *Mrs. William H. Richardson.*

Collection. *Mrs. Frank S. Collins.*

Crêpe Shawl.
Real India Cotton.
India Scarf.
India Shawl.
Bead Bags.

Collection. *Mrs. Caroline M. French.*

Two Infant's Dresses. 125 years old.
Doll's Pillow Slips. Made by Ruth S. Hook in sewing school, about 1825.
Silk Handkerchief. 100 years old.
Pin Cushion. 100 years old.
Quilt. 100 years old.
Beaded Bracelets.

Collection. *Mrs. Caroline M. Shea.*

Scarf. Home spun prior to 1793.
Revolutionary Pocket Handkerchief (1775).
Infant's Bib. Home spun in 1794.
Linen. Used for towels, bed curtains, aprons, and sheeting.
Bundle Handkerchiefs. Hand woven prior to 1793.
Gloves (1775). Spun and knit by a woman too patriotic to wear English gloves.
Infant's Skirt (1800).
Pillow Slips. Hand woven prior to 1793.
Tamboured Lace (1820).
Embroidered Chemisette (1830).

SAMPLERS.

Abigail Dane, æ. 9 (1762).
Phœbe Nichols (1792). *Mrs. L. D. Holden.*
Phœbe Holden, æ. 11. *Mrs. L. D. Holden.*
Mary Holden, æ. 7. *Mrs. L. D. Holden.*
Maria H. Holden, æ. 10 (1831). *Mrs. L. D. Holden.*
Mary L. Holden, æ. 12 (1827). *Mrs. L. D. Holden.*
Ruth S. Hook (1824). *Mrs. Caroline M. French.*
Martha S. Waite, æ. 7 (1822). *Mrs. D. P. Corey.*
Sarah Battelle (1806). *Mrs. Mary O. Atwood.*
Eliza Lynde, æ. 9 (1807). *Mrs. J. Langdon Sullivan.*
Sophia Barrett, æ. 13 (1846). *Miss Sophia H. Barrett.*
Sarah Sargent (1794).
Bathsheba F. Daniels, æ. 10 (1804). *Miss Alice P. Lord.*
Elizabeth Lawrence. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*
Martha Weald, æ. 11 (1768). *Miss Ethel Smith.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cabinet. *Mrs. Mary D. Converse.*

Druggist s Mortar from Pompeii.
Ink-well, 18th century.
Signal of merchantman, 17th century.
Snuffers, 18th century.
Antique Ivory Jewel case, English.
Collection of Emblematical Figures.

Cabinet. Collection of antique jewelry, toilet articles, etc. *Wm. B. de las Casas.*

Silver Buckles and Pin. Worn by Peter Winsor of Col. Gamaliel Bradford's regiment at the surrender of Burgoyne, October, 1777. *D. P. Corey.*

Oak Cane. Made of wood from Barque "Polly," a privateer in the War of 1812, which has several prizes to her credit. *Albert H. Davenport.*

Pistol. Used by Capt. Jacob Jones in sloop-of-war "Wasp," in War of 1812. *John Taylor.*

Infant's Shoes (1758). Made for and worn by Col. Jacob Wright, at his christening. Colonel Wright was born in Westford, 1758. *Lucius B. Wright, Everett.*

Silver Watch. Inscribed Elijah Wyman, Woburn, 1755, made in Plymouth, England. *George B. Dexter.*

Farmer's Almanac (1808, '09, '25 and '26). Owned by Elijah Wyman, Woburn. *George B. Dexter.*

Family Umbrella. 75 years old. Belonging to Simon G. Shipley, then residing on Union Street, Boston. *Frank S. Collins.*

Pair of Bellows (1810). *Frank S. Collins.*

Iron Mortar and Pestle. *Mrs. Thos. O. Nichols.*

Genuine Bell Metal Skillet. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

Ancient Flax Spinning Wheel. Very old; belonged in the Aspinwall family, Boston. *Frank E. Woodward.*

Ancient Leather Trunk. Belonged to Samuel Lawrence, Epping, N. H. (1810). Containing Old Farmer's Almanacs and papers. *Geo. L. Gould.*

Atlas Major. By J. Janson, Amsterdam, 1652. Very rare volume. Illuminated by hand. *Frank S. Collins.*

Family Bible, 1822. *John S. Nichols.*

Black Letter Volume, with Illuminated Initials. Cologne, 1480. *Frank S. Collins.*

Bible, 1642. *Jesse Cudworth.*

History of England. By Sam'l Daniel, 1650. Page 5 has reference to the conquest from the Romans, by Boadicea, of Camolodunum, now Maldon. *Frank S. Collins.*

War Club of a Chief at Deerfield. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*

Silver-headed Cane. Belonged to owner's great-great-great-grandfather, David Lawrence. *Warren Furber Gould.*

Ivory-headed Cane. Made from rib of flag-ship "Lawrence" of Commodore Perry. *Fred H. Towns.*

Sword and Scabbard. Taken from the arsenal at Cavite, after the Battle of Manila, May 1, 1898. Just received in Malden. *Lynde Sullivan.*

Spanish Pistol. 200 years old. *Chas. H. Millett.*

Skull-Cracker. Taken from Sitting Bull in the Sioux War. Presented to the owner by Col. Edmund Rice. *Louis D. Starbird.*

Boston Harbor (1775). *Henry L. Martin.*

The Company of Undertakers (1745). *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

Engraving (1731). "The Dextrous Trimmer." *Louis D. Starbird.*

Old Colored Engravings. *Mrs. Joseph S. Rich.*

Certificate of Membership in Humane Society (1791). *Miss Sophia W. Sargent.*

Engravings (1795, 1799). *Laban Beal.*

Fac-simile of Commission. To Humphrey Barrett, by Governor Andros (1680). *Harry H. Barrett.*

Fractional Currency. Issued by the Government during the Civil War. A complete set. *C. W. Cochrane, Melrose.*

Hand-made Frame. Of 2500 pieces of wood. Very curious. *Mrs. Gertrude C. Ripley, Chelsea.*

View of Boston (1723). *Mr. Melville.*

Picture. "Holy Family." After Del Sarto. Painted on copper, 17th century. *Mrs. Eleanor R. Shea.*

Picture. "Magdalene." After Titian. Painted on copper, 17th century. *Mrs. Eleanor R. Shea.*

Pewter Platter. 100 years old. From Manchester, Mass. *Bertram Cheever Gould.*

Tea Chest. *Mrs. Henry C. Lord.*

Whale Oil Lamp. *Frank S. Collins.*

Lignum Vitæ Vase. Brought from West Indies early in 18th century. *Mrs. Caroline M. Shea.*

Small Iron Skillet. Used by Mordecai Lincoln, Hingham, an ancestor of Abraham Lincoln. *Mrs. Daniel P. Wise.*

Tinder Box, Flint, and Steel. 100 years old. *Mrs. James H. Burgess.*

Tinder Box and Flint. 100 years old. Used by owner's great-great-grandfather. *Bertram Cheever Gould.*

Miniature Trunk. Used by Polly Carter of Charlestown, before the Revolution. *Frank S. Collins.*

Powder Horn. Used in 1699. *Mrs. R. M. Yale.*

Old Hand-made Shuttle. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*

Carpet Bag (1825). *Geo. Howard Fall.*

Quart Cider Barrel (1765). Used by David Lawrence. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*

Pocket Book. Of Chas. Hill (1826). *Miss Helen M. Hill.*

Britannia Teapot. Old and of odd design. *James H. Burgess.*

Ancient Flask. *Lizzie Lawrence Gould.*

Pewter Platter. Brought from London by the Green family in 1635. *Dexter Pratt, Melrose.*

Pewter Platter. *J. Langdon Sullivan.*

Pewter Platters. *Curtis S. Pease.*

Hand-made Shears. 75 years old. *Mrs. James H. Burgess.*

Small Pewter Porringer. *Mrs. James H. Burgess.*

Britannia Teapots. "S. L." "R. G." *Mrs. Chas. G. Waitt.*

Pewter Cup. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*

Toasters, Swing and Turn-over. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*

Old Fireplace Crane. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*

Silver Spoon. 125 years old. Belonged to Affia Thyng. *Mrs. Geo. L. Gould.*

Boston Directory, 1798. *Edward G. Wise.*

Wrought Iron Nails from Old Faneuil Hall. *Wm. H. Winship.*

The Mass. Gazette, 1788. *Herbert G. Porter.*

The New England Primer, 1777. *Herbert G. Porter.*

Black Letter Book. Printed 1497. *Miss Mary E. Foster.*

The Gardener's Labyrinth. Published in 1652. *Miss Mary E. Foster.*

The World to Come. By Isaac Watts, 1748. Belonged to Betsy Bailey. *Geo. T. Bailey.*

Steam Gauge. From the Spanish Cruiser "Viscaya," destroyed by our fleet in the battle of Santiago. *James H. Burgess.*

Ancient Silver Pepper Box. *Mrs. James Bartlett.*

"Apostle" Spoon (1799). *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*

Acts and Laws of his Majesty's Province of Mass. Bay in New England, 1699. Very interesting volume. *Edward G. Wise.*

Proclamation, 1712. By Joseph Dudley, Gov. of the Province of Mass. Bay. *Joseph B. Hooton.*

Peter Parley's Geography, 1832. For children. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*

Murray's English Grammar, 1820. An Abridgment. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*

An Old Latin Grammar. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*
Teaspoon (1799). *Dr. Godfrey Ryder.*
Old Silver Pitcher. *James Bartlett.*
Ivory Fan. *Mrs. Caroline M. French.*
Two Tablespoons. Made by Paul Revere. *Mrs. James Bartlett.*
Two Silver Teaspoons (1620). *Mrs. Sylvester Baxter.*
Silver Tablespoon and Teaspoon (1630). *Curtis S. Pease.*
Home-made Needle. Over 200 years old. *Dexter Pratt.*
Colonial Mirror. *Mrs. Chas. H. Knapp.*
Russian Samovar. *Geo. L. Bliss.*
American Eagle. Mounted. Shot by Simon Hall Barrett. *S. Hall Barrett.*
Two Silver Candlesticks. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*
Venezuela Water Jugs. *C. H. Grant.*
Military Warrant, 1764. To Samuel Winship, Jr., member of Troop of Horse. Brig.-Gen. Royal, Commander. *Wm. H. Winship.*
Old-Fashioned Oil Lamp. Rare shape. *Mrs. Chas. L. Eaton.*
Fire Buckets (1822). *John S. Nichols.*
Copper Warming Pan. *G. D. B. Blanchard.*
Warming Pan. *Mrs. Sarah E. Mansfield.*
Collection of Silver and Copper Coins. *Geo. L. Gould.*
Surveyor's Chain. Used by Abraham Lincoln in running the state line in Arkansas. *John Taylor.*
The Boston Gazette, 1775. Also *Boston Evening Post*, 1760, and *New England Chronicle*, June 29, and July 6, 1775. *Mrs. Joseph R. Atwood.*
Child's Silver Rattle. Taken from the ruins of Pompeii. *Mrs. Frank J. Bartlett.*
The Boston Gazette, 1770. *Geo. R. Presby.*
A Pin worn at Lafayette's Ball. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*
Rose Jar. Said to have been handed down twelve generations. *Mrs. Ruth D. Sanderson.*
Nathaniel Ames' Almanac for 1760. *Dexter Stevens.*
Ancient Padlock. *Dexter Stevens.*
Powder Horn. Used in the Revolutionary War. *Samuel G. Dexter.*
Buttons from General Knox's Military Coat. Worn in Revolutionary War. *Mrs. Joseph R. Atwood.*
Banner. Carried in the procession which escorted General Washington on his visit to Boston. *Louis D. Starbird.*
English Watch. Owned by Thomas Hallworth and brought from England early in the century. *Wm. L. Hallworth.*
Pine Tree Shilling. *Wm. L. Hallworth.*

FURNITURE.

Mahogany Hall Table. Colonial Period. *Mrs. James Bartlett.*
Dining Room Table. Over 100 years old. *Mrs. James Bartlett.*
Secretary (1811). Made by Joseph Carter at the time of his marriage. *Frank S. Collins.*
Child's Mahogany Bureau (1801). Very pretty piece of old furniture. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

Arm-Chair. Belonging to Joseph Carter, who resided on High St., Charlestown, near Bunker Hill Monument. This chair was used at all celebrations there for many years. Has been occupied by Lafayette, Daniel Webster, Presidents Harrison, Tyler, and others. *Frank S. Collins.*

Mahogany Writing Desk (1801). *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

Highboy. *Miss Alice P. Lord.*

Lowboy. *W. B. de las Casas.*

Carved Mahogany Work Table. *Miss Alice P. Lord.*

Secretary (1733). *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

Secretary (1790). With collection of China. *Miss Helen M. Hill.*

Windsor Chair. Colonial period. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*

Chair. With cushioned seat. 18th century. *Miss Mary E. Upham.*

Old Colonial Mirror. Ornamented with the English crown. *Geo. L. Gould.*

Two Chairs (1785). *John S. Nichols.*

Old Mirror. *Mrs. Franklin M. Miner.*

Two Dining Chairs. About 100 years old. *Mrs. Franklin M. Miner.*

Spinning Wheel. *Malden Public Library.*

Arm-Chair (1725). *Mrs. George L. Gould.*

Writing Desk (1725). *George L. Gould.*

Table (1710). *Mrs. George L. Gould.*

Round Stand Table. Date about 1800. Used in the Colesworthy family for three generations. *Mrs. Frank E. Woodward.*

Chair. Formerly belonged to the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Upholstered from the draperies of the pulpit of the Harvard Church in Charlestown. 105 years old. *Mrs. Wm. W. Winship.*

Old Dutch Chair. Brought from Holland by a member of the Greenleaf family. *Miss Josephine Briggs.*

Two Tall Chairs (1765). *Mrs. George L. Gould.*

Hall Clock. Made by Stephen Asselin, London. *Mrs. David Turpie.*

Mahogany Arm-Chair (1750). *Mrs. Richard Dexter.*

Mahogany Chair. Beautifully carved. *Dr. J. Langdon Sullivan.*

Old English Mahogany Sofa. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

Mahogany Card Table. Beautifully carved. *Mrs. Jas. Bartlett.*

Mahogany Dining Table. *Miss Sophia H. Barrett.*

Side Board. *Miss Helen M. Hill.*

Windsor Chair. *Roswell R. Robinson.*

Child's Chair. Very old. *Roswell R. Robinson.*

Flag Bottom Chair (1719). *Mrs. R M. Yale.*

Old Mahogany Arm-Chair. *Mrs. Chas. H. Sprague.*

LOAN EXHIBITION — FAULKNER SCHOOL COLLECTION

HISTORIC SPOTS.

The committee on marking historic spots prepared inscriptions which were placed upon the several sites which are here mentioned.

At the Engine House, Main Street —

THE MILL POND.

BOUNDED BY

MAIN, PLEASANT, MIDDLESEX, AND CENTRE STREETS.

FILLED IN, 1850.

South corner of Main and Pleasant Streets —

HERE WAS BUILT

THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE, 1712.

ITS DIMENSIONS WERE 20 FT. BY 16 FT.

AND IT WAS SOMETIMES USED AS A

WATCH HOUSE.

At the City Hall —

HILL'S TAVERN.

1657-1804

THE ORIGINAL HOUSE STOOD FARTHER SOUTH.

THE LATER HOUSE WAS BUILT HERE ABOUT 1725, AND

WAS REMOVED TO IRVING STREET IN 1857.

NEAR BY STOOD THE STOCKS AND WHIPPING POST.

No. 24 Irving Street —

HILL'S TAVERN,

OR THE

RISING EAGLE.

BUILT ABOUT 1725.

FORMERLY STANDING ON THE SITE OF THE CITY HALL.

No. 380 Main Street —

TO THIS SPOT WAS REMOVED FROM

BAILEY'S HILL IN 1850

THE HOUSE OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

IT WAS DESTROYED DURING

THE GREAT GALE OF SEPT. 8, 1869.

First Parish Church, Main Street —

HERE BY THE CLAY PITS, ON LAND GIVEN
BY WM. AND DOROTHY SPRAGUE,
WAS BUILT
THE THIRD MEETING HOUSE,
1730.
THE PRESENT HOUSE WAS BUILT IN 1802.

On the south side of the First Parish Church —

NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD THE
CENTRE SCHOOL HOUSE,
1758-1790.
NEAR BY THE TOWN POUND.

At the railroad crossing, Main Street —

HERE OVER PEMBERTON'S CREEK,
AFTERWARDS CALLED
HARVELL'S BROOK,
WAS BUILT BEFORE 1649
THE BRIDGE LONG KNOWN AS LEWIS'S BRIDGE.

South corner of Main Street and Eastern Avenue —

HERE ON BAILEY'S HILL WAS
THE MEETING HOUSE OF THE FIRST CHURCH
AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE CHURCH
FROM THE FIRST PARISH.
ERECTED, 1833. REMOVED, 1850.

Main Street, between Ellis Avenue and Wigglesworth Street —

BELL ROCK.
THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE WAS ON THE
WEST SIDE OF THE ROCK, 1649.

THE SECOND HOUSE STOOD NEAR
THIS SPOT, 1660-1730.

THE BELL WAS FIRST HUNG IN A
FRAME UPON THE ROCK.

No. 145 Main Street —

THE PARSONAGE.

THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT, 1651.

BURNED, 1724.

THE PRESENT HOUSE BUILT, 1724.

HERE WAS BORN

ADONIRAM JUDSON,

AUG. 9, 1788.

No. 51 Appleton Street —

THE OLDEST HOUSE

IN MALDEN.

WITHIN THESE WALLS, TRADITION SAYS,

EXIST THE REMAINS OF A HOUSE

BUILT BY JAMES GREEN

ABOUT 1649.

South-west corner Green and Medford Streets —

THE BURIAL GROUND OF SANDY BANK,

NOW

BELL ROCK CEMETERY,

OPENED BEFORE 1649.

THE EARLIEST STONE IS THAT OF ALICE BRACKENBURY, 1670.

FORTY REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS ARE BURIED HERE.

FORTY-EIGHT PERSONS BURIED IN CEMETERY PREVIOUS TO 1700.

Note. — This inscription was faulty. The graves of forty Revolutionary soldiers are marked by stones. Many others lie here whose graves cannot be identified. There are forty-eight gravestones bearing dates previous to 1700; but there were many more burials.

On High Street, near Ashland Street —

ON THIS SPOT LIVED

REV. MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH,

SECOND PASTOR OF THE FIRST PARISH AND

AUTHOR OF "THE DAY OF DOOM,"

AND HERE HE DIED,

JUNE 10TH, 1705.

East of Unitarian Church, Eastern Avenue —

NEAR THIS SPOT DWELT
SIMON KNIGHTS.
HE WAS BORN A SLAVE IN MALDEN
IN 1770.
DIED, 1847
THE LAST SURVIVOR OF ENFORCED SERVITUDE IN MALDEN

At the bridge, Middlesex Street —

NEAR THIS SPOT WAS
COYTMORE'S
GRIST MILL.
1640.

Nos. 67–71 Pleasant Street —

THIS BUILDING WAS THE
SECOND MEETING HOUSE
OF THE
CENTRE M. E. CHURCH,
1842-1874.

Nos. 72–80 Pleasant Street —

HERE WAS THE
OLD BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE,
1822-1848.

No. 213 Pleasant Street —

HERE WAS HELD THE FIRST SERVICE,
OUT OF WHICH GREW
THE CENTRE M. E. CHURCH,
AUG., 1816.

No. 7 Elm Street —

THE WASHINGTON ELM.
HERE AT THE HOUSE OF
CAPT. JOHN DEXTER
WASHINGTON WAS ENTERTAINED,
1775.

Corner Main and Salem Streets —

NEAR HERE DWELT
DR. JOHN SPRAGUE,
1788-1803.
HE WAS A DISTINGUISHED SURGEON OF THE
NAVY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Corner Main and Salem Streets —

NEAR THIS SPOT LIVED
JOSEPH HILLS

A PROMINENT MAN IN CHURCH AND STATE.
HE CAME FROM MALDON, ENGLAND,
TO NEW ENGLAND, 1638.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF DEPUTIES, 1647;
COMPILER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LAWS, 1648.

HE DIED AT NEWBURY, 1688.

Main Street, near entrance to First Baptist Church —

HERE WAS LOCATED
THE
FIRST HAND ENGINE,
ALERT NO. 1,
1820-1847.

Corner Main and Barrett Streets —

FORMERLY
BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE,
1804-1882.

No. 554 Main Street —

HERE STOOD THE
FIRST MEETING HOUSE
OF THE
CENTRE M. E. CHURCH,
1826-1842.

Northeast corner Main Street and Mountain Avenue —

HERE LIVED AND DIED
CAPT. JOHN WAYTE,
1647-1693.
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF DEPUTIES, 1684.

At the bridge on Mountain Avenue —

HERE WAS THE MILLDAM OF
THOS. COYTMORE, 1640.
IN THE VALLEY BELOW WERE THE
ODIORNE ROLLING AND NAIL MILLS,
1806–1838.
HERE THE FIRST PERFECT CUT NAILS WERE MADE.

Nos. 1–11 Salem Street —

COLUMBIAN TAVERN.
HERE WAS
THE FIRST POST OFFICE.
JOHN SARGENT, POSTMASTER,
1821–1830.

First Baptist Church, Salem Street —

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
THE FIRST HOUSE WAS BUILT ON THIS SPOT,
1843.
BURNED, 1855.
THE SECOND HOUSE WAS BURNED, 1862.
THE THIRD HOUSE DEMOLISHED, 1891.
THE FOURTH AND PRESENT HOUSE WAS BUILT, 1891.

No. 70 Salem Street —

IN A BARN NEAR THIS SPOT
WAS GATHERED
THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,
DECEMBER 17TH, 1803.

West corner Salem and Sprague Streets —

HERE WAS THE
THIRD CENTRE SCHOOL HOUSE,
1790–1822.

East corner Salem and Sprague Streets —

IN A HOUSE NEAR THIS SPOT
BUILT BY JOSEPH HILLS
BEFORE 1665, WAS THE
TOWN WORK HOUSE,
1772–1786

Salem Street Cemetery —

HERE STOOD THE HOUSE OF
THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
1804–1843.

SALEM STREET CEMETERY,
OPENED, 1832.

East corner Salem and Porter Streets —

HERE WAS THE
HALF MOON TAVERN.
NEWHALL'S, 1707–1769.
PORTER'S, 1769–1775.
HERE WERE BROUGHT WOUNDED SOLDIERS
FROM BUNKER HILL.

Salem Street, opposite Webster Street —

WAITE'S TAVERN.
1719–1809.
THE ORIGINAL HOUSE WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ROAD
AND WAS BURNED ABOUT THE BEGINNING
OF THE REVOLUTION.
THE SECOND HOUSE WAS BUILT UPON THIS SPOT
AND WAS DEMOLISHED IN 1891.

Salem Street, west of Columbia Street —

HERE WAS BUILT ON LAND GIVEN BY
THOMAS WAITE
THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE
IN EAST MALDEN,
1771.

MARKED GRAVES.

Forty soldiers of the Revolution, whose places of interment are known, lie in the Bell Rock Cemetery, while many others rest there in unknown graves. In the Salem Street Cemetery two others are buried. The known graves were marked by bannerets of buff and blue, the continental colors, inscribed, — REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER. An interesting ceremony took place at the Bell Rock Cemetery on the afternoon of Saturday, May 20, when the graves were marked. On this occasion a delegation of the Deliverance Munroe Chapter,

Daughters of the Revolution, Mrs. Mary C. Eastman, regent, was present and rendered appropriate music at the commencement of the exercises. Besides those of the soldiers, five noteworthy graves were marked by white bannerets.

BELL ROCK CEMETERY.

[SANDY BANK.]

Alice Brackenbury,	December 28, 1670.
[This is the oldest stone in the cemetery.]	
Capt. John Wayte,	September 26, 1693.
Rev. Michael Wigglesworth,	June 10, 1705.
Rev. Joseph Emerson,	July 13, 1767.
Rev. Eliakim Willis,	March 14, 1801.

Lieut. John Vinton,	September 24, 1781.
Capt. Ebenezer Harnden,	July 8, 1786.
Capt. John Dexter,	May 17, 1790.
Benjamin Sprague,	February 15, 1791.
Dea. Joseph Perkins,	July 23, 1793.
Capt. Isaac Smith,	December 13, 1795.
Edward Newhall,	October 8, 1797.
Joseph Lynde,	July 4, 1798.
Capt. John Dexter,	October 28, 1798.
Capt. Nathan Sargeant,	December 1, 1798.
Nehemiah Oakes,	November 8, 1799.
John Paine,	September 20, 1801.
David Sargeant,	June 2, 1803.
John Grover,	July 22, 1803.
Dr. John Sprague,	October 21, 1803.
Capt. Naler Hatch,	July 14, 1804.
Joseph Lynde,	January 20, 1805.
Jacob Parker,	May 26, 1805.
Phineas Sprague,	December 29, 1805.
Lieut. Francis Phillips,	December 31, 1805.
Capt. Samuel Burdett,	April 21, 1809.
Joseph Barrett,	July 10, 1809.
William Dexter [*Tomb No.* 3],	December 24, 1811.
Thomas Sargeant,	May 16, 1812.
Samuel Wait,	January 10, 1815.
Stephen Paine,	December 18, 1815.
Jonathan Oakes, Esq.,	August 16, 1818.
Nathan Lynde [*Tomb No.* 1],	January 12, 1819.
Capt. Edward Oakes,	November 10, 1819.
John Nichols,	January 23, 1821.

[It has been ascertained that the marking of a tomb for this name was incorrect. John Nichols was buried in a grave which cannot now be identified.]

Micah Waitt,	November 20, 1822.
John Wait,	January 9, 1825.

Dea. John Ramsdill,	February 7, 1825.
Lieut.-Col. John Popkin [*Popkin Tomb*],	May 8, 1827.
Thomas Waitt,	August 13, 1828.
Stephen Tufts,	March 12, 1832.
Bernard Green, Esq. [*Green Tomb*],	July 15, 1834.
Capt. Amos Sargent [*Sargeant Tomb*],	August 12, 1836.
John Pratt [*Pratt Tomb*],	August 22, 1842.
David Waitt,	November 11, 1843.

SALEM STREET CEMETERY.

Capt. Joseph Cheever,	October 23, 1830.
Michael Neagles,	April 22, 1836.

Besides those officially distinguished in the Bell Rock Cemetery, a grave without a stone, supposed with good reason to be that of Lieut. Phineas Upham, was marked by a descendant.

LIEUT. PHINEAS UPHAM,

1635–1676.

DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF A WOUND RECEIVED

IN THE GREAT SWAMP FIGHT,

KING PHILIP'S WAR, JAN. 6TH, 1676.

CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

From a mass of material, which collected during the preparation and continuance of the celebration, the following have been selected as of general interest.

From the Mayor of Maldon, England.

Brick House, Maldon, Essex, 22nd April, 1899.

Dear Sir: — Thank you much for your cordial invitation to join in the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of your town. Should like much to be present, but distance and time will prevent. By this mail I send for your acceptance a short account of our old borough; and if you could give me any information of your early settlers, I would try to trace them.

Yours very truly,

Edward A. Fitch.

Mayor Dean to the Mayor of Maldon.

MALDEN, MASS., May 13, 1899.

Hon. EDWARD A. FITCH, Mayor of Maldon, Essex, England:

Dear Sir: — Your valued communication of April 22nd duly received, also a copy of your book entitled, *Maldon and the Blackwater*. I appreciate your kindness and am grateful for the trouble you have taken. I regret that you will not be able to be with us on our birthday, but you may be assured that the people of Malden in New England will not forget the old mother on the Blackwater at that time.

Our historian has given me the following items of information in regard to the old settlers; and I hope that you may be able to trace some of them as coming directly from your borough.

A leader in the settlement of our town was Joseph Hills, who was married at Burstead Magna, Billericay, in 1624. He was of your parish of All Saints in 1631, and the births of his children are recorded there. In 1638 he came to New England with others. His son-in-law, John Wayte, who was a leading man here, was from Wethersfield, Essex. Another of our early settlers, Richard Pratt, is said to have been a son of John Pratt of your borough, where he was baptized in 1615. The authority for this statement is not known. Salmon, *History of Essex*, 424, says that John Pratt, an alderman of Maldon, was buried in All Saints in 1619. Thomas Ruck, an early landholder but not a settler, is said to have come from Maldon.

It may interest you to know that out of the little settlement of 1649, which was named Maldon (now changed to Malden), have grown three cities with an aggregate population of about seventy thousand people.

Again expressing our regret that you will not be able to be present at our anniversary exercises, I am, with kind regards,

Very truly yours,

CHARLES L. DEAN,
Mayor.

From Howard M. Holden, Kansas City, Mo.

KANSAS CITY, May 12, 1899.

Hon. CHARLES L. DEAN, Mayor, Malden, Mass.:

Dear Sir: — I have deferred acknowledging your kind invitation to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Malden as a town, hoping to be able to accept; but I regret that my engagements otherwise will deprive me of that pleasure. For indeed it would be a pleasure, tempered with the memories of scenes and faces of the elder days of Malden that are no more.

As a native of Malden and one whose ancestry was identified with the place from its earliest years, I have felt an especial affection for it. As I write, the past rises before me like a dream. The old country roads, the mill-pond in the centre, the big square farmhouses, the rugged hills and mysterious woods, the old time meeting-houses, and the ancient church yards where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep," are the living memories of my boyhood. While I cannot remember so far back as the closing years of the matchless history written by your distinguished townsman, Mr. Corey, the pictures of the town which he so vividly drew for the last century are true to the life of fifty years ago, so little had modern innovations then transpired. And while every loyal son of Malden rejoices in the development and growth of later years, an enchantment covers the Malden of those earlier days, and one can but feel with Wordsworth, when he contemplated the scenes of his childhood, "that there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

The history of Malden is a segment of the best of the history of the settlement, the civilization, and the political life of this continent. It was settled by some of the earliest of the adventurous and heroic men and women, who, in the fulness of time, were led by an Invisible Hand to these unknown shores for the founding of a nation upon the new basis of the rights of man. In all succeeding years, through colonial times, the Revolutionary struggle, and the subsequent events which have marked the formation and development of our government, Malden has ever borne an honorable part, along with her sister New England towns, in the establishment and maintenance of those principles which are the foundation of our greatness and material progress. The influences that have gone forth from New England, including the example of the most democratic of all institutions, the New England town-meeting, have moulded the national character and given virility and strength to the national life.

While on this occasion we take a retrospective view of the centuries that are passed, we may well cast the horoscope of the future of Malden and of our common country. In proportion as we hold to those principles which distinguished the earlier days, to the simplicity of democratic forms and methods of government, to an inviolable ballot and the purity of elections, to universal freedom and education, and to a high standard of individual, municipal, state, and national life shall our greatness increase and endure, and our influences for good over other peoples of the world be augmented.

With renewed loyalty to these principles, let us trust that, directed by the same benign Hand that guided our fathers to these shores, the mission of our country shall be to lead in the world's advancement through the centuries that are to come. Upon that country, and par-

ticularly upon Malden as a constituent part of it, let us in the sublime words of our New England poet, invoke the benediction of —

"Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand."

Sincerely thanking you for your invitation, I remain,
Very truly yours,
HOWARD M. HOLDEN.

From the Rev. John Coleman Adams, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 15, 1899.

CHARLES L. DEAN, Mayor of the city of Malden:

My dear Sir: — I deeply regret that I shall be unable to accept the invitation extended me to be the guest of the city on the occasion of the coming celebration. It would give me the keenest pleasure if it were possible, and there are especial reasons why I should have a deep interest in the exercises. Not only am I a native of Malden, whose affection for his birthplace has always been warm and constant, but my grandfather, William Barrett, was one of its most honored citizens. Moreover, my father, the Rev. John G. Adams, was pastor of the First Parish Church for fifteen years, and was prominent on the occasion of the bi-centennial exercises in 1849. All these things draw me strongly towards Malden next week. But imperative duties prevent my attendance; so I can only send my hearty congratulations to you, and an expression of my affectionate loyalty to the town of my birth. May her people know and enjoy the privileges of pure homes, enlightened schools, and devout churches. "Peace be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces."

With the most sincere regret. I am, my dear sir,
Very cordially yours,
JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

From Robert W. Merrill, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., May 20, 1899.

Mr. Chairman: — If I could follow my fondest wish, I would be with you on this important anniversary day of my native town. . . . Several years ago I was among that class of Malden adventurers who left you; and like others I have remained away to see my country grow. Still my love goes back to the spot which gave me birth; and the echoes of my voice in childhood from those old granite and porphyry rocks across the valley between Wayte's Mount and Sprague's Hill still reverberate in my fondest memory, as I shouted while I roamed over those beautiful hills, gathering hickory nuts in

those primeval forests, or quenching a weary thirst at its cooling spring, after chasing some timid rabbit through the scrub oaks on the plateau above, or coasting down the old cart-path, between the bars, into Jerry Lord's fields below. . . .

Here it was that my early days passed most happily and many of my most valued friends reside; and here lie the remains of Charles Merrill, my revered father. . . .

As I cannot be with you, I send you all the greeting of an absent son of Malden and glory with you in her illustrious anniversary.

Robert Wilkins Merrill.

From the President of the United States.

(*A telegram received at the Anniversary Building on the afternoon of May 22nd.*)

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., May 22, 1899.

To Hon. Charles L. Dean, Mayor, Malden, Mass.:

Please accept for Malden my congratulations upon the celebration of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

William McKinley.

Mayor Dean to President McKinley.

Office of the Mayor, Malden, Mass., May 25, 1899.

To the President: — Your very kind message of congratulations was duly received, and would have been acknowledged more promptly but for the many duties connected with our two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration, which required my immediate attention.

Our citizens highly appreciate your kind courtesy, and thank you for your expression of friendship and good-will.

Yours very respectfully,

Charles L. Dean, *Mayor.*

Hon. William McKinley, Washington, D. C.

From the Governor of New York. (*Received by homing pigeon.*)

Executive Chamber, Albany, N. Y., May 22, 1899.

Hon. Charles L. Dean, Mayor, Malden, Mass.: —

Congratulations to your good city upon her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Mayor Dean to Governor Roosevelt.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR, MALDEN, MASS., May 25th, 1899.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, Albany, N. Y.:

My dear Sir: — Your kind message of congratulation upon the celebration of our two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, sent by homing pigeon, was received about ten A. M., the 22nd inst., and would have been acknowledged at once but for the press of numerous matters attending our celebration.

I assure you our citizens fully appreciate your expression of good-will and thank you for it.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES L. DEAN,
Mayor.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From the Selectmen of Revere, Mass.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SELECTMEN, REVERE, MASS., May 26, 1899.

HON. CHARLES L. DEAN, Mayor of Malden:

Sir: — At a meeting of the Board of Selectmen held this day, it was unanimously voted to tender to you cordial and sincere thanks for the many courtesies so graciously extended, which enhanced the pleasure it derived while attending the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Malden as a town.

We beg to offer congratulations to you and your committees upon the marked success of each and every event in the program; upon your city's past, full as it is of the achievements of an earnest, intelligent, and God-fearing people; upon its present as a city of business thrift and beautiful environment; upon its future, bright with the promise of all that is requisite to make an ideal community.

It will be our constant aim to encourage and foster the harmonious relations that have always existed between our municipalities.

ALFRED S. HALL, *Chairman.*
B. FRANK DEBUTTS, *Clerk.*

Executive Committee to Committee of Melrose, Mass.

CITY OF MALDEN.

COMMITTEE ON TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

OFFICE OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, MALDEN, May 27, 1899.

HON. LEVI S. GOULD, chairman Melrose celebration committee:

My dear Sir: — At a special meeting of this committee held this evening, the following vote was unanimously passed: —

Voted, That the executive committee of the general committee on the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Malden, appreciates the enthusiastic interest of the town of Melrose, as shown by its active assistance in the preparations for the events of the celebration, and also by its participation in the parade in a manner deserving of the highest praise.

And this committee tenders its thanks and the thanks of the citizens of Malden to the committee and citizens of Melrose for these expressions of affection for and interest in the mother town.

Respectfully submitted,

ALBERT AMMANN, *Clerk.*

Mayor Dean to the Mayor of Cambridge, Mass.

MALDEN, MASS., May 31, 1899.

Hon. EDGAR R. CHAMPLIN, Mayor of Cambridge, Mass.:

My dear Mr. Mayor: — Please accept for yourself and through you for the members of the two branches of your city council, my sincere thanks in behalf of the city of Malden and the committee on Historic Loan Exhibition, for the loan of the portrait of Hon. James D. Green, ex-mayor of your city, for use during our two hundred and fiftieth anniversary exercises. I most heartily appreciate your kind courtesy in granting us this favor. We thank you for your action, and shall hold it in friendly remembrance; and I feel very sure that the people of Malden, one and all, will most cordially and heartily endorse this.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES L. DEAN, *Mayor.*

From the Mayor of Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 1, 1899.

Hon. CHARLES L. DEAN, Mayor of the city of Malden, Malden, Mass.:

My dear Mr. Mayor: — Permit me to acknowledge your very kind communication of the 31st ultimo, and to assure you that Cambridge was happy to contribute to the celebration of Malden by the loan of the portrait of the Hon. James D. Green. Personally, I congratulate you upon the success of the celebration. It was simply magnificent.

With best wishes for your city and for yourself personally, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

EDGAR R. CHAMPLIN, *Mayor.*

GENERAL ORDER, No. 5.

1. The chief marshal desires to express to those who took part in Tuesday's parade, and to those who in different ways contributed to its success, his appreciation of their work.

2. The satisfactory carrying out of the parade was made possible only by the hearty coöperation and earnest, willing work of the many participants.

3. The chief marshal desires to compliment marshals of divisions and their staff officers on their efficient work. Division marshals are requested to convey to their staff officers and to the various organizations of their respective divisions his hearty thanks.

4. The efficient work of the police department in cleaning streets and otherwise aiding in the movement of the parade deserves special mention.

5. Thanks are due the street railway companies for their assistance in so arranging traffic that no interference occurred with the movements of the parade.

By order of the chief marshal,

H. E. Converse.

Frank L. Locke, *Chief of Staff.*

AFTERMATH.

Rarely has a significant anniversary been celebrated with more enthusiasm or more justifiable local pride than that whose concluding exercises were carried through on an elaborate scale at Malden yesterday. It does a town or a city good to reach one of these waymarks in its progress. Its public spirit is quickened, its loyalty glows with new heat, its self-respect is intensified, and among the citizens of Malden there is doubtless a keener sense of duty, opportunity, and responsibility than there was a week ago. They have much to be proud of and much to be thankful for. They probably realize to a greater degree than ever how large a factor in their municipal life and development one particular man has been. It has been Malden's great good fortune that she has possessed a citizen like the Hon. Elisha S. Converse, whose discriminating public spirit and wise philanthropy have given the vitalizing touch to so many of her interests. Not that he monopolizes the public spirit or the philanthropy of the place, for in those respects Malden is well endowed; but in the wealth and the purpose to give them conspicuous and practical

expression he has naturally been the leader. He has not wasted himself in the development of fads, but has proved a well rounded and properly balanced benefactor. The religious, the literary, the æsthetic and the material needs of the city have all received generous remembrance from him. He has shown rich men how to be wisely helpful and make their benefactions keep pace with their prosperity and the added responsibility that it imposes. Were all wealth as wisely employed as his has been, it would arouse but little jealousy or hostility. The events of the last few days have doubtless been among the most pleasant experiences of his life. — *Boston Transcript.*

What impressed the stranger was the unanimity of sentiment on the part of Malden's own sons and daughters to make the event worthy of the ancient town, and in this they were eminently successful. — *Woburn News.*

This thriving and beautiful city beyond the Mystic has always had a notable share of enlightened public spirit. That is being manifested anew in the character of its commemoration. The ceremonies have been planned with much felicity, and they are being carried out in a way which would be impossible in a community less vigorous and progressive. This neighbor of ours beyond the Mystic is a fine type of the Massachusetts city, steady of growth, ambitious, prosperous, adding every year to its material importance and its attractiveness as a place of quiet, comfortable American homes. Proud as it is of the historic past, Malden of to-day is not buried in it. In spite of its two hundred and fifty years, the city has all the characteristics of robust youth. There is not much visible antiquity in Malden, but there is abundant life there — life of a kind which gives promise of a long continuance. — *Boston Journal.*

Everything pertaining to the anniversary celebration was on a scale that, considering the resources and size of the city, has never been excelled in any of the anniversary celebrations which have been so frequent in our New England cities and towns. Its business enterprise and the public spirit of its citizens were demonstrated in a manner that made a marked impression upon all who had the good fortune to participate in or witness the exercises. The old mother town covered herself with glory, and gave her numerous progeny a striking example of what they might hope to become when they have cast off their municipal swaddling-clothes. The arrangements for the mammoth affair were complete in every detail, and furnished abundant evidence that when Malden undertakes to do anything it does it well. Her children are proud of her, and will undoubtedly, when they attain the same advanced age, be content if they can do equally as well. — *Everett Herald.*

As the Malden celebration began with an invocation, so it ended with a prayer from the preacher that God's blessing might rest and abide with the people. The great white lights of the banquet hall shone stilly over the partly deserted tables, the chairs sitting in listening, empty attitudes, cocked at angles toward the preacher on the high platform. Through the walls and doors came the shouts and the frequent explosions, the hawkers' cries and the shouts and laughter, mingling and cutting through the prayer of the preacher. Women with gay gowns and bare arms, men in the black and white of civilization, decked with the insignia that meant work done for Malden, sat respectful while the preacher prayed.

The celebration for the common people concluded with the parade and the fireworks. The people who had done the work, and the invited dignitaries, finished off the climax night of the celebration and sat late over the last morsel of it all. It was eleven o'clock before the carriages began to thicken before the door of the Anniversary Hall.

It was midnight before anything like quiet was to be had in Malden, and it was dawn before the streets were really clear. And thus ended the finest celebration that has yet been seen in Massachusetts. There was not a slip nor a miss from Saturday till last night at midnight. Even the accidents, which have come to be regarded as the inevitable concomitants of public rejoicing, were absent. To be sure, one man was hurt during the parade by his horse falling backward upon him. But nobody was killed, though there were several threats that the fatal accident was to happen. The balloon ascension carried a woman aëronaut up helpless, and dropped her safe; a stand for reviewing the parade came down, and the people miraculously escaped; the president at the literary exercises was taken ill with an attack of a dangerous disease, a disease that kills at a stroke; yet he recovered almost completely.

The weather in Malden followed the steady upward tendency of the interest-line. Beginning with the first day of the celebration, it steadily improved, until the last day, which dawned in the morning as perfect as the worst martinet could wish. Cold, rain, clouds, were all gone, and a sweet, warm air, not too warm either, greeted the marching bands and companies as they went down to their positions in the line.

The curve of dynamic interest was steady from first to last, and there was no anticlimax. — *Boston Journal.*

Rejuvenated, bright, and beautiful, and with every indication of continued prosperity, Malden enters upon her half-millennial with renewed energy and vigor. She has passed her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, and the epoch in her existence was most fittingly observed.

The city government, churches, schools, fraternal and social organizations, and private individuals united in making the celebration a success, and the result was beyond their fondest anticipations. An executive committee of exceptional efficiency had charge of the entire affair, and with each individual member the duties of his or her position preceded private business, so that every detail was personally and carefully looked after, leaving nothing lacking, nothing to be desired. The thousands of visitors to our city must have been impressed with its natural beauty, the evidences of enterprise on every side, the handsome public and private buildings, especially our churches and schools, and the open-handed hospitality of our people. Malden has much to be proud of, much to be thankful for. — *Malden Mirror.*

Old Dame Malden has finished her birthday celebration. It took three days to crowd into the affair all the hilarity which her children deemed necessary; but then, what are three days in two hundred and fifty years? This morning she will probably awake with a headache after all the din of yesterday's parade and the grand banquet of last night, and in all likelihood have palpitation of the heart for a few days when her thoughts flow in a reminiscent vein; but with these various flutterings there will be the comforting feeling that her children are proud of her, and no regrets that she made a few concessions from her original Puritan ideas so long as they gave pleasure to them.

Yesterday was the day of days for her. Saturday and Sunday and Monday simply paved the way. She had the governor of the commonwealth for a guest, and not merely him, but his lady as well. When she was introduced to him she said his name had a familiar sound. His ancestors were neighbors about the time she left her father's house in Medford and started housekeeping for herself on the south bank of the Mystic. Massy me! And she was so glad to see him!

It really almost lifted off the top of her head, the noise and the frolic and the fireworks and the various kinds of excitement; but then, we let the boys have their firecrackers and their toy cannon on the Fourth of July, which comes every year, while it is fifty years since there was anything like this in Malden. And in fact it was n't very much like this, either, when she celebrated her two hundredth birthday. Of course, it was very nice and very appreciative, but in fifty years Malden has grown from a small town to a bustling city; she has three or four times as many children within her borders, and a half-century of modern progress has produced an enthusiasm which would have frightened the celebrators of 1849.

This morning the old dame is busy taking down the tricolored decorations put up in her honor, and cleaning up the inevitable clutter

after such a celebration. She thanks the Lord for the good weather vouchsafed her for her anniversary; she feels grateful to her neighbors and her children for their efforts, which made the affair such a spontaneous success, and when she leans on her broom in some reminiscent dream and thinks particularly of the events of the previous twenty-four hours, she involuntarily puckers up her old lips and whistles a bar (in the past tense) of "There 'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night." — *Boston Herald.*

Malden made a splendid showing at the celebration of her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary last Monday and Tuesday. Success attended every detail. The entire jubilation was in every way creditable to the pretty and thriving city, which thus made evident its attractiveness, and the progressive attainments of two and a half centuries. — *Old Colony Memorial* (*Plymouth*).

The scholarly oration of Hon. A. H. Wellman, son of the distinguished Congregational minister of that name, was enough to redeem any celebration from the charge of being commonplace. The program is sufficiently varied to furnish something for every variety of taste; and the citizens have entered into the spirit of the occasion with a heartiness that insures its complete success. The decorations have been highly commended, and nothing appears to be lacking to mark this as one of the most noteworthy of all our municipal anniversaries. — *Zion's Herald.*

Malden is one of the prettiest and most progressive of our northern suburbs. Guided by some wise heads, she has carried her progress not over but around the natural beauties with which she was blessed at her birth. In a happy way she has solved the problem of how to have factories and have walks, woods, and parks, too. Among the belt of cities that surround Boston, Malden has, therefore, a peculiar place. We should say that the northern and eastern suburbs had now fairly entered upon that stage of rearrangement which gives to cities and towns their final character, and that hereafter they will divide with those to the south and the west the attractions that draw so many travellers to our city and its vicinity. — *Boston Transcript.*

The affair was a success, from start to finish. — *Beacon* (*Dorchester*).

Malden, to the casual topographer, has thus far seemed aggressively suburban. One had been wont to think of it as a town whose men flowed in and out of the city as a daily tide, independent of the moon, and whose women helped swell this tide on pleasant Mondays. But Malden suddenly discovered that she was two hundred and fifty years old, and determined others should know it too. Therefore she

has had a celebration. It has been a good one, too, and one worth while going to, if for nothing else, at least for the abounding proofs that she is much more than a suburb. As a modern city of thirty thousand inhabitants and over, she has more than her share of handsome buildings, some of them of artistic framing. As an old town, while there is nothing very individualizing in her history, there is a wealth of association, and the genealoger greets genial, generous ground. The cheerful optimist (and one should be no other during a celebration) found the streets of Malden a delight. — *Time and the Hour.*

This is one of the gem cities of the commonwealth. Malden has been ancient, and we see it has been honorable. Her broad streets, her beautiful residences, and her elegant public buildings bespeak a deep and broad-minded statesmanship and a pride of locality that in many respects this city could copy to advantage. — *Brockton Times.*

There is no doubt that Malden made a great success of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration. In every detail it was one of the most satisfactory achievements of its kind that have been recorded in this vicinity. The arrangements were carefully planned and intelligently carried out. — *Charlestown Enterprise.*

A civic demonstration which has not often been surpassed in interesting features. Our towns and cities in this part of the country are beginning to feel their age, not in a depressing way, but as something to be proud of; and Malden's two and a half centuries of corporate existence have been full of honor, and the anniversary finds the old town and the young city in the best condition to pose as an example of municipal progress. Among the communities included in the Boston metropolitan district, Malden is one of the most robust, prosperous, and progressive. As a place of residence it is most attractive. In business enterprise, it is active and successful. The public spirit of its citizens is notable. The celebration was wisely planned to illustrate these features, and it has been well carried out. The anniversary week will long be remembered; its proceedings will form a notable chapter in local history. — *Boston Post.*

The Malden celebration was an event worthy of all the time, labor, and money expended. It will give to that city a new energy, develop new men, and make conspicuous the great resources that have been the reserve force in Malden for so many years. Malden is prosperous, and her leading men are strong, influential, and patriotic. — *Melrose Journal.*

Now we 'll recognize Malden as somewhat near our size. — *Cambridge Times.*

Two hundred and fifty years is a ripe old age, and it is fitting that a municipality and its neighbors join in retrospective and prospective gratulation. Malden has much to be proud of and to be thankful for; and she will be more proud and more thankful as a result of her citizens' loyalty and her neighbors' respect as shown during the present week. — *Jamaica Plain News.*

It is to be noted and commended that the program for Malden's jubilee-keeping has been made up with a view of meeting all the reasonable wishes of the population. Too often the observance of anniversaries in the case of our towns has been of a purely formal character, and chiefly confined to oratory. Malden seems to realize that a celebration ought to mean a good deal more than speech-making or a parade. — *Boston Globe.*

Malden celebrated royally and entertained lavishly. She has set the standard for anniversary celebrations so high that it will be years before it is excelled in this commonwealth. — *Somerville Journal.*

There are not many towns in this country that can talk of so many years, or lay claim to a more honorable record. We wish the people of that locality much joy. — *Newport (R. I.) News.*

The Malden anniversary celebration was a triumph in every particular, and our neighboring city will undoubtedly experience a boom greater than ever before. Splendid management has characterized the whole affair, and every feature of the program was carried out in clock-like precision. — *Revere Journal.*

Members of the executive committee, and all the sub-committees having charge of the arrangements for the preparation and carrying out of the celebration of Malden's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a town, to you all we tender our hearty congratulations. Never was there a more complete success, and it will appear as a shining mark in Malden's history to all coming generations. — *Malden Evening News.*

The newspaper men, who have been working at the Malden festival since last Friday, have agreed that there has never been shown to them more complete courtesy, nor has ever so much guarding of their rights and fostering of their privileges been seen. At every point where their work could be helped, or made easier, work has been done by the committee in charge. Large headquarters were provided in the centre of the city, and these rooms were furnished with type-writers, telephones, lunch, and attendants. Badges were issued to the reporters, taking them everywhere they needed to go, and endless attention to details made their work easier. — *Boston Journal.*

The committees in charge of the various features were untiring in their efforts to make the event memorable. Especially was this true in their attitude toward visitors, and whoever was in Malden during the festival came away with pleasant recollections. None were more thoughtful of the comfort and pleasure of their brethren than the press committee, and in ways too numerous to mention they displayed the fraternal spirit, and made the newspaper men feel as though they were in every respect guests of honor. The Malden committees were to the full extent quite up to date. — *Lynn Item.*

The long and appreciative stories of the celebration printed in the newspapers were splendid advertisements for Malden, and practical examples of the good fruit that comes from decent and courteous treatment of the men who have to do the work. — *Brockton Enterprise.*

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

Receipts.

Appropriation by City Council	$17,500.00
Contribution from Boston & Maine R. R.	500.00
" " Boston Elevated Railway Co.	500.00
" " Lynn & Boston R. R.	300.00
Sales of Official Programs	255.00
" Hist. Loan Exhibition Catalogues	80.00
Rent of Anniversary Building	300.00
	$19,435.00

Expenditures.

By Committee on Invitations	$173.48	
" " " Literary Exercises	164.21	
" " " Musical Exercises	580.17	
" " " Military and Civic Parade	3,072.79	
" " " Salutes, Decorations, and Fireworks	1,595.38	
" " " Banquet (self-supporting).		
" " " Concert and Ball (self-supporting).		
" " " Athletic and Field Sports	1,210.00	
" " " Children's Entertainments	559.95	
" " " Observation Stands	396.75	
" " " Transportation and Carriages	428.50	
" " " Badges	312.00	
Amounts carried forward	$8,493.23	$19,435.00

Amounts brought forward	$8,493.23	$19,435.00
By Committee on Reception of Guests	356.12	
" " " Reception of the Press	661.74	
" " " Marking Historic Spots	124.05	
" " " Historic Loan Exhibition	825.06	
" " " Police	999.80	
" " " Information	118.15	
" " " Emergency	40.67	
By the Executive Committee : —		
For Anniversary Building, Janitor Service, etc.	3,309.17	
" " " Plumbing	128.00	
" " " Rent of Chairs	400.00	
" " " Decorations	260.00	
" Public School Exercises	360.10	
" Parochial School Exercises	125.00	
" Band Stands, Band Concerts, Chairs, etc.	543.68	
" Expenses Dodd's Cavalry	299.13	
" Clerical Services, Printing, Stationery, Postage, etc., less sundry receipts	958.33	$18,002.23
Balance		$1,432.77

Note. — By an order of the city council, the committee is authorized to expend this balance in defraying the expenses of the celebration, "including the expenses of the preparation and publication of the memorial volume."

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